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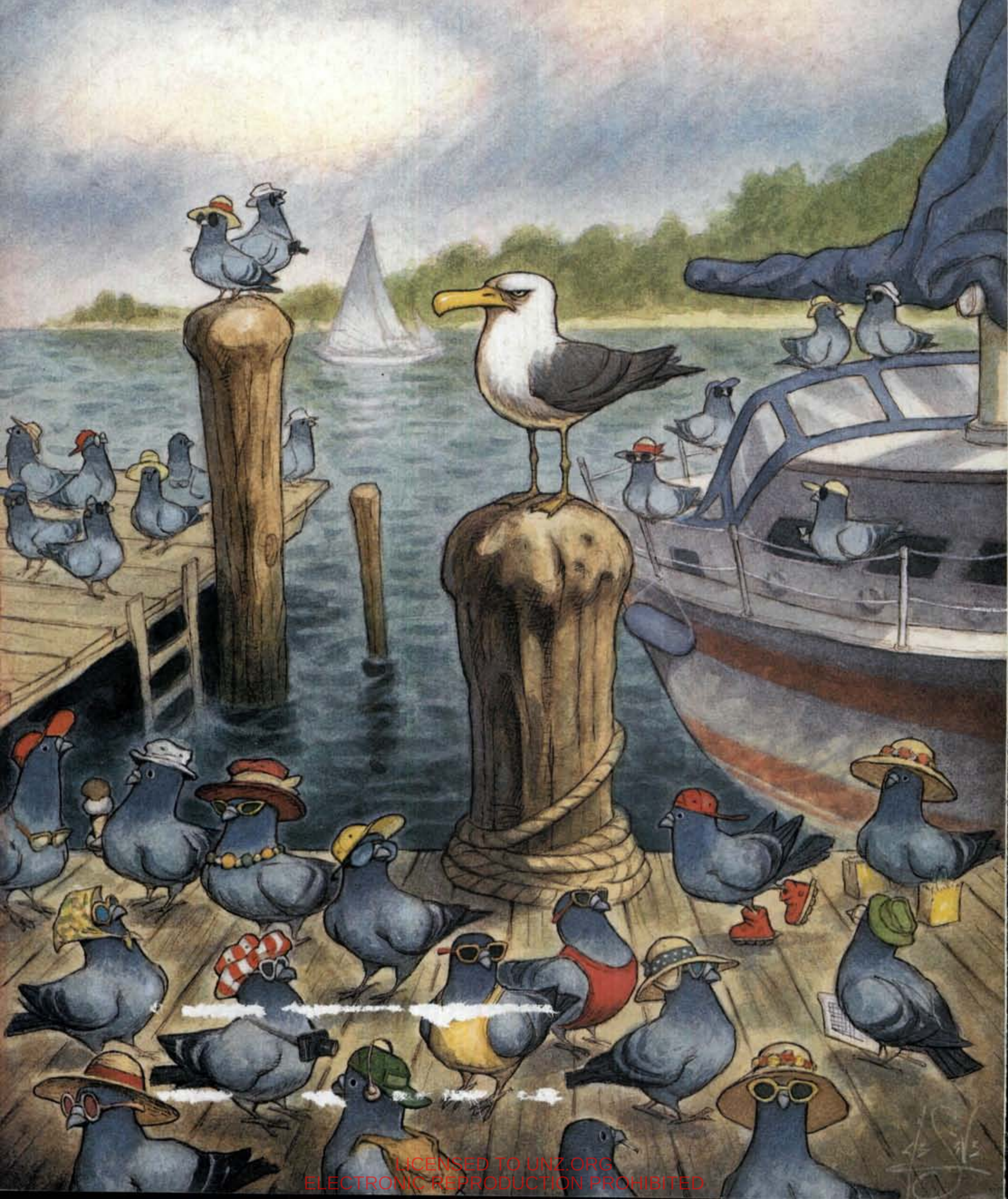

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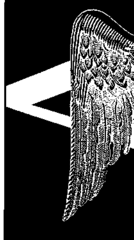

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THE NEW YORKER

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for pattern and proportion.

RALPH LAUREN

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RUDY AWAKENING

The Mayor discovers midnight basketball, in Washington.

During the waning weeks of August, when President Clinton's crime bill ran into unexpected trouble on Capitol Hill, New York's still new Mayor, Rudolph Giuliani, made a splashy—and constructive—national début. He lobbied for the beleaguered bill, campaigned for it at rallies side by side with the President, and championed not only the bill's ban on assault weapons but also its crime-prevention elements, including the much ridiculed (mostly by Mr. Giuliani's fellow-Republicans) midnight basketball. For the Mayor to take this position was both courageous and politically astute. However, it is not exactly the position he has staked out in his own city, where he has channelled attention and resources almost exclusively into heightened police activity. The Mayor's new enthusiasm for prevention is welcome, but it is fair to ask why he tried to gut the prevention portion of New York's own crime package, which is known as Safe Streets, Safe City, and which includes a range of similar programs designed to provide worthwhile alternatives to the dangers and temptations of the street. Does he believe in these investments or doesn't he?

The Mayor's answer, according to a spokesman, is that city agencies (unless they happen to be the Police or the Fire Department) must "do more with less." This is the positive spin the Mayor has put on an unavoidable truth: New York City no longer has the money to perform all the functions it has accumulated over the years—at least, not at the accustomed level. It is a truth that the city has been struggling with fitfully for at least two decades. In the mid-seventies, when New York almost went bankrupt, it was forced to jettison some of its historic commitments, such as free tuition at City University. But, while other cities, faced with comparable problems then and since, have reined in their growth, the size of New York's government began to increase inexorably in the eighties as the economy picked up. When the boom collapsed, the deficit ballooned, and by the time

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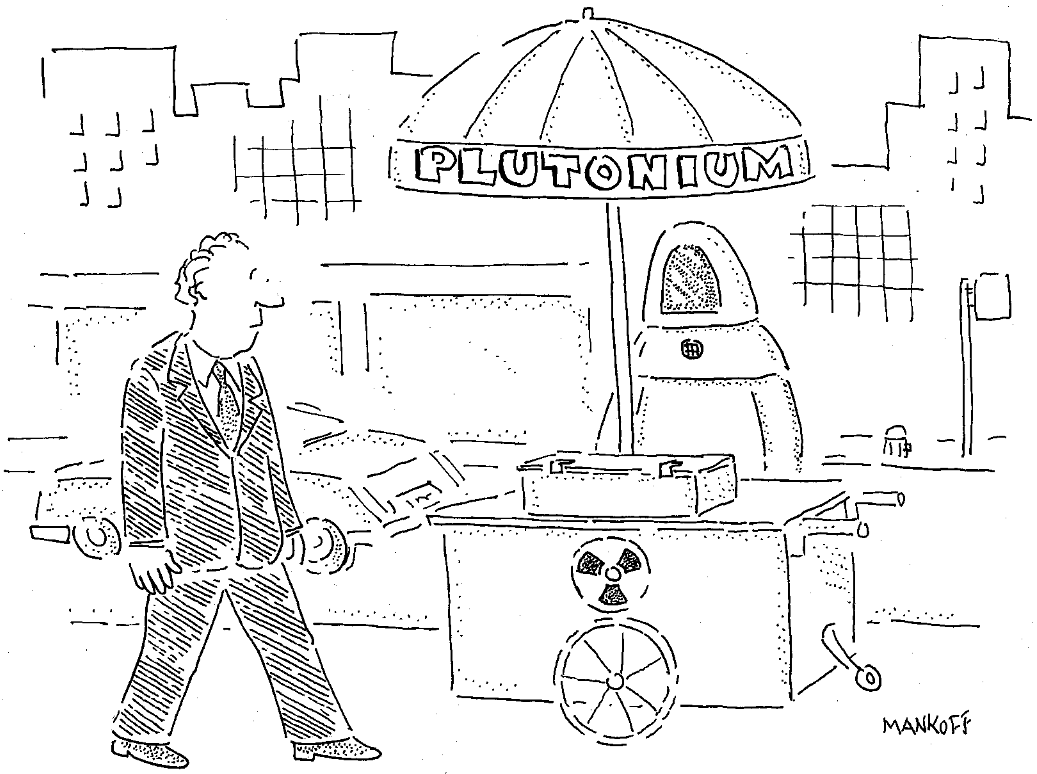


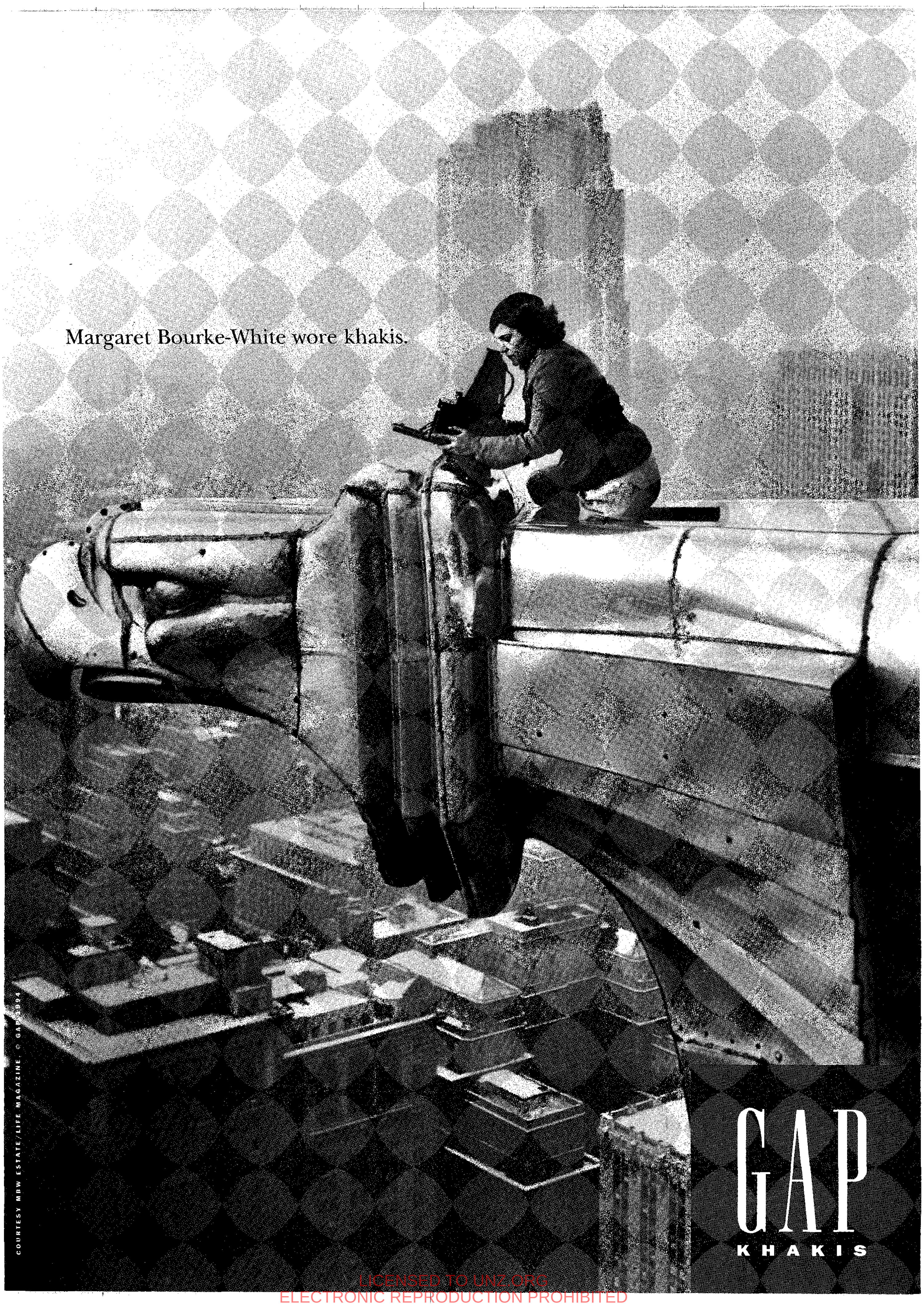
Mr. Giuliani took office it was well over two billion dollars.

The Mayor's first budget, passed almost intact by the City Council at the beginning of the summer, included deep cuts in city agencies and a "severance package" designed to reduce the city's workforce by fifteen thousand, to slightly over two hundred thousand. And when financial monitors complained that some of his projected savings would not pan out he ordered a second round. The Mayor's insistence on facing the deficit squarely seems to have finally brought the terms of debate into line with something resembling the fiscal facts of life. The acquiescence of the City Council, despite a good deal of furious oratory, suggests an acceptance, albeit agonized, of the inevitable. Though some city officials, including Ruth Messinger, the Manhattan borough president, have called for bridging the deficit with more taxes, there's fairly widespread agreement that New Yorkers, and New York businesses, already labor under a heavy tax burden. All of us—or most of us, anyway—are fiscal realists now.

The Mayor's triumph has been essentially a negative one: he has persuaded many New Yorkers that we must learn to live within our means; he has made a strong case for what city government can't do. But he has said precious little about what it can do, aside from preserving public order. We now know, from the Mayor's passionate advocacy on the federal level, that his idea of public order extends to the sort of neighborhood-building activities that ultimately reduce crime. And yet, with one or two exceptions, the Mayor hasn't been able to find the funds even to maintain, let alone expand, such activities. Accepting fiscal responsibility doesn't have to mean accepting a purely negative view of urban government. The current painful contraction ought to be viewed as a precondition for a new vision of the city, not as an end in itself.

This is where midnight basketball—shorthand for guerrilla social-service strategies that, with relatively little new spending, use existing facilities for after-school activities of all kinds—comes in. It's hard to play stickball in the street if you have to keep an ear cocked for gunfire. When the school day is over, the children of New York's poor—at least, those among them lucky enough to have vigilant parents—are trapped indoors and isolated in front of the TV. (As one inner-city teacher wrote, in the *Times*, "Forget building more prisons. These children already live under virtual house arrest—not because they've done anything wrong but because they are afraid to go outdoors.") Without vast expenditures or bureaucracies, the city could give these kids somewhere to go. Harvey Robins, who was a deputy mayor under David Dinkins and is now a kind of one-man shadow government, has argued that the city could keep many more school buildings open in the afternoons and evenings; increase the hours of such local services as health clinics and pools; expand the definition of "quality of life" from protection against street crime to the acquisition and upkeep of parks, ballfields, and open land; and mobilize alternative workforces, including public-assistance recipients, to make the extended hours possible and to do the maintenance work. Mr. Robins, though he is a staunch liberal, has experienced enough of the waste and incompetence of municipal government to want to move beyond the traditional models. Demanding work in exchange for public assistance, for example, is considered Draconian in many circles; Mayor Giuliani's deputy John Dyson was roundly condemned for making just such a suggestion earlier this year. But if the purpose of that move is to allow the city to do what it can't afford to do otherwise, rather than to punish welfare recipients, then it can't be dismissed.

The fundamental point is that the debate between big-city liberalism and free-market conservatism has now become sterile and irrelevant. A focus on neighborhood renewal is one of several ways of accommodating a positive vision of city government to the reality of limits and to the failure of the bureaucratic model, and it happens to be one that jibes with some of the Mayor's own values. It is also, in effect, a way of calling the Mayor's bluff. The Mayor has said that he wants to restructure city government, and he has made it abundantly clear that he is impatient with the status quo. But impatience isn't enough; the Mayor will also need a passion for reform, which, in turn, requires a faith that city government can be a positive force in New Yorkers' lives. The Mayor may have won his fiscal war. Now he faces an even harder test: cultivating the social peace. —JAMES TRAUB


Margaret Bourke-White wore khakis.
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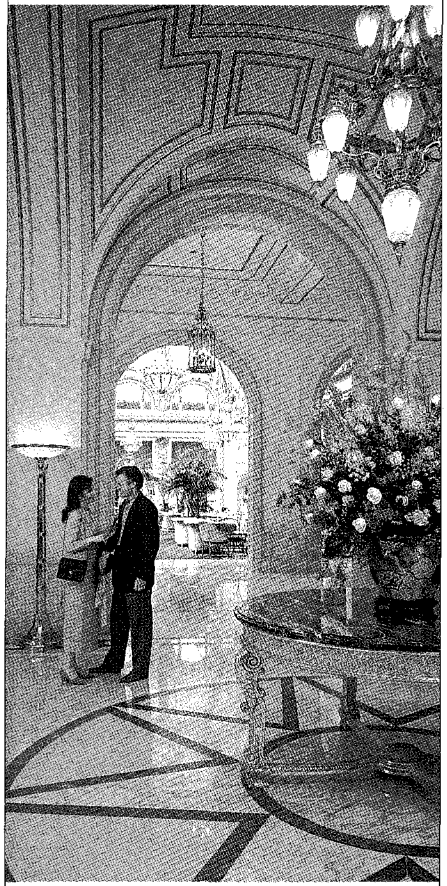

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IN THE MAIL

BLOOD NOT SO SIMPLE

Lawrence Wright's foray into the politics of racial classification ("One Drop of Blood," July 25th) is impressively evenhanded and serves as worthwhile instruction for newcomers to this debate. Wright does, however, underplay a significant voice in his story: those of us with parents from two different "racial" groups. Referred to at one point in the article as "an interesting social category," we tend to be summarized, analyzed, interpreted, and dismissed by others, whether they would speak for us or have us simply be quiet and not stir the pot.

But what we represent, as our numbers grow and our choices of self-identification continue to expand, is not only the bureaucratically untidy result of this experiment that is the United States of America but also the bridge that straddles a history enslaved by the one-drop rule and a future defined by the struggle to understand what defines all of us, groups and individuals—race, culture, ethnicity, religion, politics, geography, gender—as each element is increasingly legitimated.

Many of those who oppose a census that would reflect these blurred lines suggest that we simply want our "identity stroked," perhaps (in the case of black-white mixtures) to the detriment of antidiscrimination programs, or that, even more perniciously, we are seeking "a way out of being included among a despised racial group."

What I see is an opportunity to move away from the reductive categories of race. "Multiracial" as an option means little to me, but being allowed to check *all* the boxes that apply would begin to reflect the reality of my experience. Ridiculous as it may seem, what could best serve all the parties who participate in the harvesting of racial statistics might be for each citizen to be asked several questions: What is your racial background? How do you identify yourself? How do others identify you? For political and programmatic purposes, in what group would you like to be counted?

Ridiculous, perhaps, but at least such questions would recognize a still unequal present while taking a small step toward what I hope is our future.

LISE FUNDERBURG
Brooklyn, N.Y.

One area of Mr. Wright's splendid article needs further explication: the rapidly growing population of more than twenty million Hispanics. As Mr. Wright points out, nine and a half million (or more than ninety-seven per cent) of those who said on the last census that they were of "other race" were Hispanic. This was equivalent to forty-two per cent of the total Hispanic population. According to my research, these individuals are choosing the "other race" option not necessarily because they see themselves as being of "mixed race" or because they have misunderstood the question but because they see "race" in cultural or social terms. The Hispanics who say they are of "other race" may look stereotypically "White," "Black," "Asian or Pacific Islander," or "Native American Indian," but they do not consider themselves to be culturally or socially any of the above. This more cultural notion of race exists in many countries and has existed historically in different areas of the United States. It is this conception—

"Did you ever notice how good he smells?"

GEORGIA: *I finally went out to dinner with him last night.*

JACKIE: *Just the two of you? Where did you go?*

GEORGIA: *Mario's.*

JACKIE: *Mario's? The food is terrible.*

GEORGIA: *I didn't notice. I don't really even know what I ate.*

JACKIE: *Really?*

GEORGIA: *You should have seen him. He was so sweet. He spilled his wine all over my dress.*

JACKIE: *Adorable.*

GEORGIA: *And then when he reached over to give me his napkin, he knocked over his water glass.*

JACKIE: *Hilarious.*

GEORGIA: *Well, it was. We couldn't stop laughing. We just had to get out of there. We laughed all the way back to my place.*

JACKIE: *Your place?*

GEORGIA: *Well, I was soaked. And besides...*

JACKIE: *Besides.*

GEORGIA: *Did you ever notice how good he smells?*

JACKIE: *Frankly, no.*

GEORGIA: *He wears the most wonderful cologne.*

JACKIE: *Dare I ask what it is?*

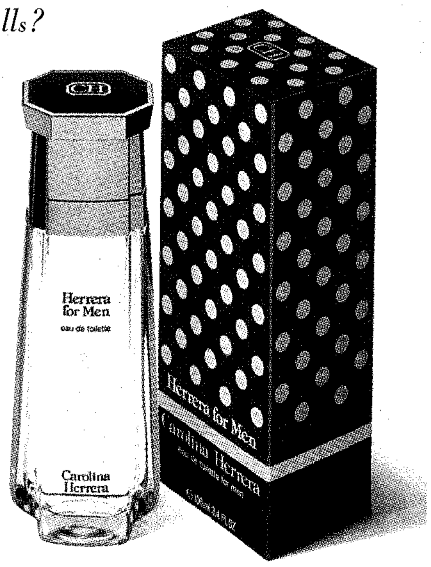
GEORGIA: *Well, it comes in a box with dots.*

JACKIE: *Dots?*

GEORGIA: *Dots.*

JACKIE: *So. Now we're back at your place...*

GEORGIA: *Jackie, how's your mother?*



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Carolina Herrera
New York

the one held to by one of the fastest-growing parts of the United States population—that will be prominent in driving the coming change in racial definitions.

CLARA E. RODRÍGUEZ
Fordham University
New York City

I was appalled to read that people who espoused taking an accurate reading of our nation's multiracial character were denigrated by a government analyst as being motivated by the "feeling that their identity needs to be stroked." Has anyone considered using the Census Bureau to enable us to take an accurate stock of ourselves? Has anyone considered changing our civil-rights and affirmative-action laws to conform with the reality of America's ethnic character, instead of deliberately misreading that character in order to lobby under existing legislation?

DANIEL ROBBINS
New York City

Since the mid-fifties, I've been convinced that the only answer to the divisive racial problems in our country is complete, color-blind integration of all United States citizens, with a continuing long-term goal of equal opportunity for all, and the understanding that that goal can never be reached. "One Drop of Blood" made it very clear that our own government is actually prolonging and encouraging segregation and racism by the way blacks are counted in the census. Although the article explained that many black groups and politicians are opposed to eliminating racial questions from the census because doing so would weaken disadvantaged groups and probably reduce the government benefits available to them, this line of reasoning is not compelling. Canada has already eliminated race questions from its census, and that is certainly the democratic way for us to go.

SYDNEY L. TERRY
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

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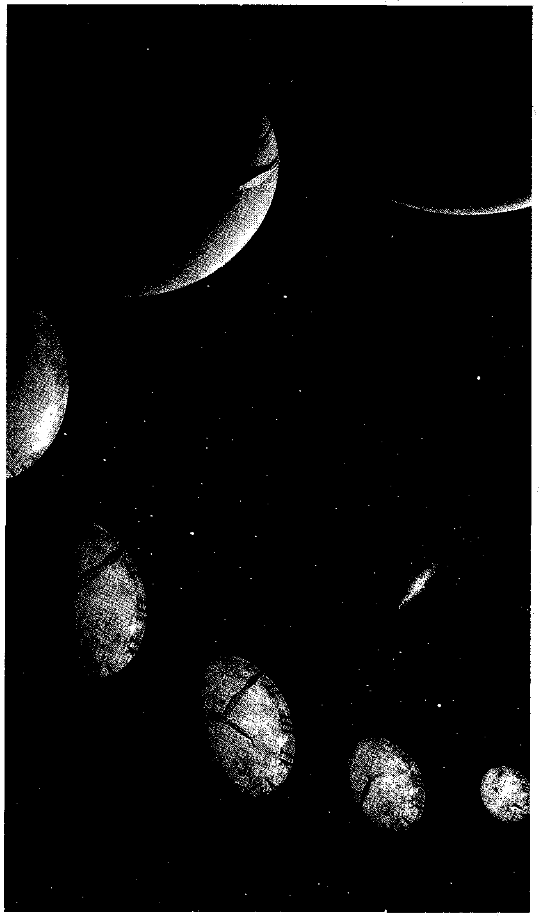

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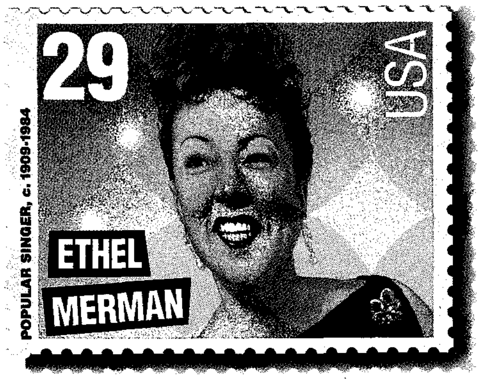
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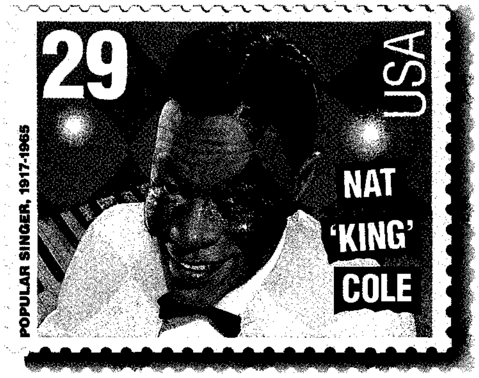
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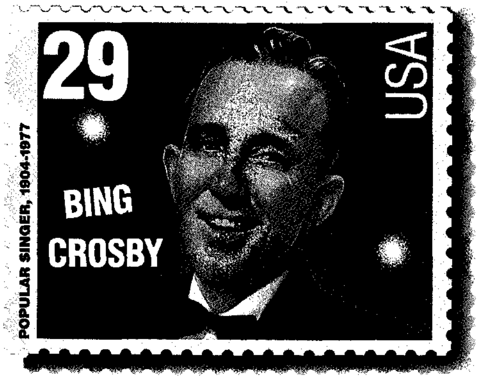
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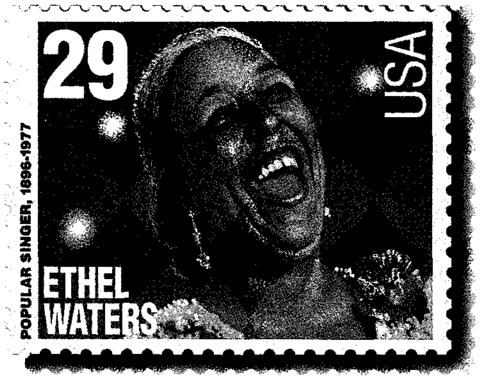
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

Catholic Taste

For the past couple of decades, or at least since Christopher Durang's angry comedy "Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You" foisted its fun-house-mirror images of religious life on the theatregoing public, Roman Catholic characters on stage have assumed predictable shapes. "They've been bitter, sassy, generally a little negative," says Jack Neary, whose romantic comedy "First Night" begins performances this week at the Westside Theatre. Neary wants to restore some flesh and blood to Catholic characters. Dilemmas—usually comic, sometimes painful—abound. In Neary's first play, "To Forgive, Divine," which was recently sold to the movies, a priest finds himself beset by rumors about his relationship with one of his parish's married women. In a later piece, "Jerry Finnegan's Sister," the religious conflicts are faced by children.

"First Night" deals with a longer span of experience. Its two characters, a doubt-filled nun named Meredith and a video-store owner named Danny, are in their early thirties, but it's the memory of an adolescent episode that has instigated their reunion. "They're both confronting something, no question," Neary says. "At a slightly advanced age, they're having visceral experiences for the first time." Does the playwright mean sex? "The play is not explicit in that regard," he answers. "But it's safe to say that the comedy comes from the simmering going on under the surface."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

First Night—Lannyl Stephens and Daniel McDonald in a romantic comedy by Jack Neary. In previews. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

King Ubu—The Independent Theatre Company's production of Alfred Jarry's 1896 farce. Opens Aug. 31 at 8. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088.)

Laughing Matters—Nick Ullett's one-man show about acting, advertising, marriage, and other matters. Previews begin Sept. 1. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-7471.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—The Roundabout Theatre Company's revival of Brian Friel's 1966 play, with Milo O'Shea, Robert Sean Leonard, Jim True, Pauline Flanagan, Jarlath Conroy, and Miriam Healy-Louie. Joe Dowling directed. In previews. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

OPENED RECENTLY

All in the Timing—Six sparkling short plays by David Ives add up to one enchanted evening. Ives and the deft director, Jason McConnell Buzas, are wonderfully served by their actors, especially Robert Stanton and Nancy Opel. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince. Directed by Robert Jess Roth. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

Carousel—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation launches Rodgers and Hammerstein toward the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Damn Yankees—The big musical hit of 1955 is back, in its first Broadway revival, with Victor Garber as the Devil and Bebe Neuwirth as Lola. George Abbott and Douglass Wallop's book has been jarringly updated by the director, Jack O'Brien (with the help of the hundred-and-six-year-old Mr. Abbott). But the cast delivers Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music with sporty energy, and Rob Marshall has created some lively dance numbers. Ms. Neuwirth leaves the cast after Sept. 4; Nancy Ticotin fills in until Sept. 20, when Charlotte d'Amboise takes over. (4/4/94) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Faith Journey—A gospel musical, set in the South during the civil-rights movement. Book and lyrics by Clarence Cuthbertson and George Broderick, who also wrote the music. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Grease!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phonyness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. Rosie O'Donnell is very likable as the tough-talking Rizzo, and Billy Porter blows the lid off the joint with his Little Richard-like rendition of "Beauty School Dropout." Jeff Calhoun directed and choreographed. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Hysterical Blindness and Other Southern Tragedies That Have Plagued My Life Thus Far—An autobiographical musical-comedy revue written by Leslie Jordan and starring Mark Baker. It's a tale of growing up Tennessean, thespian, and gay. Joe Patrick Ward's energetic musical numbers run the gamut from corn to gospel. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

An Inspector Calls—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast, which includes Kenneth Cranham, Philip Bosco, and Jane Adams, has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in an expanded version of a musical show about Jelly Roll Morton, recently seen at Michael's Pub. With Morten Gunnar Larsen on piano. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 777-7474.)

The Keepers—A drama by Barbara Lebow, set in Maine in the eighteen-fifties. Presented by Jean Cocteau Repertory. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Passion—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, in which the main characters spend much of their time singing love letters to and from each other. Jere Shere and Marin Mazzie are in fine voice as a dashing soldier and his lover, and Donna Murphy gives a stunning performance as Fosca, the predatory heroine. Lapine, who wrote the libretto, directed. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Repertorio Español—Several shows are currently running in repertory: ". . . Y Se Armó la Mojiganga!" (". . . And the Carnival Erupted!"), a musical conceived and directed by Jorge Alí Triana, with a score by German Arrieta. Performed in Spanish; simultaneous English translation is available. . . . ¶ "Café Con Leche," a comedy by Gloria González. In Spanish. . . . ¶ "Las Mujeres ¡de Verdad! Tienen Curvas" ("Real Women Have Curves"), a comedy by Josefina López. In Spanish. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850.)

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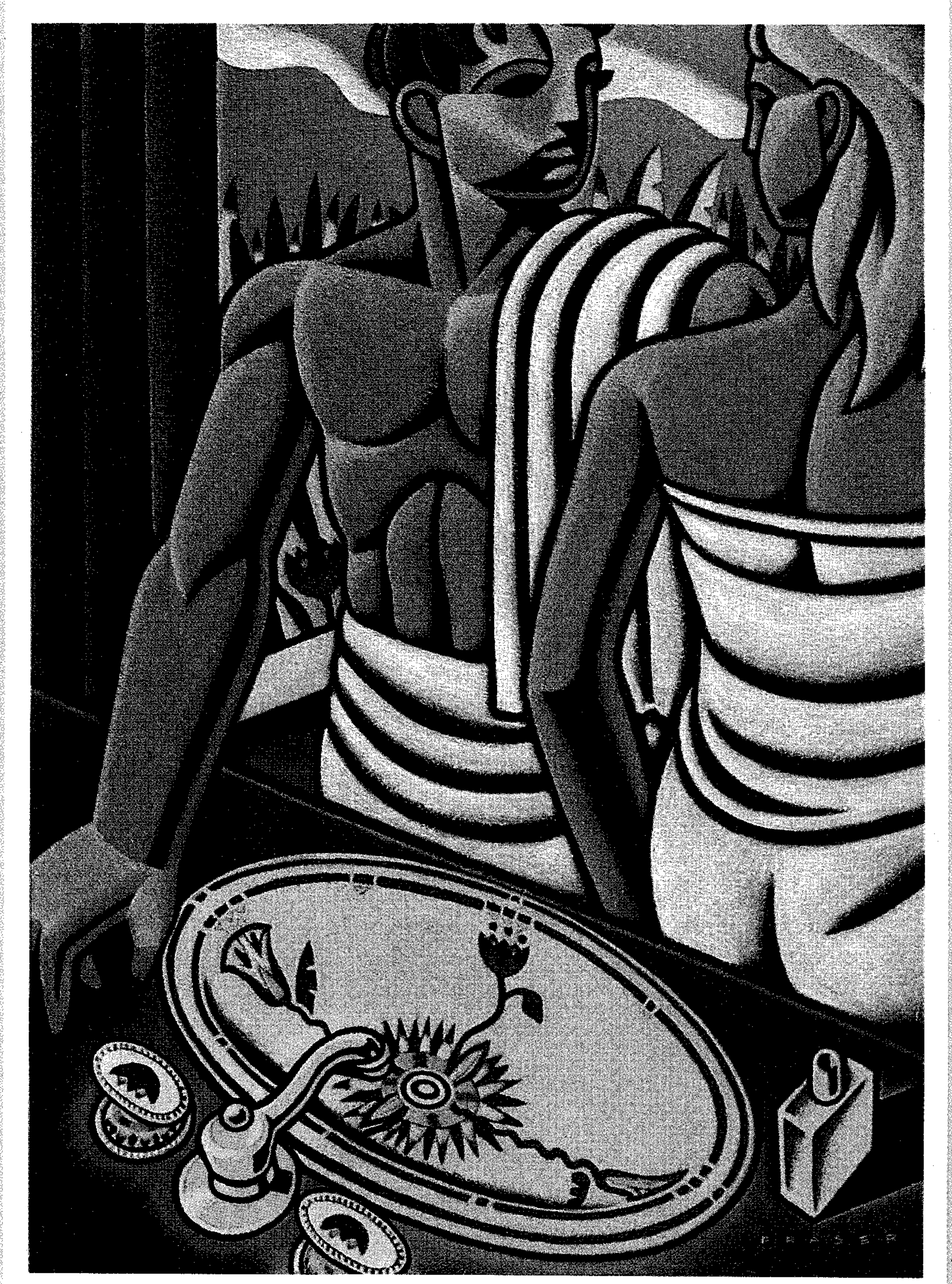

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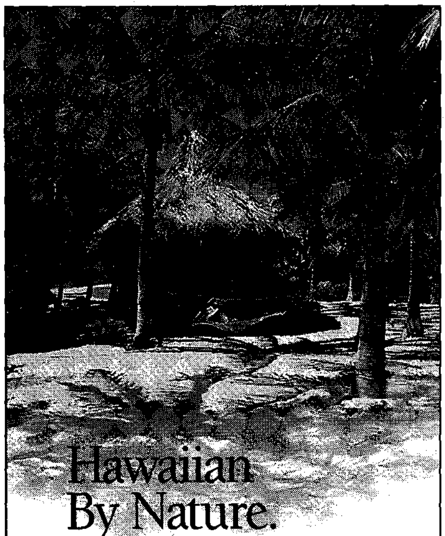

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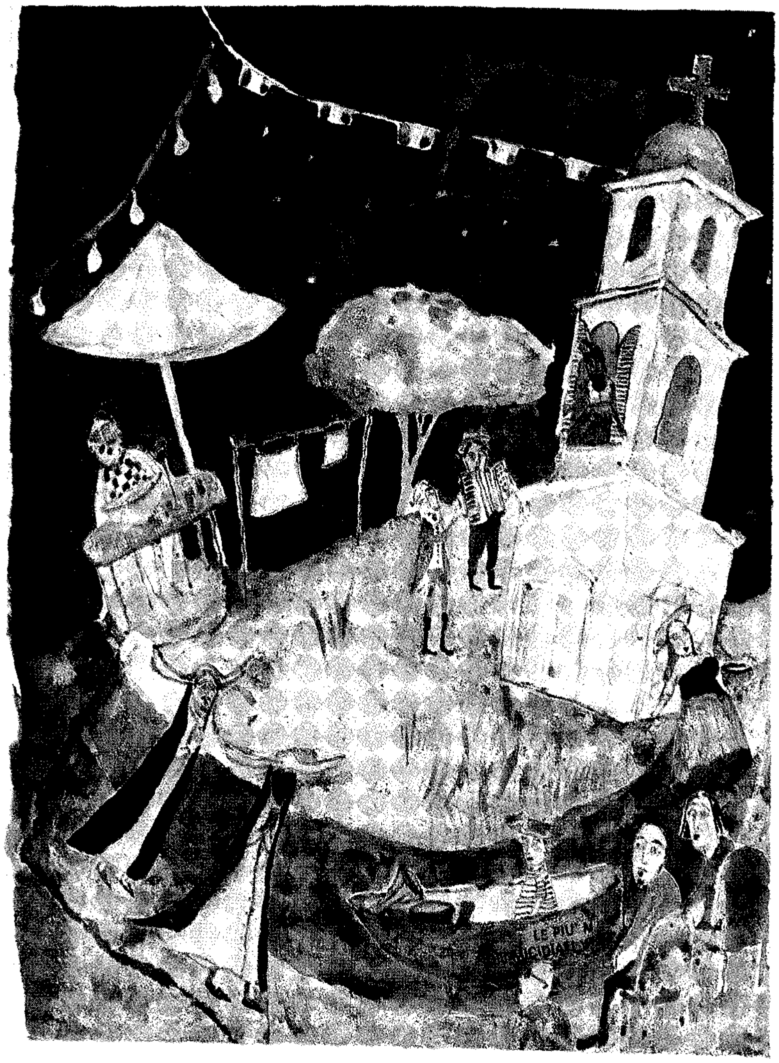


"The Two Gentlemen of Verona," at the Delacorte Theatre, in Central Park.

Stomp—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

The Tempest—Free outdoor performances by the Kings County Shakespeare Company, Aug. 31-Sept. 4, all at 8. (Prospect Park Band Shell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St., Brooklyn.)

That's Life!—A seriocomic revue about the variety of Jewish life in America. The songs deal with a girl trying to find her place in a patriarchal tradition, a woman embracing the born-to-shop stereotype, a father teaching his three-year-old son a Yiddish song, etc. Thirteen composers and lyricists collaborated on the twenty musical numbers. The choreography and direction are by Helen Butleroff. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Three Tall Women—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. Jordan Baker and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes are also in the cast. Directed by Lawrence Sacharow. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

The Two Gentlemen of Verona—Adrian Hall is the director of this New York Shakespeare Festival production of the Bard's comedy. The cast includes Joel De La Fuente, Robert Dorfman, Herb Foster, Peter Gerety, Malcolm Gets, and Lisa Gay Hamilton. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Closes Sept. 4. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

LONG RUNS

ANGELS IN AMERICA: "Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FAMILY SECRETS:** Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

International Festival of Puppet Theatre—A two-week series of avant-garde works starts on Sept. 6 at 8, with the Handspring Puppet Co., of South Africa, in "Woyzeck on the Highveld," and with Hanne Tierney's production of Gertrude Stein's "A Play Called Not and Now." (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. The festival continues through Sept. 18.)

GISELLE POTTER

NIGHT LIFE

Dressing Downstairs

THE great rhythm-and-blues singer Ruth Brown has made the scene at the Village Vanguard many times, but always as a spectator. Max Gordon, the Vanguard's late owner, "treated me wonderfully," she told us recently. So when his widow, Lorraine, who now runs the club, approached her about performing there, Brown naturally felt obliged to accept the offer. The legendary jazz venue may not seem the likeliest place to book a blues-saturated artist who last year was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, but Brown, whose soulful vocal stylings helped put Atlantic Records on the map back in the fifties, says that her biggest misgiving about the Vanguard was that it didn't have a dressing room. "I'm known for wearing beaded gowns," the sixty-six-year-old singer pointed out. To accommodate her costume changes, the club has arranged to transform its coat-check space into a makeshift dressing room.

Assisting Brown for this week's engagement (August 30-September 4) will be her longtime supporting band, which she affectionately refers to as "my Rainbow Coalition," and which includes musicians of Italian, British, Japanese, and African descent. The material they play will be determined by her whims and the whims of her fans, Brown said. "I'm not going to become a jazz singer overnight," she insisted. "Like the song says, I gotta be me. There are songs that I can do for these shows that I wouldn't sing at blues festivals. But whatever I do, I'll give it the Ruth Brown treatment."

CONCERTS

H.O.R.D.E. Festival 1994—The Allman Brothers Band, Blues Traveler, Big Head Todd & the Monsters, the Dave Matthews band, the Screamin' Cheetah Wheelies, and others. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. Aug. 31-Sept. 1 at 4.)

Foreigner / The Doobie Brothers—With Gary Hoey. (Jones Beach Theatre. Sept. 2 at 8.)

James Taylor—Jones Beach Theatre. Sept. 3-4 at 8.

CLUBS

A.K.A., 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Jazz, hip-hop, and world beat meet in this small, velvet-draped club. On Sept. 3: the **SCREAMING HEADLESS TORSOS.**

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. Sept. 1 belongs to **JAMES COTTON,** with guest **JOHNNY ALLEN.** On Sept 2-3: **CHRISTINE LAVIN'S FOUR BITCHIN' BABES.**

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—A small peach-walled storefront, Sin-é is usually given over to a young, earthy crowd that drinks Rolling Rock or espresso and waits for some Irish musician or other to blow in and play a set. **CHRISTOPHER TEMPLE** is in on Sept. 3.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving. . . . ¶ Next door, at CB's Gallery, **MARC RIBOT'S SHREK** drops in on Sept. 2, with Hope Is a Muscle. Shrek, Ribot's new project, is an excellent showcase for the guitarist's unusual tastes. The din this band makes is not unlike something heard at a carnival in Eastern Europe: odd modes, hand drums, and hurdy-gurdies, along with a few modern touches, like Slavic surf and the occasional wall of feedback. Sept 3: **STRETCH** and **HOOCH.**

China Club, 2130 Broadway, at 75th St. (877-1166)—Glam seekers come here hoping to rub shoulders with models and celebrities, but instead find themselves hypnotized by the big fish tank over the bar. Occasionally, rock stars do show up to jam after a performance in town, but mostly you'll find a roster of heavily moussed upstarts.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—Deep in the heart of the meat district, an authentic old locker has been converted into a comfortable lavender and stainless-steel paradise. On Aug. 31: **LIVE AMBIENT ABYSS.**

Don Hill's, 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850)—A tidy little West Village bar with a de-luxe P.A. system and topnotch local bands on the docket. On Aug. 31: **MIND OVER MATTER.**

Downtime, 251 W. 30th St. (695-2747)—A friendly split-level bar with a dazzling quasi-Cubist paint job and an above-average pool table.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. Tuesday evenings belong to the **LADY BUNNY.**

Flannery's, 205 W. 14th St. (929-9589)—A well-scrubbed, amiable Irish pub with many of the classic features (pints of Guinness, non-stop TV sports) and a few of the near-classics (a CD jukebox, a portrait of Elvis).

Gonzalez y Gonzalez, 625 Broadway, at Houston St. (473-8787)—Loud, brash, and big—de rigueur for the lower-Broadway dining scene. The stage is in the rear, about a city block from the entrance.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This sprawling two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

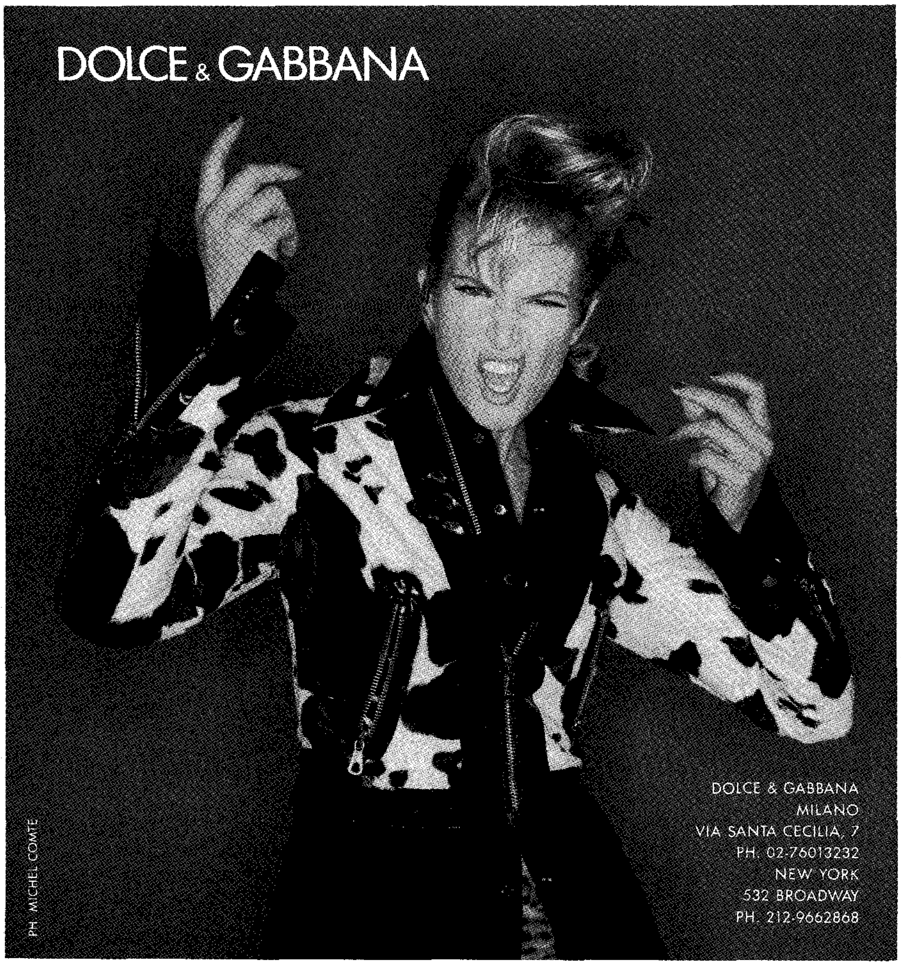
Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. **PO' BOY SWING** is here on Sept. 4, with **PSYCHIC ORGY.** Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—An unassuming basement restaurant-bar, where you can drink cheap and catch live music nightly. Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The Upper East Side Blues. On Sept. 1: the **POPA CHUBBY** band.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—Many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. On Sept. 4: **TSUNAMI** and the **LILYS.**

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Downtown's newest little club that could. Beyond the long bar, you'll find an exposed-brick room and a stage that's been playing host to some very hip acts. On Aug. 31, catch the **DAVID TRONZO** trio, with Lost Tribe. Tronzo is some kind of mad scientist, having spliced together two completely dis-



NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

parate idioms—slide guitar and bebop. On a bad night he sounds like Duane Allman channeled through Charlie Parker. On a good night he's like nothing you've ever heard before.

Nell's, 246 W. 14th St. (675-1567)—A Victorian-style club, home to an eclectic crowd of downtown youngsters dancing to throbbing funk and techno-pop.

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

Les Poulets, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French but the music here is Latin: expect merengue and the occasional cha-cha. Salsa with **LOS HERMANOS MORENO** on Aug. 31. Sept. 2: **TITO RODRIGUEZ, JR.** Dining.

Rodeo Bar, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—The walls simulate a log cabin, a buffalo head blows smoke through its nostrils, there's a horse trailer that's been converted into a bar, and you get peanuts for eating and, occasionally, throwing.

Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—Ballroom dancing on Thursdays and Sundays. The rest of the week: another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers and the occasional whirling mosh pit.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. Through Sept. 1: **SPECIAL EFX. THE MIGHTY SPARROW,** king of calypso, is in on Sept. 3. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Upstairs at this gilt and lamé club is the Blue Room, a plush little nook with celestial wallpaper, far from the midtown racket. Thursday nights belong to **GIANT STEP,** a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—This broad, spacious, and agreeable club, offers a consistent lineup of blues greats. **JAZZHOLE** arrives on Sept. 2, with Destination. Monday nights, Tramps hosts Soul Kitchen, an evening of seventies R. & B. for devotees of Don Cornelius.

Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600)—A byzantine disco wonderland with four floors, a coffee shop, and a wig boutique. Wednesday is drag night. Psychedelic Thursdays feature grunge acts and cheap beer.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A warehouse complex for neo-hippies and other party animals. On Aug. 31, Living Colour front man **COREY GLOVER** and **FALLEN ANGEL.**

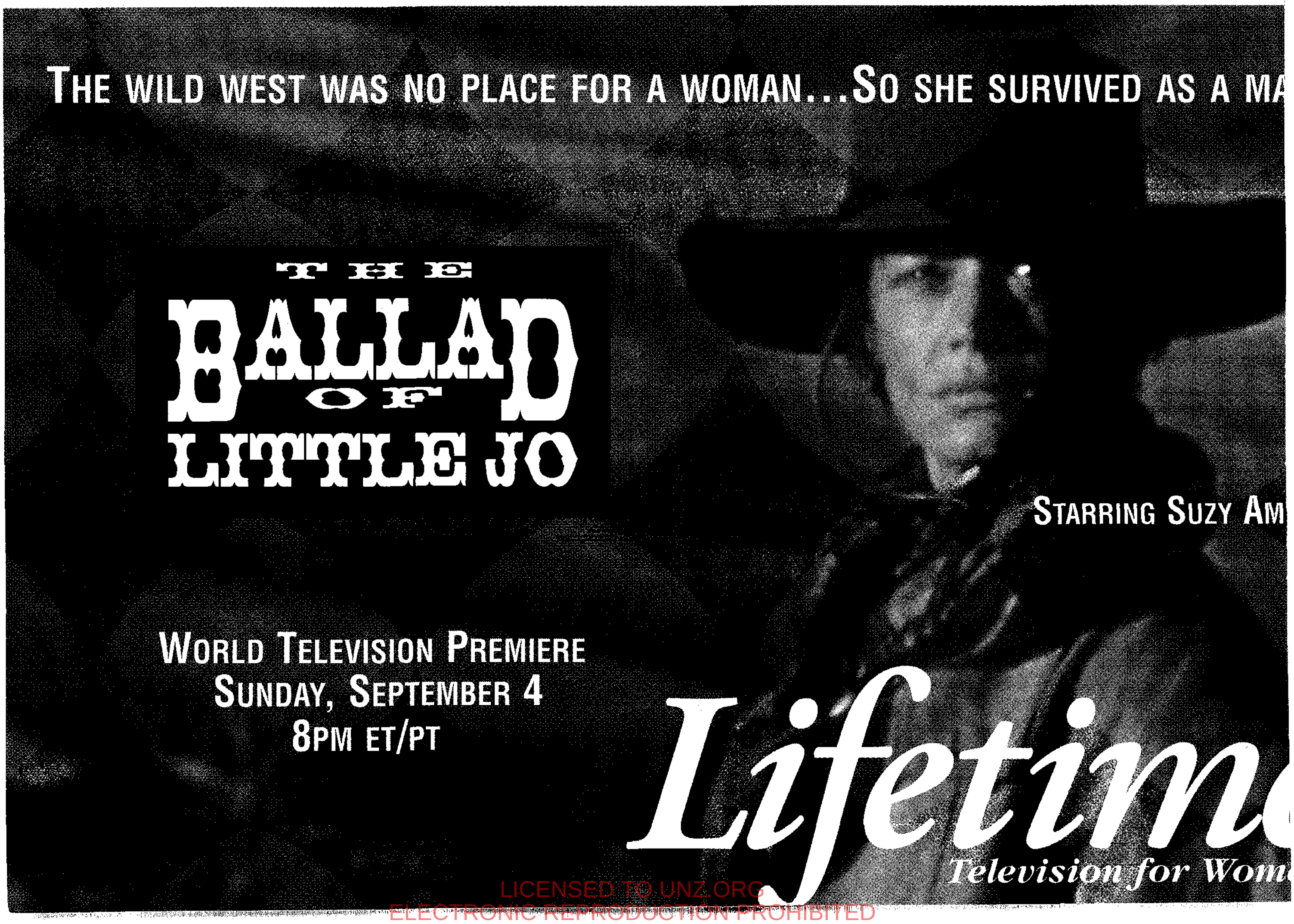
JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and Johnny Parker, and weekends to the Freddy Francis trio.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that also features a tapas bar—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. Through Sept. 3, Vinicius Cantuarias presents "Sounds and Voices from the Rainforest."

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—An airy two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery. On Aug. 31: the **ALI AYERSON** trio. Sunday evenings belong to **PETE (LA ROCA) SIMS.** Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. The **MC COY TYNER** trio continues through Sept. 4. Had pianist Tyner retired after leaving John Coltrane's group in 1965, he'd still be remembered as one of the most brilliant and individualistic players of an era that prized iconoclasm in its musicians. But Tyner never succumbed to the temptations of an electronic age; on his seventies records, he didn't have to plug in his piano to make it thunder and ring with authority. A certain laxness pervades his eighties work, but his drive returned with the dawn of the nineties. Beginning Sept. 6: the **JOHN SCOFIELD** quartet, and the **GATEWAY TRIO.** The ace guitarist never really severed his R. & B. ties. With Hand Jive, his new recording, he has returned to the groove full force. An ECM supergroup of the seventies, the Gateway Trio—drummer Jack DeJohnette, bassist Dave Holland, and guitarist John Abercrombie—can still interact with alarming precision. Dining.



BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here. **KENNY DREW, JR.,** and **DAVID WILLIAMS** appear through Sept. 3. Dining.

CAJUN, 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174)—A New Orleans-style restaurant specializing in Dixieland and swing. On Fridays, catch the Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues band. Saturdays belong to the New Atlantic Jazz band.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In Bemelmans Bar, the charming and debonair **KURT WIETING** presides at the piano.

EIGHTY EIGHT'S, 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088)—On Sept 1: **SONS AND LOVERS,** an a-cappella vocal group. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—One of the city's top jazz spots. **RHONDA ROSS** is in through Sept. 4. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden inside the Time Café. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is a fine spot to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

FIFTY SEVEN FIFTY SEVEN, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Wednesdays through Saturdays, **DONALD JOHNSTON** is the featured pianist. Dining.

FIVE SPOT, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, this jazz club is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. Aug. 31-Sept. 1: South American jazz with the **JORGE ANDRES** quartet.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Across the street from Lincoln Center, this restaurant and club features a handsome bar upstairs and a surreal performance space downstairs. **BRAD LEALI** is in on Aug. 31. Catch the twelve-piece **SPIRIT OF LIFE ENSEMBLE** on Sept. 1-3.

JUDYS', 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A tiny burgundy-walled room in the Iroquois Hotel. A pianist keeps the happy-hour bar birds happy. Vocalists work out in the dining room. Closed Sundays.

RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A highly selective list of new releases we're curious to hear.

SHAWN COLVIN, "Cover Girl" (Columbia).

"NATURAL BORN KILLERS" soundtrack (Nothing/Interscope).

DINOSAUR JR., "Without a Sound" (Sire/Reprise).

PATTY LOVELESS, "When Fallen Angels Fly" (Epic).

PUBLIC ENEMY, "Muse Sick-N-Hour Message" (RAL/Def Jam).

EX-GIRLFRIEND, "It's a Woman Thang" (Reprise).

LUSCIOUS JACKSON, "Natural Ingredients" (Grand Royal/Capitol).

JESUS AND MARY CHAIN, "Stoned and Dethroned" (American).

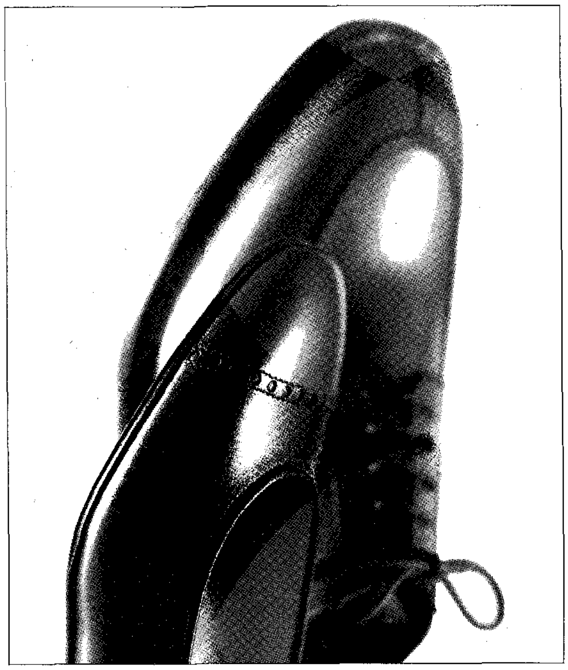
AMY GRANT, "House of Love" (A & M).

UB40, "Live" (Virgin).

LAURIE ANDERSON, "Bright Red" (Warner Bros.).

CISCO HOUSTON, "The Folkway Years, 1944-1961" (Smithsonian/Folkways).

DOC WATSON AND CLARENCE ASHLEY, "The Original Folkway Recordings, 1960-1962" (Smithsonian/Folkways).



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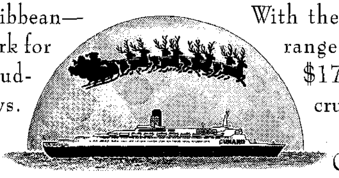


NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. **JOHN HICKS** is in through Sept. 1.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This club, run by a couple of forward-looking Wisconsinites, specializes in all manner of neo-this and post-that ensembles. The atmosphere is low-key, low-budget bohemian. On Aug. 31: **TERRAPLANE** and the **DELIA SCAIFE** band.

Le Madeleine, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **GENE BERTONCINI** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his simmering melodicism and chordal grace.

Metropolis, 31 Union Square W. (675-2300)—Monday nights, catch **CON-TRI-BUTION,** a reggae-tinged jazz collective. The **METROPOLIS CAFÉ ALL STARS** show their stuff on Sept. 2-3.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. The rest of the week, **LOREN SCHOENBERG** presents "Jazz Show Boat," a duded-up version of the Kern and Hammerstein classic. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. **ANN HAMPTON CALLAWAY** begins an engagement on Sept. 6. Closed Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Thursdays belong to Stan Rubin's big band and Phoebe Légère; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and the Kit McClure sextet; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A jazz outpost where the musicians are always top-shelf. The **ROBERT HURST** quartet is here through Sept. 3. Hurst is a member of Branford Marsalis's band, which is enduring self-imposed jazz exile on the Leno show. But the bassist's fine new trio recording, with Elvin Jones, proves he's still a busy, robust player who hasn't lost his touch. On Sept. 4, catch the **ILHAN ERSAHIN** quintet. The **T. S. MONK** quintet starts on Sept. 6. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tatou, 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144)—The **NAT JONES** trio entertains every weekend. On Tuesdays through Fridays, a saucy carbaret revue called "Just for Kicks." Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—This legendary tourist haven makes serious jazz fans welcome in the Chestnut Room. It resembles a hunting lodge and is every bit as over the top as the rest of the establishment, but the bookings are impressive. **NANCY LA MOTT** holds forth through Sept. 4.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. The mighty **RUTH BROWN** presides this week, through Sept. 4. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor. On Aug. 31: the **FRED HERSCH** trio, with Drew Gress and Tom Rainey. Sept. 1: The **DAVE KIKOSKI** trio. Sept. 2-4 is given over to the **GUST TSILIS** quintet, featuring Tim Hagans and Lonnie Plaxico.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The food is Italian and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Through Sept. 3: **PETE MALINVERNI, TODD COOLMAN,** and **RALPH LA LAMA.**

ART

Notes from Underground

NEARLY five million New Yorkers ride the subway every day, the prize captive audience of all time. They swarm through four hundred and ninety-one stations that contain miles and miles of blank walls just waiting to be covered. Of course, some of the walls have been taken over by graffiti artists and advertisers, but a number of stations still feature classic design elements: who doesn't love the Astor Place beavers? Now, as a part of its ongoing rebuilding program, the M.T.A. has commissioned dozens of New York artists—ranging from Roy Lichtenstein to schoolchildren—to create works for newly refurbished stations.

"Art En Route," an exhibition at the PaineWebber Art Gallery, in the lobby of the company's headquarters at Sixth Avenue and 51st Street (through September 23), includes subway art both old and new. Some of it is superb: Harry Roseman's mural for the Wall Street station is a refreshing, Watteau-esque landscape, a serene, surprising Arcadia in one of the most urban places on earth. Matt Mullican's mural for the 50th Street station on the C and E lines, a sleek, post-Pop design etched into black granite, is smart and sophisticated yet discreet; the artist has recognized that thousands of people will walk by it ten times a week.

Other artists might have pondered that principle. Susan Tunick's pulsating, brilliantly colored tile composition for the Prospect Park station delivers a massive dose of energy to a place that is already more intense than most of us would like. As for the children's murals—well, we all love children's art, particularly when we know the child, but isn't the best venue the refrigerator door, really?

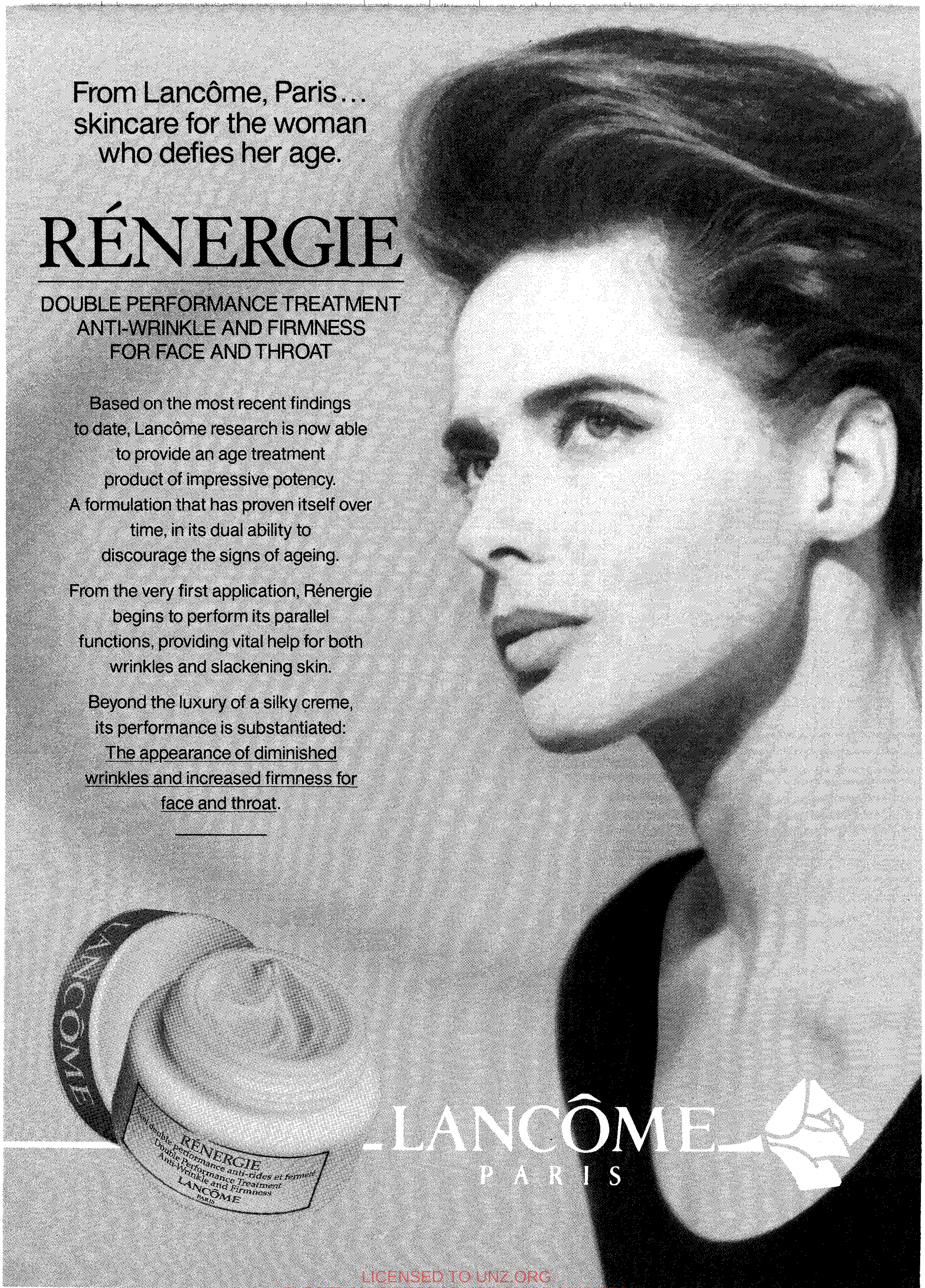
by Church, Pa
yright 1910
right 1910 by Church, Paxson

"Picasso and the Weeping Women," at the Metropolitan.

CRARY PULLEN/ARCHIVE PHOTOS

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Pharaoh's Gifts: Stone Vessels from Ancient Egypt." . . . ¶ "Four Silk Kashan Rugs." The connoisseurship of Oriental carpets is an exquisitely refined science, to be sure, but even rug illiterates will know they are in the presence of something special at this exhibit, in the museum's Islamic Galleries. In the sixteenth century, the Persian city of Kashan produced magnificent silk carpets, most likely for the royal palace. Only twenty of them have survived, four of which belong to the Met. Three are based on traditional medallion designs; one depicts fierce tigers and fantastic animals attacking cattle and deer. Displayed together for the first time, the four rugs provide a rare glimpse into a vanished world of imperial splendor. . . . ¶ "Dali: The Early Years." It is fashionable to dismiss the Spanish Surrealist Salvador Dali (1904-89) as a purveyor of schlock, yet his brilliant, visionary early works are as original and influential as any produced by Surrealism. The show includes a video installation of scenes from "Un Chien Andalou," Dali's historic collaboration with Buñuel. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Picasso and the Weeping Women: The Years of Marie-Thérèse Walter and Dora Maar." Some eighty paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by this century's archetype of the volatile, charismatic artist. In addition to images of the nymphet Walter and the Surrealist Maar, the exhibition also contains numerous works inspired by Picasso's first wife, the Russian dancer Olga Koklova. Metaphorically, these images reflect the ravages of the Spanish Civil War. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ The Annenberg collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works includes paintings by Picasso and Renoir. . . . ¶ The roof garden, complete with sculptures, is open through the end of October. . . . ¶ Masterpieces from the museum's furniture collection, including a Mies van der Rohe tubular-steel armchair. . . . ¶ "American Impressionism and Realism: Drawings, Prints, and Photographs" features work from the museum's collection. . . . ¶ "Divine Protection: Batak Art of North Sumatra." Seventy



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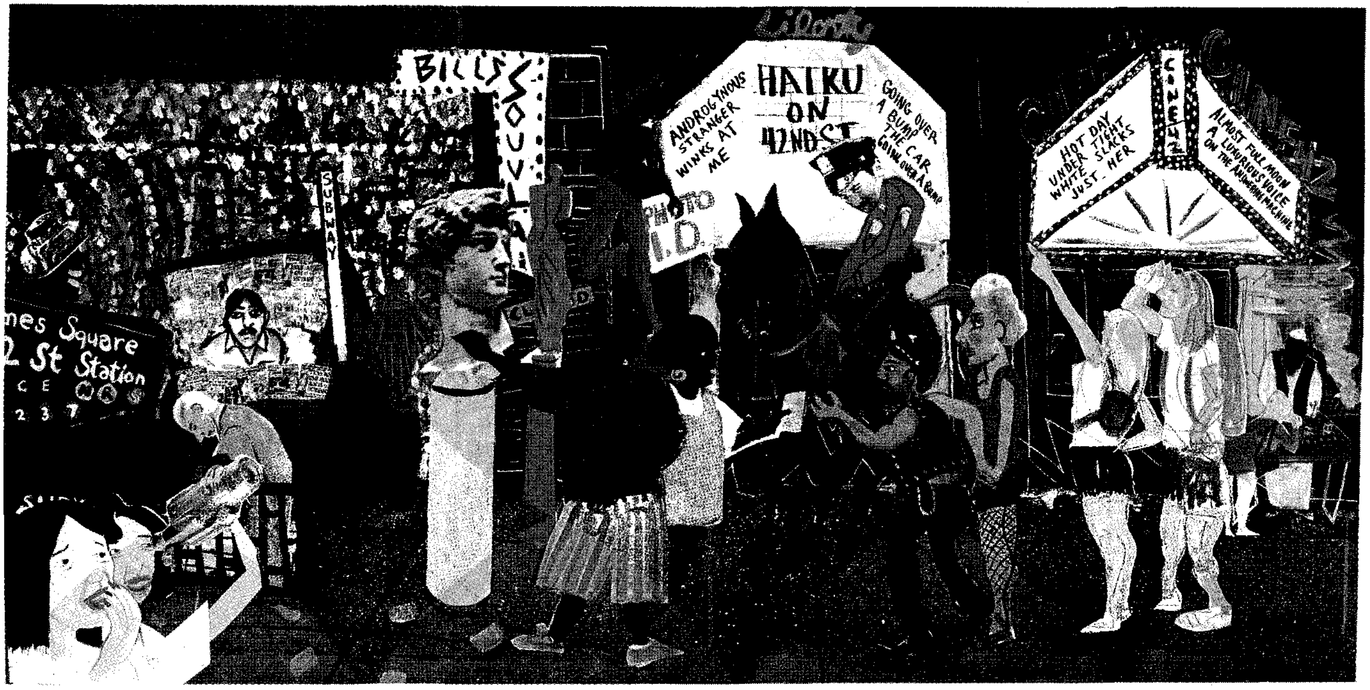
primarily wooden works from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, ranging from a three-inch-square ritual book to puppets. . . . ¶ Twenty-seven paintings by Sidney Nolan (1917-92), an Australian who chronicled the adventures of his countryman Ned Kelly, a nineteenth-century outlaw. Through Sept. 4. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Masterpieces from the David and Peggy Rockefeller Collection: Manet to Picasso" focusses primarily on Post-Impressionist, Fauvist, and Cubist works, and is the very best group of paintings and drawings to be seen in New York this summer. The most gaudily compelling painting is probably Paul Signac's pointillist portrait of M. Félix Fénéon. The dapper critic, a lifelong anarchist and an evangelist of Post-Impressionism, stands in profile against a psychedelic pinwheel of brilliant contrasting patterns. The painting vibrates with the energy of the youthful modernist avant-garde. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of movie stills, from films ranging from "Intolerance" (1916) to "Danton" (1983). Through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ "Sense and Sensibility: Women Artists and Minimalism in the Nineties" recasts the movement's formal problems in terms of femininity and domesticity. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ "Modern British Drawings: Selections from the Collection." The portraits in this summer exhibition—Gaudier-Brzeska's charcoal of Wyndham Lewis, a pair of self-portraits by Lewis and William Roberts, Frank Auerbach's "Head of Catherine Lampert VI"—speak most forcefully. Gilbert and George offer a heavy-handed satire of the British sporting portrait, featuring a lampoon of art-worshipping pomposity that reads "To Be with Art Is All We Ask." Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ "Lee Friedlander: Letters from the People." Friedlander's messages are black-and-white photographs of letters of the alphabet, numbers, commercial signs, and graffiti. Through Sept. 11. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)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CINE 42
HOT DAY UNDER TIGHT WHITE SLACKS JUST HER
ALMOST FULL MOON A LUXURIOUS VOICE ON THE ANSWERING MACHINE

The 42nd Street Art Project.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Tradition of the New: Post-War Masterpieces from the Guggenheim Collection." An amble up the ramp begins with Abstract Expressionism and ends with minimalism. Detours out of the rotunda include a room devoted to Donald Judd (1928-94) and one to Joseph Beuys (1921-86), both of whom are well represented in the permanent collection. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ "Frank Lloyd Wright's Designs for the Guggenheim Museum." Through Sept. 7. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of more than two hundred paintings and works on paper by Joseph Stella (1877-1946), the American Futurist. . . . ¶ "From the Collection: Photography, Sculpture, and Paintings" includes work by Nan Goldin, Sally Mann, Agnes Martin, and Ad Reinhardt. . . . ¶ "Edward Hopper and Jack Pierson: American Dreaming." Two devotees of forlorn, sad-sack Americana. For this installment of the Collection in Context series, the Whitney asked Pierson to curate a show of his own paintings and drawings and works by Hopper (1882-1967), drawing on the Museum's extensive Hopper holdings. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ "Ideas and Objects: Selected Drawings and Sculptures from the Permanent Collection." Sculptures by fifteen artists, coupled with drawings that relate to the finished pieces. Through Sept. 4. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Royal Tombs of Sipán." Gold, silver, and gilded copper objects of the Moche, a pre-Inca civilization of northern Peru. The 1987 discovery of a series of undisturbed royal tombs dating to the fourth century A.D. established the Moche as one of the world's major ancient civilizations. Precious metals steal the show, though the ceramics on display are very fine, and Moche portrait heads speak as eloquently as Roman busts. The curators are probably right to identify Sipán as the richest burial site ever excavated in the New World. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Selected works of Leon Polk Smith, an American abstract painter. . . . ¶ From the museum's contemporary-art collection, an exhibit of paintings by Mark Rothko and Ad Reinhardt, and sculpture by Louise Nevelson, among others. . . . ¶ More than five hundred Egyptian objects from the museum's extensive collection, spanning thirteen hundred years of Pharaonic history. . . . ¶ From the museum's collection, samples of twentieth-century decorative arts and industrial design, including studio pottery and an Electrolux vacuum cleaner. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Bauhaus Workshops: 1919-1933." Furniture, metalwork, glass, textiles, and ceramics made by disciples of the German school of architecture and design. This small but instructive exhibit broadens the picture to include the role of women at the Bauhaus. Among the highlights are the innovative textile designs of Gunta Stölzl, Anni Albers, and others, which combine a rich craft aesthetic with the abstract concepts of the modernist utopia. . . . ¶ "Sculptural Concerns: Contemporary American Metalworking." Jewelry, sculpture, and furniture, among other craftwork. Through Oct. 2. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria, Queens—"Muky's New York: Photographer to the Postwar Film Renaissance," pictures taken between 1957 and 1982 by Muky Munkacsi for New York film productions. Included are studio portraits of Gary Cooper, Carmen Miranda, and other Hollywood stars. Through Sept. 4. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 4, and Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Bard Graduate Center, 18 W. 86th St.—"Baroque Splendor: The Art of the Hungarian Goldsmith" includes silver gilt vessels, jewels, and armor from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, when Hungary was occupied by the Turks. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Artist in the Marketplace XIV." Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ "Xu Bing: Recent Work." Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ "Building the Collection: Recent Acquisitions and Selected Works from the Permanent Collection." Through Sept. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Angles of Repose: A Garden Exhibition of Central Park Benches." A selection of benches from the Park, dating back to 1858. . . . ¶ The gates from New York's Art Deco Chanin Building (1929) are on display. . . . ¶ An 1826 porcelain jewel cabinet, with seventeen mahogany drawers, made at the Royal Manufactory of Sèvres. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Toward Modern Design: Revival and Reform in Applied Arts 1850-1920." Ceramics, furniture, jewelry, wallcoverings, glass, and graphics from Europe and the United States. Through Sept. 11. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Ellis Island Immigration Museum—"Immigrant Health Traditions" documents home remedies and other household medical practices, with, for instance, objects found in the medicine cabinet (like acupuncture equipment from Japan). (Open daily, 9:30 to 5.)

Forbes Magazine Galleries, Fifth Ave. at 12th St.—"The Words of War: Documents of World War II from the *Forbes* Magazine Collection" commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of D Day. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"The Currency of Fame: Portrait Medals of the Renaissance." Gracing the cool garden court of this former residence of Henry Clay Frick (1849-1919) is a jewel-like selection of commemorative medals, ranging from bronze casts of leading figures from the fifteenth century to the seventeenth, including Lorenzo de' Medici and Dürer, to examples made of lead and tin alloy, which provided an inexpensive alternative to gold. The German medals, which were cast from wooden and stone models, are often more precise than the freer Italian pieces, which were modelled in wax. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A permanent exhibition called "Culture and Continuity" examines issues of identity, values, and culture. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8. Closes Labor Day at 3.)

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—"Western Artists/African Art." It's difficult to study the masks and statuary in this exhibit of African objects owned by Western artists without considering a number of issues, such as how artists are influenced by other cultures, and what it means to own work that was intended strictly for religious ceremonies. These pieces, belonging to such artists as Francesco Clemente, Eric Fischl, and Lorna Simpson, have been photographed in their owners' homes and are shown with texts of their owners' thoughts. The sculptor Mel Edwards says, "Eye to eye, African art is like a deep conversation with family." The show, too, is a provocative discussion. . . . ¶ "Fusion: West African Artists at the Venice Biennale." Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Mor Faye and Moustapha Dimé, of Senegal, and Tamessir Dia, Ouattara, and Gérard Santoni, of the Ivory Coast, all of whom were in the 1993 Venice Biennale. Particularly notable are Ouattara's mixed-medium paintings/reliefs, which combine elements of traditional tribal culture with aesthetic strategies of the avant-garde. Through Sept. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"New York Beauties: Quilts from the Empire State." Twenty-two of the approximately six thousand quilts obtained through the museum's New York Quilt Project are on view. The most flamboyant is Elizabeth Hamilton's one-of-a-kind Teaching Quilt (1934). Animals, tools, fruits and vegetables, and the like, all in bright red, are stitched topsy-turvy on a white ground, with a boy and girl on a seesaw in the center and a border of letters and words. Elementary but pleasing. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Stickball Hall of Fame" includes a film of a stickball game, photographs from 1898 to the present, and jerseys. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ "Beals' Bohemians: Photographs by Jessie Tarbox Beals." Greenwich Village during the early nineteen-hundreds, as captured by America's first woman photojournalist. . . . ¶ "A Treasury of New York Silver" chronicles the craft of silversmithing, with work ranging from a memorial spoon (1678) to contemporary Tiffany and Cartier pieces. . . . ¶ "Pride=Power!" marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Stonewall rebellion, in which patrons of a gay bar resisted arrest and harassment, triggering a series of riots and demonstrations. The exhibit includes photographs of the New York City Gay and Lesbian Pride March, posters, pennants, T-shirts, and other artifacts. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Modern Metropolis" includes more than two dozen vintage prints of New York, from the early part of this century. . . . ¶ "Broadway Cavalcade: From the Battery to Harlem" follows the history of New York's diagonal boulevard, from its origins as an Indian footpath to its fame as the Great White Way. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Glancing Backward: Edith Wharton's New York." Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and books that detail the literary career of Edith Wharton. . . . ¶ Thirty-two Old Master drawings, by, among others, Claude Lorrain and Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ "The Artist's Eye: Wayne Thiebaud." The painter has selected more than fifty paintings from the Academy's collection. Fifteen of Thiebaud's own pictures are also on exhibit. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

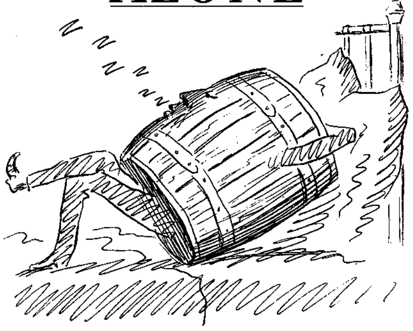
New York City Fire Museum, 278 Spring St.—"World Trade Center Disaster: A Photographic Chronicle of Fire Apparatus in Operation," by John Skelson. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Broken Rules and Double Crosses: Ken Campbell, an Artist's Books." . . . ¶ "Becoming Visible: The Legacy of Stonewall." Photos, posters, and related material place the Stonewall rebellion in the larger context of gay history. Through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ "New in the Berg Collection, 1991-1993." Manuscripts that the library acquired during this period include Nabokov's papers and several poems by Anne Sexton. Through Oct. 1. (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6. Closed Labor Day.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Revealing Roots: Uncovering Influences on the Contemporary American Puppet Theatre." Six stunning exhibits show how the puppetry traditions of Japan, Indonesia, Mexico, and Western Africa, among other places, have infused American puppet artistry with their mythos and technique. The puppets on display include Paul Zaloom's Punch and Judy avatars, fresh from a tangle with a Manhattan landlord; several of Jim Henson's Muppets, who bear an interesting family resemblance to some puppets from Mali; and Julie Taymor's *wayang*-inspired players, who cast their shadows in Indonesian, Eskimo, and New York settings. Through Sept. 30. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6. Closed Labor Day.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Works from every period of the Japanese-

IT SLEEPS ALONE



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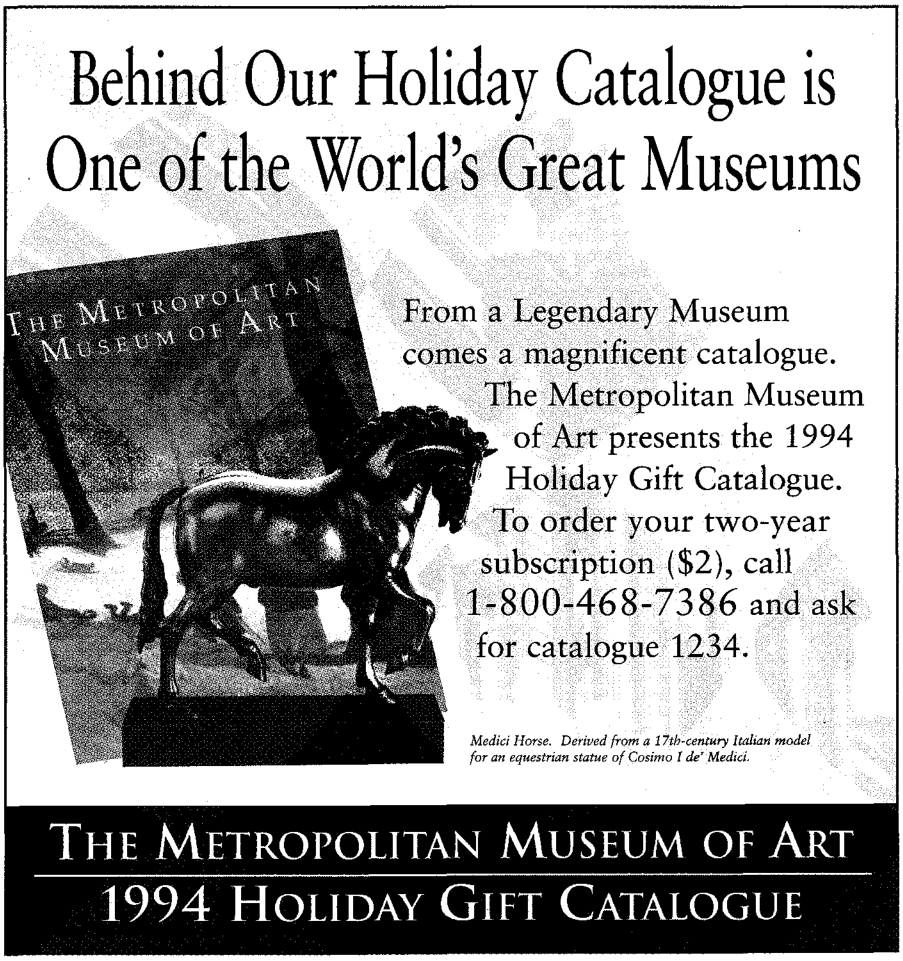
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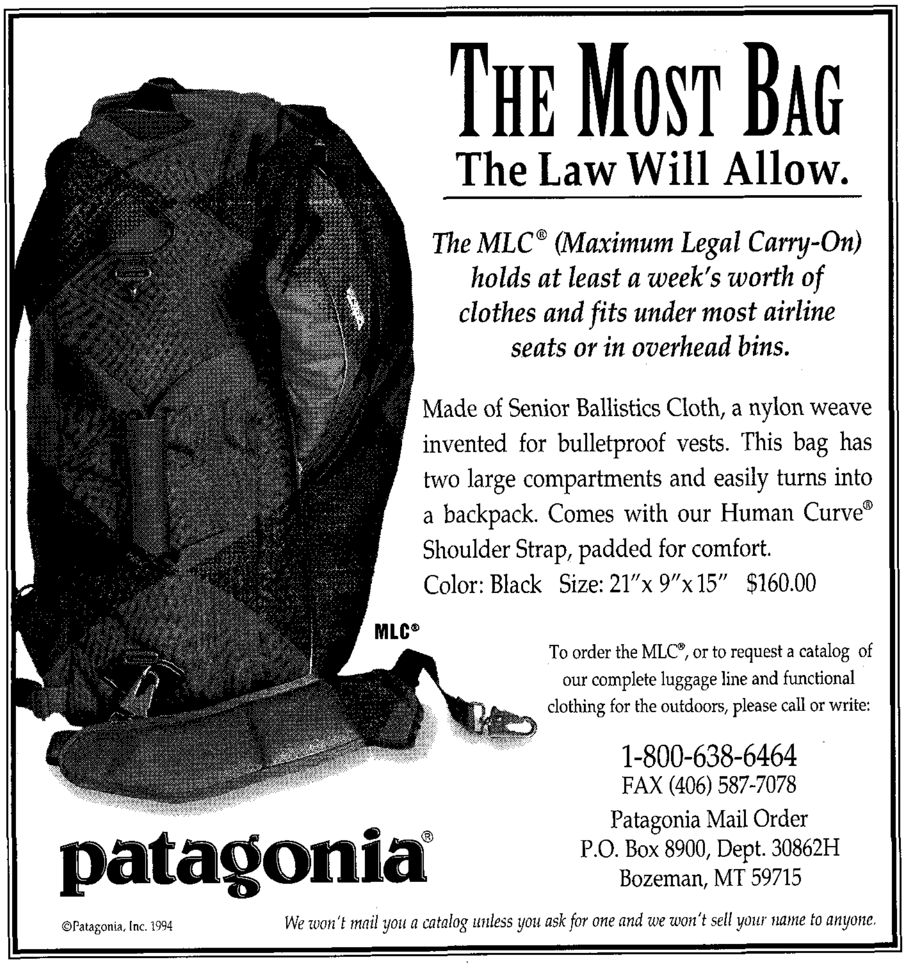
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ART—Cont'd

American sculptor's life (1904-88) are installed in a garden and open-air galleries carved from, and added to, an old photo-engraving factory. While it's all of interest—early gold-plated brass works, cast-bronze models for unrealized playgrounds, Japanese paper lanterns adapted for electricity—stone is at the core. The names of the stones alone are sensuous—jasper, serpentine, Languedoc marble, red Persian travertine—and they rise among the birches, ivy, brick, and steel of Queens like indigenous art, like relics of civilization. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"South Africa: The Cordoned Heart." Photo-essays on the working and living conditions of black South Africans. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Photographs of Nelson Mandela's June, 1990, visit to New York City. Through Sept. 11. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5. Closed Labor Day.)

Socrates Sculpture Park, Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City—"Bongo Park '94" includes work by Gunilla Bandolin, Mark di Suvero, and Nancy Rubins. (Open daily, 10 to sunset.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Hale Woodruff Memorial Exhibition—Curators' Choice." The third in a series, in which the work of little-known African-American artists is selected for exhibition by curators from around the United States. . . . ¶ Minimalist bronze sculptures by Helen Evans Ramsaran. Through Oct. 2. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

OTHER VENUES

"Art en Route: M.T.A. Arts for Transit"—An exhibition of paintings, sculpture, drawings, models, and architectural elements from subways. Through Sept. 23. (PaineWebber, Sixth Ave. at 51st St.)

"The 42nd Street Art Project"—A new edition of last year's event, in which twenty-five artists, architects, and designers attempt to bring culture to one of the seediest blocks in town, 42nd Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. The artists' earnest attempts at being weird and clever and cool come off as insipid in an environment where real life is unbearably intense. Through Aug. 31.

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(*Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays, except Labor Day, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.*)

Jacob Kainen—Forty abstract paintings, from 1934 to 1992. Through Oct. 1. (Equitable, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

Frederick Mershimer—Technically flawless mezzotints recapture the Neverland of New York in the twenties and thirties. The skylines are more successful than the street scenes, in which Mershimer's figures have a comic-book flatness. Through Sept. 9. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Collages and lithographs from 1969 to 1970, based on the artist's response to the Apollo 11 moon landing. Through Sept. 17. (Ryan, 24 W. 57th St.)

Emiko Tokushige—Bulky polyurethane lumps, covered with stitched and stressed palm fibre and rope. At first, the sculptures seem vaguely threatening, even disgusting, like alien life-forms in a cheap science-fiction movie. But they shimmer in the space, and, given time, reveal their primitive wisdom. Through Sept. 10. (Takashimaya, 693 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Open Saturdays and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Anniversary—A centennial show in tribute to Otto Kallir (1894-1978), who founded the gallery. Included are paintings, drawings, and prints by Oskar Kokoschka, Morris Hirshfield, and Emil Nolde. Through Sept. 2. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

"Graffiti"—The French artist Georges Noël builds up a thick surface with a compound of silica and acrylic, then proceeds to scratch it away in deep striations that have an air of classical inevitability. His canvases are supplemented by photographs of real graffiti, by Brassaï, Lee Friedlander, and others. Through Sept. 8. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

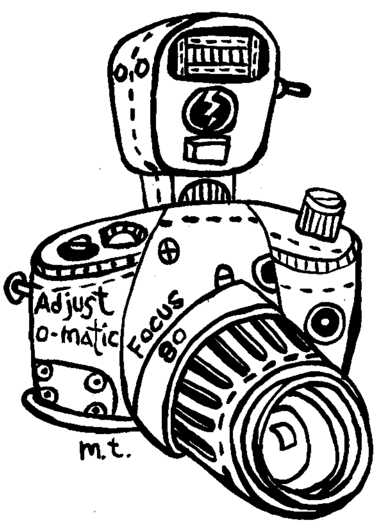
"Heads and Torsos"—Drawings by Georg Baselitz, Eugène Leroy, Markus Lüpertz, A. R. Penck, and Don Van Vliet. Through Sept. 10. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

"Mainely Maine"—Works by a group of American contemporary realists, both natives of the state and regular visitors, among them Clifford Smith and Tom Morris. Opens Sept. 1. Through Oct. 1. (French, 24 W. 57th St.)

"White Works"—Alexander Calder, John Chamberlain, Dan Flavin, and others examine the notion of white. Through Sept. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Ludwig Bemelmans (1898-1962)—Best known as the author and illustrator of the popular and enduring Madeline books, Bemelmans was also a superb satirist and a gourmand, as this lovable exhibition shows. Who has better captured the hauteur of a New York waiter, the irascibility of a perfectly rotund Parisian chef? A painting—used as a record cover—of the crowded dining room at the old Luchow's, on East 14th Street, vividly recalls a lost era of civility and untrimmed prime rib. Yet even at his most urbane, Bemelmans seems to be looking through a child's eyes. Madeline herself might enjoy his series of risqué paintings of a nude dancer at the Crazy Horse Saloon, in Paris. Through Sept. 3. (Heineman, 594 Broadway.)



Christina Bothwell—An installation in the gallery windows of a chicken-wire cage for the artist's grotesque dog sculptures. Through Sept. 10. (Art in General, 79 Walker St.)

Ann Chodash—Abstract paintings in primary colors, combining geometric and lyrical elements. Opens Sept. 6. Through Oct. 1. (Bibro, 584 Broadway.)

Lloyd Gunther Dallet /Jackie Moore Watson—Wooden panels based on antique botanical prints. / Spanish landscape paintings. Through Sept. 20. (Roy, 46 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

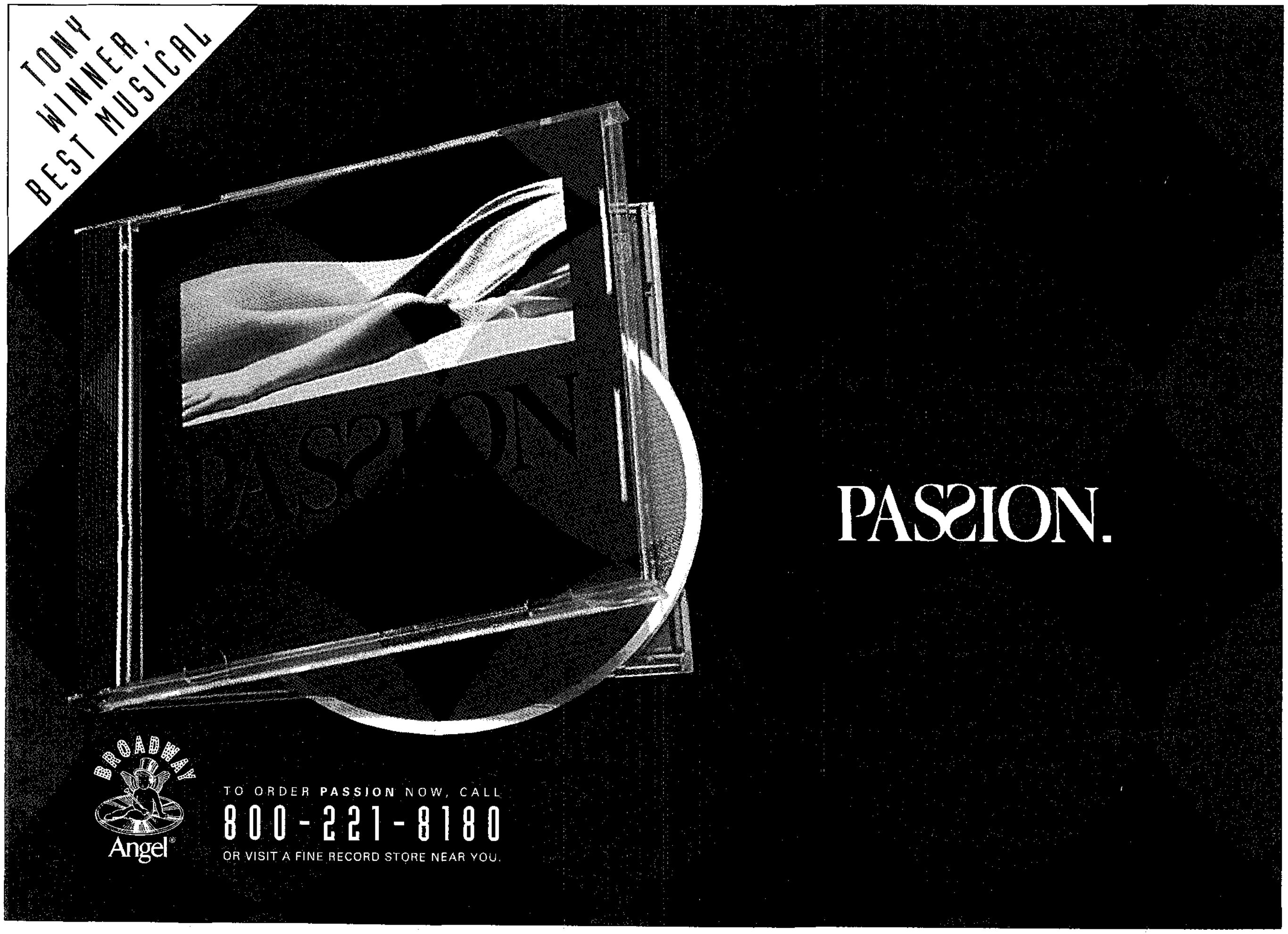
Henry Moore (1898-1986)—"Reclining Connected Forms," one of Moore's last monumental sculptures. Through Sept. 10. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Under Construction

To a first-time viewer, the show of seven of Thomas Ruff's photographs of buildings by the Swiss architects Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron, now at the Peter Blum Gallery (99 Wooster Street; through September 10), might seem to need hosing down—the images appear to be that dry. Actually, there is a lot going on underneath the institutional and conceptual veneer that seems to characterize these large, impeccably produced color photographs; there's nothing really blank about them. In fact, they are inspirational: Ruff proves to be the perfect chronicler of Herzog & de Meuron's ambitious contemporary architecture, just as their buildings seem perfectly suited to our time.

Ruff, who is German, has photographed two apartment buildings, two factory warehouses, a museum, a college dormitory, and a railway control tower. This is architecture with a new type of modern beauty. It is both conscious of the past and aware of the need for design with a contemporary shape and feel. Unlike a lot of postmodern architecture, it doesn't seem driven by nostalgia. The show includes some of the firm's architectural models, and these, like Ruff's photographs, need time to manifest how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vibrant they are. Ruff's work is reminiscent of late-sixties photographs by the American artist Dan Graham, a pioneer of this kind of documentary conceptualism. Graham's shots of tract houses are much more casual-looking, and much smaller, but his impartial studies of the way people live are sad and powerful. Ruff's pictures are moving in the same way.

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Henri Cartier-Bresson: Hommage." The master's images, along with written tributes by other photographers, artists, writers, and critics. . . . ¶ "Paradise Outlaws: Fifty Years of the Beat Generation." Photographs by Mellon Tytell. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—German-born photographer Lotte Jacobi's black-and-white portraits of artists and intellectuals, including a wonderful shot of Albert Einstein in a leather jacket (1938) and a closeup of J. D. Salinger (1950). (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, the American Museum of the Moving Image, the Museum of the City of New York, the New York City Fire Museum, the New York Public Library, and the Schomburg Center.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Acting in Concert

Hear ye, hear ye! The President and Congress have proclaimed this September to be Classical Music Month. A consortium of groups representing performers, publishers, broadcasters, recording companies, and educators will seize the opportunity to spread the word (through concerts, teaching materials, and broadcast spots) that classical music can enhance the life of anyone who cares to listen.

A cynic might dismiss the initiative as a mere marketing ploy, but, in fact, it originated at the grassroots level. The idea came from one of the constituents of Illinois congressman Sidney Yates, who shepherded the resolution through the legislature. "I'm a collector of classical-music recordings," he reports, "and the proprietor of the record shop where I go back home in Chicago suggested that a Classical Music Month would be a good idea. And I agreed, so I introduced it in the House. You're required to get the support of a majority of the members of the House—that's two hundred and eighteen—to get consideration for a commemorative bill, which is what this is. And that was very easy; it doesn't compare with getting support for, say, the crime bill or the House-reform bill. But any official action that emphasizes the value of classical music is for the good."

What Yates modestly failed to mention is that he's the only—yes, *only*—congressman who invariably goes out of his way to champion the arts and defend the beleaguered National Endowment for the Arts. His mission is becoming increasingly lonely as the public is led to equate artistry with obscenity, as the N.E.A. suffers greater political abuse with each passing year, as arts organizations crumble without the imprimatur of governmental support, sapping communities of their cultural strength. One way appreciative citizens might observe the occasion this September is by urging their own legislators to get active in spearheading federal initiatives for the arts, insuring that every month will be Classical Music Month.

IN TOWN

Bargemusic—Pianist Joseph Villa performs Schubert's two Klavierstücke (D. 946); violinist Christiaan Bor, violist Cynthia Phelps, and cellist Ronald Thomas play Schubert's String Trio in B-Flat Major; and all join for Brahms' A-Major Piano Quartet. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. Sept. 1 at 7:30 and Sept. 4 at 4. 1-718 624-4061.)

Air New Zealand Accordion Orchestra—Many, many accordionists, all at once, from Down Under and Over There. According to the ensemble's publicity materials, the group was founded in 1976 "to extend the hand of friendship through music, the international language, and to promote New Zealand as a country of great beauty and genuine hospitality." If this doesn't make a convincing case, what can? Also on the program is New York's own extraordinary accordionist William Schimmel, whose "New Manhattan Concerto" will receive its première, as will David Soldier's "Sontag in Sarajevo." (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. Sept. 3 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-718 356-8323.)

City Island Baroque Ensemble—Flutist Ady Mencel is featured in two concertos from Vivaldi's Op. 10. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. Sept. 4 at 11:30 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

Salon Soirées—Cellist Iris Regev and pianist Ilan Rechtman perform Sammartini's G-Major Sonata and Schumann's Adagio and Allegro, in a music salon a flight above the hustle and bustle. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Sept. 4 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

OUT OF TOWN

Music Mountain—Final concerts of the season. Sept. 3 at 8: Flutist John Solum and colleagues perform chamber music by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, on period instruments. . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 3: The Shanghai String Quartet plays quartets by Mozart (in F Major, K. 590) and Beethoven (in B-Flat Major, Op. 18, No. 6), as well as Brahms' Piano Quintet (with the assistance of Ruth Laredo). (Falls Village, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 824-7126.)

SPORTS

EQUESTRIAN

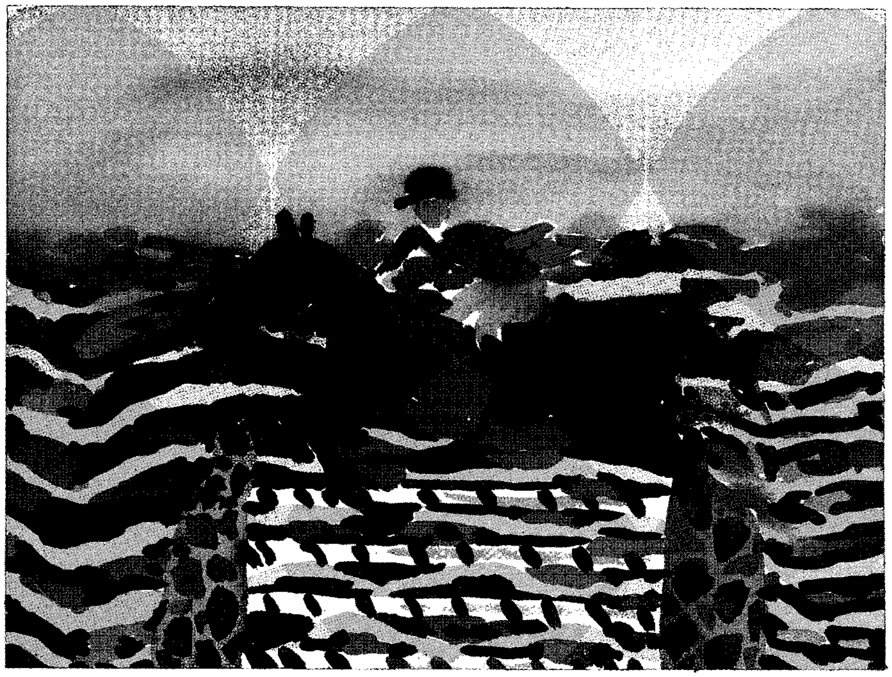
Hampton Classic Horse Show—A week of hunter, jumper, and equitation competitions will culminate in the hundred-thousand-dollar Crown Royal Grand Prix, on Sept. 4 at 2. (Snake Hollow Road, Bridgehampton, N.Y. For more information, call 1-516 537-3177. Daily from 8:30 to 5.)

POLO

U.S. Polo Championship—For the first time in forty years, the polo championships will be played on Long Island. Eleven teams from five continents will saddle up for this twenty-six-goal handicap tournament, which gets started on Sept. 3 at 3. (Bethpage State Park Polo Grounds, Long Island. For tickets, call 307-7171. Through Sept. 25.)

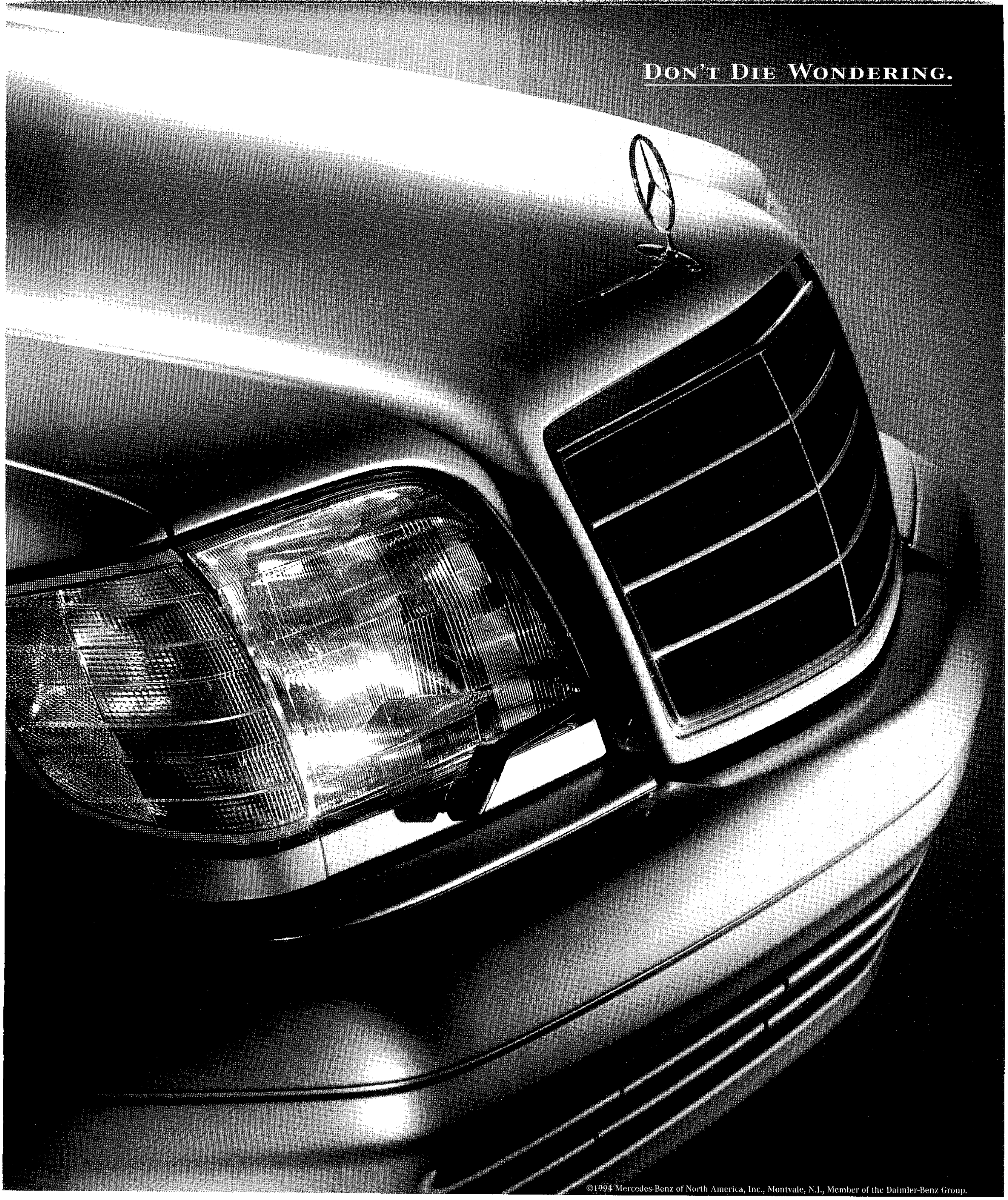
TENNIS

U.S. Open—Tennis's top dogs compete in our own back yard. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow, Queens. 1-718 271-5100. Through Sept. 11.)



MAY MILLER

The Hampton Classic Horse Show.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FOOTBALL

Kickoff—If you're a local fan suffering from sportus interruptus, take heart—the N.F.L. season is about to commence. Last year, the Giants—inspired, perhaps, by the novelty of a new coach—got off to a quick start and made it to the playoffs, but they choked. But now Lawrence Taylor's gone, Phil Simms is history, and the offense is in the tender young hands of two untested quarterbacks: Dave Brown and Kent Graham. This time around, it's the Jets who have the new coach, former defensive coordinator Pete Carroll. With a little help from defensive great Ronnie Lott, legendary receiver Art Monk, and the haggard and heroic quarterback Boomer Esiason, this just may be their season.

Giants—Vs. the Philadelphia Eagles, in their season opener. Sept. 4 at 1.

Jets—Away until Sept. 11, when they'll face the Denver Broncos.

BASEBALL

Strike—The strike was nearly two weeks old at press time. Should there be a resolution, play will resume according to the original schedule. Missed games will not be made up.

(The Jets and the Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111. In the past, the Yankees played at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000, and the Mets played at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

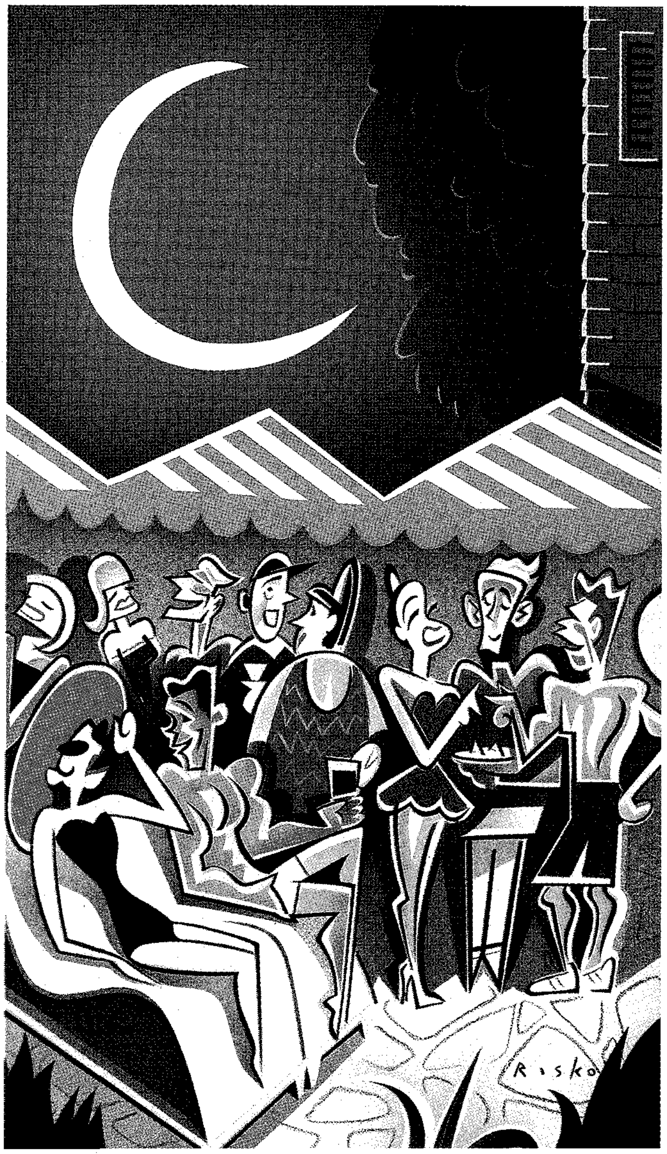
Anecdotal—Storytelling at the Hans Christian Andersen statue in Central Park continues with "Kaggen Makes the Moon," a Kalahari Bushman tale. (Fifth Ave. at 72nd St., west of the Conservatory Water. Sept. 3 at 11 A.M. No tickets necessary.)

"Arts and Crafts from Around the World"—An hour-long workshop at the Children's Center of the South Street Seaport Museum. (165 John St. 748-8757. Sept. 3-5 at 2.)

Southwestern Art—Make your own sand paintings, using Navajo techniques. Recommended ages: seven and older. (Children's Museum of Manhattan, 212 W. 83rd St. 721-1234. Sept. 4 at 1 and 3.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Hair High



Labor Day Weekend '94: last chance for a summer party.

Although this Sunday's celebration will commemorate the tenth anniversary of Wigstock, downtown's "festival of love and hairpiece," there will also be a number of firsts. For example, this is the first time the festival will be held in the West Village. (Tompkins Square Park, its usual setting, is simply too small to accommodate the party.) Wigstock has been moved to the wide-open space in front of the Christopher Street pier. It's also the first time the festival won't be held on Labor Day; this year, Rosh Hashanah starts at sundown on Monday, so the bash is taking place the day before. And it's the first time the entertainment will feature a drag phenomenon of unknown orientation. Pat, the "Saturday Night Live" diva of indeterminacy, will be performing at Wigstock '94, along with rock diva Debbie Harry, disco diva RuPaul, house-music diva India, and the "high priestess, organizer, producer, and emcee" of the extravaganza, the Lady Bunny.

Bunny, a Tennessee-born Southern belle, favors large, blond, "I Dream of Jeannie" hairdos but considers Wigstock her crowning glory. "It's a life-affirming celebration, with balloons and confetti. It's what Gay Pride Day should be, but isn't. Stonewall 25 didn't allow floats in the parade, and how on earth are you supposed to march in high heels? So this is *our* end-of-summer blowout." More like everybody's. Over fifteen thousand people of all shapes, sizes, and predilections, and with all kinds of hair, are expected at the pier between noon and 8 P.M. As the Lady Bunny puts it, "We have to remember that if it hadn't been for two straight people getting together, most of us wouldn't be here today."

Dimanche Gras—Join Governor Cuomo, Mayor Giuliani, more than sixty floats, and assorted other party people and paraphernalia in the West Indian American Carnival Parade, Sept. 5, from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. The parade starts at Utica Ave. and Eastern Parkway and wends its way to Grand Army Plaza and the Brooklyn Museum, where the festivities continue, from 7:30 to midnight. Munch on classic Caribbean fare and then boogie under the stars to the sounds of Calypso Road March King Super Blue, and the World Calypso Monarch Mighty Chalk Dust. (At the museum fête, a donation of $25 is suggested.)

Gola!—The Brazilian Street Festival will feature a Carmen Miranda look-alike contest, tributes to the 1994 World Cup champions, and a live musical performance by Cheiro de Amor, among others. (46th St. between Broadway and Madison Ave. Sept. 4, from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.)

Alfresco Art—Begun during the Depression as a way for impoverished artists to display their work, the Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit has blossomed into an annual event, with more than three hundred and fifty artists and craftspeople setting up their work on the Village sidewalks, in the vicinity of the park. Sept. 3-5 and Sept. 10-11, from noon to sunset.

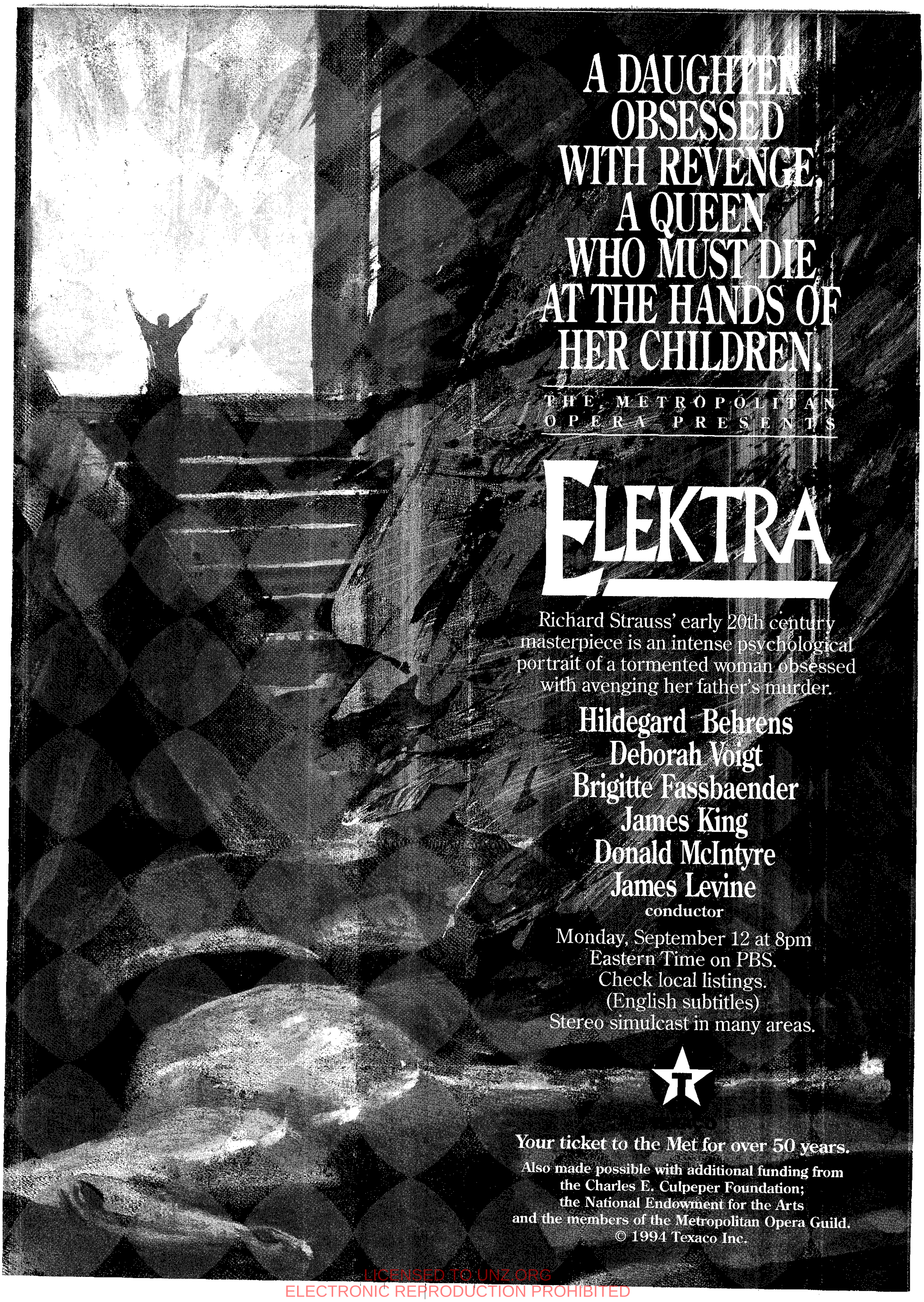
Rousing the Dead—The Jazzmobile winds up its season with vibist Milt Jackson performing at Grant's Tomb, on Aug. 31, from 7 to 9. The neighboring festival of African-influenced crafts, food, and clothing will conclude that night, too. (Riverside Drive at 122nd St. No tickets necessary.)

Washington Square Plays—Rakka-Thamm! Theatre Company will stage Aristophanes' "Lysistrata" in the playground at the southwest corner of Washington Square Park. (Thursdays through Sundays at 8. No tickets necessary. Through Sept. 11.) . . . ¶ The Gorilla Repertory Theatre Company will present "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the southeast section of the park. (Saturdays and Sundays at 8. No tickets necessary. Through Sept. 11.)

Readings—Sept. 1 at 8: Sarah Schulman will read from "My American History: Lesbian and Gay Life During the Reagan Years." (A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 7: The annual John Cage birthday celebration, with Jackson MacLow, Richard Kostelanetz, and several others, reading from Cage's work. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Walks & Tours—Sept. 1 at 6 A.M.: The South Street Seaport Museum will catch the early-morning action at the Fulton Fish Market. For more information, call 748-8590. . . . ¶ Sept. 4 at 9:45: The 92nd Street Y will lead a walk along the Old Croton Aqueduct Trailway, which goes through Van Cortlandt Park. Hikers should bring water, lunch, and a hat. For more information, call 996-1100. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 1: Big Onion Walking Tours presents "Immigrant Labors, Immigrant Triumphs," a Labor Day tour that includes sweatshops and the offices of the *Jewish Daily Forward*. For more information, call 439-1090.

ROBERT RISKO



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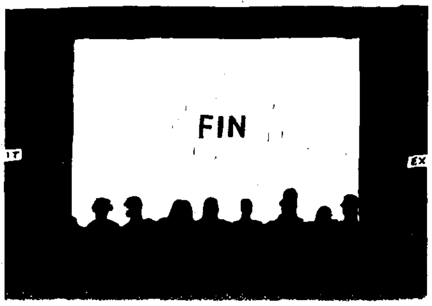

THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
4	5	6	31	1	2	3

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 32.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "The Advocate" (directed by Leslie Megahey), with Colin Firth.
Theatre 2: "Café au Lait" (Mathieu Kassovitz; in French).
Theatre 3: "Mi Vida Loca" ("My Crazy Life"; Allison Anders).
Theatre 4: "Barcelona" (†).
Theatre 5: "Killing Zoe" (†).
Theatre 6: "Eat Drink Man Woman" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
A program of films from China, Taiwan, and Hong Kong.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wagons East" (Peter Markle), with John Candy and Richard Lewis.

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Natural Born Killers" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).
Theatre 3: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert" (Stephan Elliot), with Terence Stamp, Hugo Weaving, and Guy Pearce.
Theatre 5: "The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert."
Theatre 6: "Blankman" (Mike Binder), with Damon Wayans, David Alan Grier, Robin Givens, Jon Polito, and Jason Alexander.
Theatre 7: "Fresh" (Boaz Yakin), with Sean Nelson and Samuel L. Jackson.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 1: A program of films from Hong Kong.
From Sept. 2: "Spike & Mike's Sick and Twisted Festival of Animation '94."

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 1: "The Mask" (†) and "White" (Krzysztof Kieślowski; in Polish and French), with Zbigniew Zamachowski and Julie Delpy. From Sept. 2: "A Simple Twist of Fate" (Gilles MacKinnon), with Steve Martin, Gabriel Byrne, and Catherine O'Hara.
Theatre 2: "À la Mode" (Rémy Duchemin, in French).
Theatre 3: "Camp Nowhere" (Jonathan Prince), with Christopher Lloyd.
Theatre 4: "Corrina, Corrina" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 6: "Color of Night" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Mask" (†).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wagons East" (Peter Markle), with John Candy and Richard Lewis.
Theatre 3: "Corrina, Corrina" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Sept. 1: "Camp Nowhere" (Jonathan Prince), with Christopher Lloyd. From Sept. 2: "A Simple Twist of Fate" (Gilles MacKinnon), with Steve Martin, Gabriel Byrne, and Catherine O'Hara.
Theatre 6: "Andre" (George Miller), with Keith Carradine and Tina Majorino; and "It Could Happen to You" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 2: "Natural Born Killers" (†).
Theatre 3: "Color of Night" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Mask" (†).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).
Theatre 3: "True Lies" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Andre" (George Miller), with Keith Carradine and Tina Majorino; and "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill, Laura Dern, Jeff Goldblum, and Richard Attenborough.

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Barcelona" (†).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 2: "Color of Night" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Sept. 1: "True Lies" (†).
From Sept. 2: "A Simple Twist of Fate" (Gilles MacKinnon), with Steve Martin, Gabriel Byrne, and Catherine O'Hara.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell), with Jeremy Davies and Alberta Watson.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Blankman" (Mike Binder), with Damon Wayans, David Alan Grier, Robin Givens, Jon Polito, and Jason Alexander.
Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill, Laura Dern, Jeff Goldblum, and Richard Attenborough.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell), with Hugh Grant, Andie MacDowell, John Hannah, Simon Callow, Kristin Scott Thomas, and James Fleet.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 2: "Forrest Gump" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Corrina, Corrina" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 3: "Camp Nowhere" (Jonathan Prince), with Christopher Lloyd.

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Eat Drink Man Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).
Theatre 4: "Milk Money" (Richard Benjamin), with Melanie Griffith and Ed Harris.
Theatre 5: "Andre" (George Miller), with Keith Carradine and Tina Majorino.
Theatre 6: "Fresh" (Boaz Yakin), with Sean Nelson and Samuel L. Jackson.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wagons East" (Peter Markle), with John Candy and Richard Lewis.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Natural Born Killers" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Advocate" (Leslie Megahey), with Colin Firth.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert" (Stephan Elliot), with Terence Stamp, Hugo Weaving, and Guy Pearce.

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Clear and Present Danger" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 2: "Corrina, Corrina" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "The Mask" (†).
Theatre 2: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 3: "Color of Night" (†).
Theatre 4: "Natural Born Killers" (†).
Theatre 5: "Andre" (George Miller), with Keith Carradine and Tina Majorino; and "The Client" (†).
Theatre 6: "Wagons East" (Peter Markle), with John Candy and Richard Lewis.
Theatre 7: "Blankman" (Mike Binder), with Damon Wayans, David Alan Grier, Robin Givens, Jon Polito, and Jason Alexander.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 1: "Ciao, Professore!" (†). From Sept. 2: "A Simple Twist of Fate" (Gilles MacKinnon), with Steve Martin, Gabriel Byrne, and Catherine O'Hara.
Theatre 2: "Fresh" (Boaz Yakin), with Sean Nelson and Samuel L. Jackson.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Only the Brave" (directed by Sonia Herman Dolz; in Spanish), a documentary about bullfighting.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 1: A program of Three Stooges films. . . . Sept. 2-3: "Homicidal" (1961, William Castle), with Joan Arliss, Patricia Breslin, and Glenn Corbett; and "Strait-Jacket" (1964, Castle), with Joan Crawford, Diane Baker, and Leif Erickson. . . . Sept. 4: "The Man They Could Not Hang" (1939, Nick Grinde), with Boris Karloff, Lorna Gray, and Robert Wilcox; and Chapters 6 to 10 of "The Shadow" (1940, James Horne), with Victor Jory. . . . Sept. 5: "The Mystic" (1925, Tod Browning; silent); and "Mark of the Vampire" (1935, Tod Browning), with Lionel Barrymore and Bela Lugosi. . . . From Sept. 6: "The H-Man" (1959, Inoshiro Honda), with Yumi Shirakawa; and "Battle in Outer Space" (1960, Honda), with Ryo Ikebe.
Theatre 3: "The Boys of St. Vincent" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill, Laura Dern, Jeff Goldblum, and Richard Attenborough.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Milk Money" (Richard Benjamin), with Melanie Griffith and Ed Harris.
Theatre 2: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Ciao, Professore!" (†).
Theatre 2: "Latcho Drom" (Tony Gatlif, in Romany).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 1: "Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell), with Jeremy Davies and Alberta Watson. From Sept. 2: "Salmonberries" (Percy Adlon), with k.d. lang.
Theatre 4: The Best of the International Tournee of Animation.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).
Theatre 3: "Color of Night" (†).
Theatre 4: "Natural Born Killers" (†).
Theatre 5: "Natural Born Killers" (†).
Theatre 6: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 7: "Barcelona" (†).
Theatre 8: "Clear and Present Danger" (†).
Theatre 9: "Forrest Gump" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris); and "Speed" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 3: "Blankman" (Mike Binder), with Damon Wayans, David Alan Grier, Robin Givens, Jon Polito, and Jason Alexander.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Forrest Gump" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 2: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant), with John Goodman, Rick Moranis, Elizabeth Perkins, and Rosie O'Donnell.
Theatre 3: "Maverick" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson, Jodie Foster, and James Garner.

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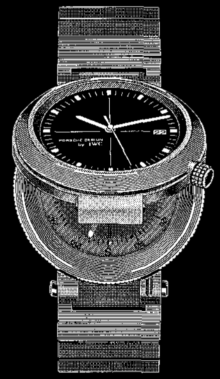

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Theatre 4: “Wyatt Earp” (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Costner, Dennis Quaid, and Gene Hackman.
Theatre 5: “The House of the Spirits” (Bille August), with Jeremy Irons, Meryl Streep, Glenn Close, and Winona Ryder.
Theatre 6: “Beverly Hills Cop III” (John Landis).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
“True Lies” (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
“Belle Epoque” (Fernando Trueba, in Spanish).

At Film Forum 2, a series of sci-fi films.

KAREN CALDICOTT

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: “Like Water for Chocolate” (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Regina Torre and Lumi Cavazos.
Theatre 2: “Barcelona” (†).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
“Killing Zoe” (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
“À la Mode” (Rémy Duchemin, in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
“Widows' Peak” (John Irvin), with Mia Farrow, Joan Plowright, Natasha Richardson, Jim Broadbent, and Adrian Dunbar.

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
“Color of Night” (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
“Corrina, Corrina” (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: “Fresh” (Boaz Yakin), with Sean Nelson and Samuel L. Jackson.
Theatre 2: “Café au Lait” (Mathieu Kassovitz; in French).
Theatre 3: “The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert” (Stephan Elliot), with Terence Stamp, Hugo Weaving, and Guy Pearce.
Theatre 4: “Eat Drink Man Woman” (†).
Theatre 5: “Red Rock West” (†).
Theatre 6: “The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert.”

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
“True Lies” (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: “It Could Happen to You” (†) and “The Client” (†).
Theatre 2: “The Mask” (†).
Theatre 3: “Forrest Gump” (†).
Theatre 4: “Natural Born Killers” (†).
Theatre 5: “Clear and Present Danger” (†).
Theatre 6: “Blankman” (Mike Binder), with Damon Wayans, David Alan Grier, Robin Givens, Jon Polito, and Jason Alexander.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: “Andre” (George Miller), with Keith Carradine and Tina Majorino; and “Speed” (†).
Theatre 2: “Camp Nowhere” (Jonathan Prince), with Christopher Lloyd.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: “The Little Rascals” (Penelope Spheeris); and “Jurassic Park” (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill, Laura Dern, Jeff Goldblum, and Richard Attenborough.
Theatre 2: “Wagons East” (Peter Markle), with John Candy and Richard Lewis.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: “Wagons East” (directed by Peter Markle), with John Candy and Richard Lewis.
Theatre 2: “It Could Happen to You” (†).
Theatre 3: “Natural Born Killers” (†).
Theatre 4: “The Mask” (†).
Theatre 5: “The Mask” (†).
Theatre 6: “The Client” (†).
Theatre 7: “Corrina, Corrina” (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
“Color of Night” (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: “Fresh” (Boaz Yakin), with Sean Nelson and Samuel L. Jackson.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 1: “Camp Nowhere” (Jonathan Prince), with Christopher Lloyd. From Sept. 2: “The Lion King” (†).
Theatre 3: “Milk Money” (Richard Benjamin), with Melanie Griffith and Ed Harris.

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
“Clear and Present Danger” (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: “The Little Rascals” (Penelope Spheeris); and “Jurassic Park” (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill, Laura Dern, Jeff Goldblum, and Richard Attenborough.
Theatre 2: “Blankman” (Mike Binder), with Damon Wayans, David Alan Grier, Robin Givens, Jon Polito, and Jason Alexander.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A series of films from M-G-M studios. Sept. 1 at 2:30: “The Postman Always Rings Twice” (1946, directed by Tay Garnett), with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames. . . . Sept. 1 at 6 and Sept. 3 at 1: “The Cameraman” (1928, Edward Sedgwick; silent), with Buster Keaton. . . . Sept. 1 at 8 and Sept. 3 at 3: “Benny & Joon” (1993, Jeremiah Chechik), with Johnny Depp, Mary Stuart Masterson, and Aidan Quinn. . . . Sept. 2 at 2:30 and Sept. 3 at 5: “Hold Your Man” (†). . . . Sept. 2 at 6 and Sept. 4 at 12:30: “Intruder in the Dust” (1949, Clarence Brown), with David Brian, Claude Jarman, Jr., Juano Hernández, Porter Hall, and Elizabeth Patterson. . . . Sept. 2 at 8 and Sept. 4 at 2:30: “Dinner at Eight” (1933, George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, and Billie Burke. . . . Sept. 4 at 5 and Sept. 6 at 2:30: “Grand Hotel” (1932, Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery. . . . Sept. 5 at noon and Sept. 6 at 6: “Midnight Mary” (1933, William Wellman), with Loretta Young, Ricardo Cortez, Franchot Tone, and Andy Devine. . . . Sept. 5 at 2: “Mutiny on the Bounty” (†). . . . Sept. 5 at 5: “The Good Earth” (1937, Sidney Franklin), with Luise Rainer, Paul Muni, Walter Connolly, Charley Grapewin, Keye Luke, Roland Lui, Jessie Ralph, Harold Huber, and Tilly Losch.

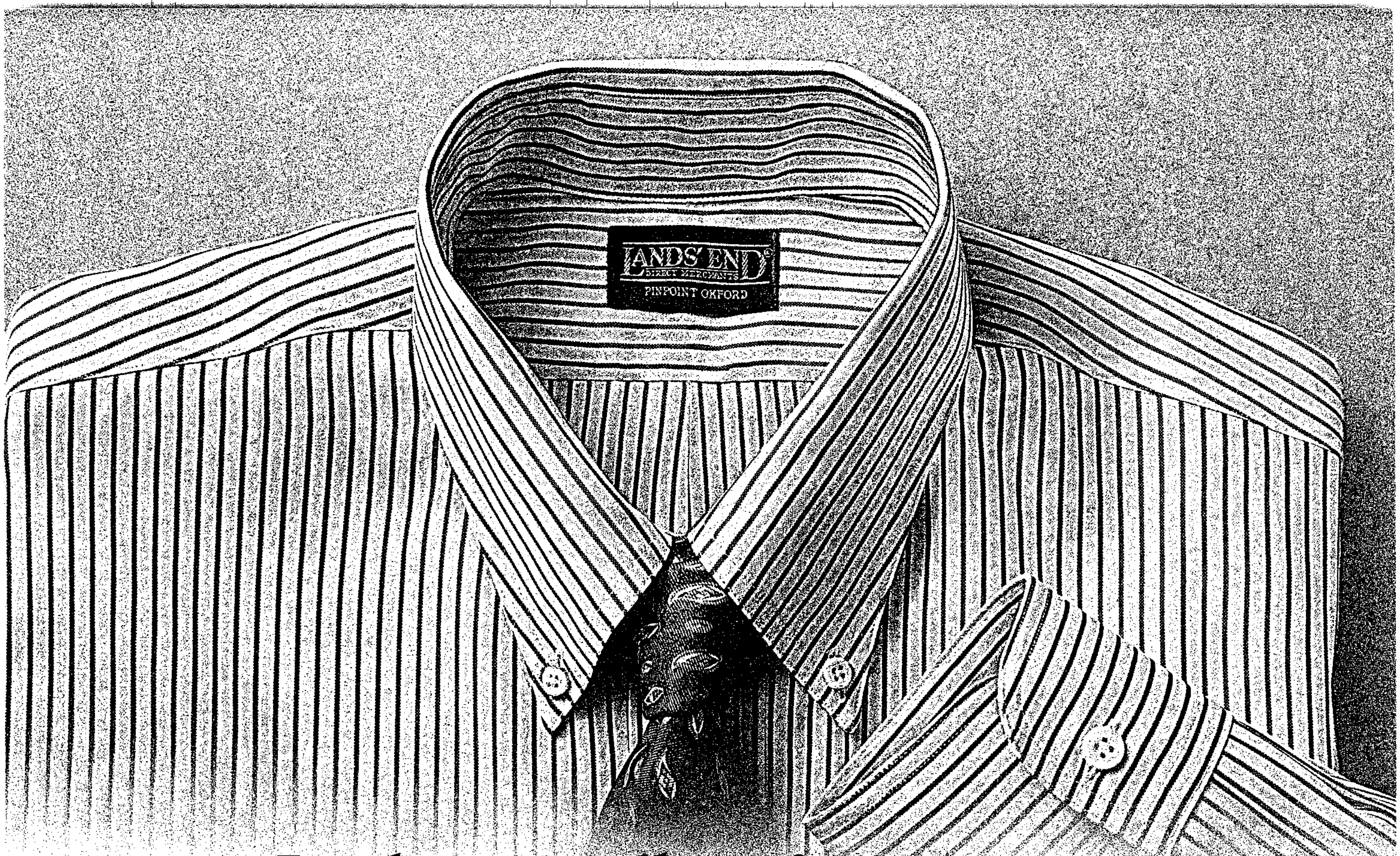
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A program of films directed by Tony Richardson. Aug. 31 at 2: “A Taste of Honey” (†). . . . Aug. 31 at 4: “Look Back in Anger” (1959), with Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, Edith Evans, Mary Ure, and Gary Raymond. . . . Aug. 31 at 6:30: “The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner” (†). . . . Aug. 31 at 8:30, Sept. 1 at 6:30, and Sept. 2 at 4: “Tom Jones” (1963), with Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Diane Cilento, Joan Greenwood, David Tomlinson, Peter Bull, and David Warner. . . . Sept. 1 at 2, Sept. 2 at 9, Sept. 3 at 4, and Sept. 4 at 6:15: “The Sailor from Gibraltar” (1966), with Ian Bannen, Vanessa Redgrave, and Jeanne Moreau. . . . Sept. 1 at 4, Sept. 2 at 6:30, and Sept. 3 at 8:15: “The Loved One” (1965), with Robert Morse. . . . Sept. 1 at 9, Sept. 2 at 2, Sept. 3 at 6, Sept. 4 at 4, and Sept. 5 at 2: “Mademoiselle” (1966), with Moreau. . . . Sept. 4 at 8:15, Sept. 5 at 4:15, and Sept. 6 at 7: “The Charge of the Light Brigade” (1968), with Trevor Howard, Vanessa Redgrave, John Gielgud, Jill Bennett, and David Hemmings. . . . Sept. 5 at 7 and Sept. 6 at 9:45: “Hamlet” (1969), with Nicol Williamson, Gordon Jackson, Anthony Hopkins, Judy Parfitt, Mark Dignam, and Marianne Faithfull. . . . Sept. 5 at 9:15 and Sept. 6 at 4:45: “Laughter in the Dark” (1969), with Nicol Williamson, Anna Karina, Jean-Claude Drouot, Peter Bowles, and Sian Phillips. . . . Sept. 6 at 2: “A Delicate Balance” (1973), with Katharine Hepburn, Paul Scofield, Lee Remick, Kate Reid, Joseph Cotten, and Betsy Blair. . . . ¶ Sept. 3-4 at 2: “Treasure Island” (1934, Victor Fleming), with Wallace Beery, Jackie Cooper, Lewis Stone, Lionel Barrymore, Otto Kruger, Nigel Bruce, and Douglass Dumbrille.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A program of films by Howard Hawks. Sept. 3 at 2: “The Road to Glory” (1936), with Fredric March, Lionel Barrymore, Warner Baxter, June Lang, Gregory Ratoff, and Victor Kilian. . . . Sept. 3 at 4: “A Song Is Born” (1948), with Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Hugh Herbert, and Steve Cochran. . . . Sept. 4 at 2: “Red River” (†). . . . Sept. 4 at 5: “Rio Lobo” (1971, Howard Hawks), with John Wayne, Jennifer O'Neill, Sherry Lansing, Jack Elam, Jorge Rivero, David Huddleston, Chris Mitchum, Victor French, Mike Henry, and Bob Steele.

Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 41st St.—Mondays, starting at dusk, free drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with Looney Tunes cartoons and coming attractions. The feature film on Sept. 5 will be Robert Wise's “West Side Story” (1961), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris. (Rain date will be the following night.)

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Aug. 31 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: “Rosine” (1994, Christine Carrière; in French), with Eloïse Charretier, Mathilde Seigner, Laurent Olmedo, and Christine Murillo.

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Sept. 4 at 7, two short films by John Cannali, “Wigstock 89” and “Wigstock 90,” and the 1970 Raquel Welch television special, featuring many changes of wigs.



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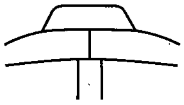

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MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Milk Money—Melanie Griffith and Ed Harris star in this romantic comedy about a kindhearted city hooker and a small-town widower whose son decides to play matchmaker. With Michael Patrick Carter, Malcolm McDowell, and Casey Siemaszko. Written by John Mattson. Directed by Richard Benjamin. Opening August 31.

Only the Brave—This film about bullfighting documents a summer season in the career of twenty-year-old Spanish toreador Enrique Ponce. In Spanish. Directed by Sonia Herman Dolz. Opening August 31.

Salmonberries—Percy Adlon ("Bagdad Café") wrote and directed this 1991 film starring k.d. lang, in her feature-film début. Lang plays an androgynous orphan who grows up in a remote Alaskan town and falls for a shy German woman (Rosel Zech), who takes her to Berlin. The film, which was previously released on video, opens September 2.

A Simple Twist of Fate—Steve Martin wrote the screenplay and stars as a loner who adopts a little girl, and then has to fight to keep her. With Catherine O'Hara and Gabriel Byrne. Directed by Gilles MacKinnon. Opening September 2.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Barcelona—The second film by the writer and director Whit Stillman ("Metropolitan") is a culture-clash comedy about a pair of conservative young Americans (played by Taylor Nichols and Chris Eigeman) in early-eighties Barcelona. Although the picture begins promisingly, its charm peters out fast. Every scene seems to make the same not very interesting point: that Americans get a bum rap from foreigners. This movie isn't a carbon copy of Stillman's début feature, but it doesn't feel like much of an advance, either. His style is placid and a little smug—prematurely gray. In just two movies he has found the sort of rut that most filmmakers take decades to settle into. Also with Tushka Bergen and Mira Sorvino.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/15/94.) (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Boys of St. Vincent—From the outside, St. Vincent—an orphanage, run by a Roman Catholic religious order, in St. John's, Newfoundland—is Boys Town; on the inside, it's a Dickensian hell, in which trapped boys burn for their elders' sins. The head Brother, Peter Lavin (Henry Czerny), is a monster, constantly forcing his sexual attentions on ten-year-old Kevin Reevey (Johnny Morina), and he's not the only abuser on the staff. John N. Smith's movie—a two-part film, made for Canadian television—is muckraking social drama that transforms itself, in the course of its three hours, into something far more disturbing than a straightforward exposé. Part I, set in 1975, is nearly as haunting an evocation of children's helplessness as "The Night of the Hunter." Part II, set fifteen years later, is about the helplessness of adults, and is even finer.—T.R. (6/6/94) (Film Forum.)

Ciao, Professore!—It's a baggy-pants comedy version of "Christ Stopped at Eboli," with Paolo Villaggio as an idealistic third-grade teacher from Northern Italy mistakenly assigned to the squalid Neapolitan village of Corzano. The conflicts he faces are played for guffaws as well as poignancy. Smacking one tough kid anguishes Villaggio, but the director, Lina Wertmüller, thinks it makes him more of a man; she replaces the usual schoolhouse sanctimony with her salt-of-the-earth smugness. Many of the boys and girls are so unvaryingly "lively" you wish Villaggio would try to solve their problems by administering Ritalin. In Italian.—M.S. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin; through Sept. 1.)

Clear and Present Danger—Further adventures of Jack Ryan (Harrison Ford), the courageous and incorruptible C.I.A. analyst who is the hero of Tom Clancy's ungainly novels. The director, Phillip Noyce, whose "Patriot Games" (1992) was a surprisingly elegant Clancy adaptation, has once again taken a tub of prose and sweated it into a sleek, classically proportioned suspense picture. The screenwriters—Donald Stewart, Steven Zaillian, and John Milius—do a terrific job of keeping the insanely intricate plot from bogging down in confusion. And Noyce brings off a couple of memorable thriller set pieces: a furious, brilliantly edited ambush in a narrow Bogotá street; a tense and funny computer duel between Ryan and a weaselly C.I.A. bureaucrat played by Henry Czerny. The filmmakers haven't simply tamed the rogue elephant of Clancy's narrative; they've turned it into something that moves as gracefully and as powerfully as a gazelle. Also with Willem Dafoe, Donald Moffat, Harris Yulin, Joaquim de Almeida, James Earl Jones, and Anne Archer.—T.R. (8/15/94) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, East 85th Street, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Astor Plaza.)

The Client—Joel Schumacher's thriller, based on a John Grisham best-seller, has a familiar chase-picture plot: innocent citizen stumbles on some incriminating information about the Mob, and runs like hell. The reluctant witness here is an eleven-year-old Memphis boy, Mark Sway (Brad Renfro), whose lawyer, Reggie Love (Susan Sarandon), acts as a sort of surrogate mother. Her legal duel with the steely prosecutor Roy Foltrigg (Tommy Lee Jones), who wants Mark to testify, plays like a desperate, drawn-out custody battle. This is safe-as-houses entertainment, directed with no particular finesse, but it's refreshingly straightforward and unpretentious. It's the first Grisham-based thriller that actually lowers itself to provide a thrill or two.—T.R. (8/1/94) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Color of Night—With Bruce Willis, directed by Richard Rush. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Columbus Circle, and Embassy 1.)

Corrina, Corrina—It's the fifties, and Ray Liotta is a widowed, atheistic jingle writer searching for a housekeeper who can also play surrogate mommy for seven-year-old Tina Majorino. He lucks out with Whoopi Goldberg. She boasts a degree in musicology and she's a natural with kids and with words—she can crack a rhyme scheme for Jell-O Instant Pudding. Goldberg gives a varied, even jazzy performance as Ms. Wonderful. But the movie is hopelessly pedantic—chock full of lessons about grief, racism, and, so help us, God. The bright spots include Joan Cusack's ticky cameo as Goldberg's tippling, sex-starved predecessor; Curtis Williams, Jr.,'s showoff gaiety as Goldberg's nephew; club singer Jevetta Steele doing "Over the Rainbow"; and choice cuts by Sarah Vaughan, Dinah Washington, and Louis Armstrong on the soundtrack. Jessie Nelson produced, directed, and wrote the semi-autobiographical script.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Cinema I, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Criterion Center.)

Eat Drink Man Woman—Another comedy of marriage from Ang Lee, the director of "The Wedding Banquet." Again, the structure locks smoothly into place: the aging Mr. Chu (Sihung Lung) is a widowed chef, living in Taipei with his three daughters, each of whom is getting itchy for the world beyond. (Watch out for the exquisite Chien-Lien Wu as Jia-Chien, the pushiest of the three.) Mr. Chu is a King Lear of the kitchen: a master on his own ground, slapping fish around and blowing air into a boiled duck, but gradually losing his sense of taste and his power to rule. With its busy, silken editing, the movie chops back and forth between the various characters as they stumble toward their desires. It's a trim, likable piece of work; there are wonderful shots of humming traffic and shouting cooks. Lee is a throwback to old Hollywood—you can imagine him learning his craft, and his reliable optimism, under Capra. But that guarantee of good taste is, finally, a bit of a downer; there are plenty of surprises, but no hint of risk. And after "Tampopo," "Like Water for Chocolate," and the wholly superior "Babette's Feast," isn't the plug for food as a life-force getting hard to stomach? In Mandarin.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Forrest Gump—Tom Hanks plays Forrest Gump, a simple Alabama soul who serves his country without hurting a fly; he saves his comrades in Vietnam, woos the dippy Jenny (Robin Wright), and runs back and forth across the continent. Hanks does his best to convince us that Gump is, in fact, a character, and not merely a bulging sack of virtues, but the movie takes the fight out of him. Directed by Robert Zemeckis.—A.L. (7/25/94) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Baronet, Coronet, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

It Could Happen to You—The main characters in Andrew Bergman's sweet-spirited romantic farce are a cop named Charlie (Nicolas Cage) and a diner waitress named Yvonne (Bridget Fonda)—a pair of generous, honest, kindhearted working-class lovers who might have seemed too good to be true even in one of Frank Capra's sunny populist comedies. Rosie Perez, as Charlie's beady-eyed, greedy wife, gets most of the big laughs, but it's the relationship between the cop and the waitress that gives the picture its distinctive comic spirit. The joy that Charlie and Yvonne take in doing good has the erotic quality of a shared secret, a ticklish pleasure that only they know about.—T.R. (8/1/94) (19th Street East 6, Gemini, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Killing Zoe—The first-time director is Roger Avary, one of a new breed of filmmakers who appear to conceive of cinema as a superior form of abattoir. (He co-wrote "True Romance" and "Pulp Fiction.") Not since the dying days of Jacobean tragedy has this much blood been spilled in the name of public entertainment, although you'd be pressed to find anything tragic in the antics of Avary's creations. Eric Stoltz plays a safebreaker who comes to Paris to see an old friend, Eric (Jean-Hugues Anglade). Together with their band of merry men (the merriment is all heroin and liquor), they try to rob a bank, and foul it up. From time to time—during the opening credits, or at the start of the raid—the movie kicks into life, with traces of Godard in its hectic insouciance. But this eagerness to find a style has nothing to launch from—no obsessions, no arguments, no strong feelings, just a vague desire to rub our noses in the dirt. Also starring Julie Delpy as a whore with—of course—a heart of gold.—A.L. (8/22-29/94) (Angelika Film Center, and Angelika 57.)

The Lion King—Disney's new animated feature is a coming-of-age story about animal royalty. It's "Bambi," but with carnivores. The hero, a young lion named Simba, is born to the purple, but before he can ascend to the throne he has to make cute friends, court a soft-eyed female of the species, and see his father die (in a scene that may actually jerk kids' tears more shamelessly than its counterpart in "Bambi"). Between traumas, the movie serves up soothingly banal musical numbers (composed by Elton John and Tim Rice) and silly, rambunctious comedy. The animation, computer-assisted in some of the more elaborate sequences, is sometimes impressive, but rarely impressive enough to overcome a certain impersonality—a stubborn mechanical coldness. Among the celebrity voices on the soundtrack, two performances stand out: Jeremy Irons, as the villainous lion Scar, does an elegant, funny

George Sanders impersonation, and Nathan Lane, reading the part of a peppy, skeptical meerkat, gives the picture a welcome shot of Warners-style brashness. Directed by Roger Allers and Rob Minkoff.—T.R. (6/20/94) (Village East Cinemas, and Sutton. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Sept. 2.)

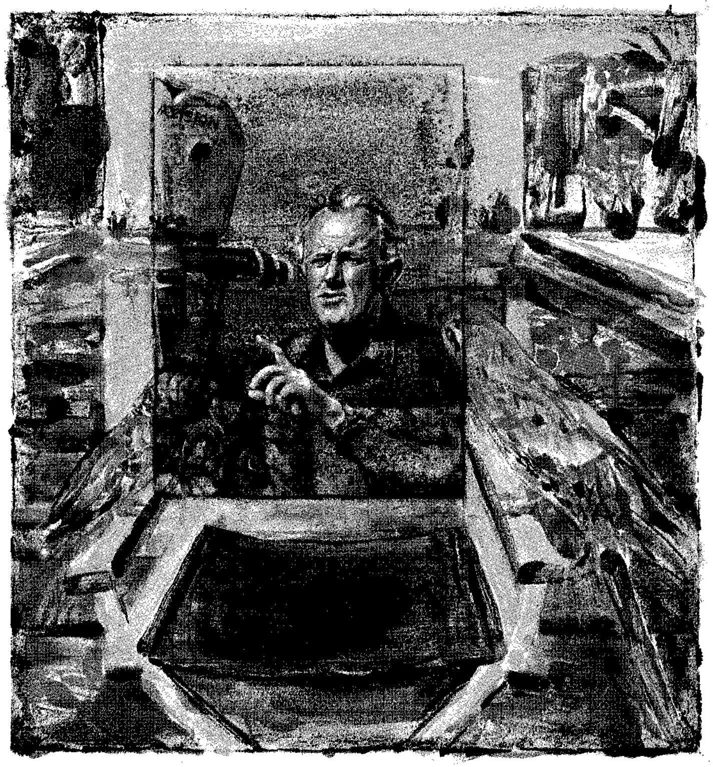
The Mask—Genial goonery. Jim Carrey stars as a sweet loser who gets an id tune-up when he puts on a super-powered Norse mask and becomes a zoot-suited jolly green giant. Since Carrey looks as if he were made of Play-Doh anyway, the computer animation that allows him to bounce and gyrate appears to spring from his own pliable core. The funniest moment comes when Carrey mimes the effects of the Mask *without* special effects. The gangland plot is flimsy and the jokes are erratic, but it's a far better showcase for Carrey's comic-from-Uranus talent than "Ace Ventura." With Max as Milo the plucky terrier. Charles Russell directed Mike Werb's script.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Natural Born Killers—With Woody Harrelson, Juliette Lewis, and Robert Downey, Jr.; directed by Oliver Stone. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Red Rock West—This clever thriller about a good-hearted loner (Nicolas Cage) who trips and falls into a murder plot ranks tops among low-budget neo-noirs. Taut and deadpan witty, it makes spooky use of the setting—a small, windblown Western town—and its surprises actually add up: for once, an angular narrative serves to sharpen the characters. Dennis Hopper and J. T. Walsh do their freshest, snappiest work in years, and Lara Flynn Boyle is a tense, ambiguous love object. Cage's shaggy hangdog charm and core of intelligence and rectitude keep the audience rooting for the hero after several dumb moves. John Dahl's direction, like the script he wrote with his brother Rick, is sure and economical. Dwight Yoakam contributes a piquant cameo as a tough, helpful truck driver.—M.S. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Speed—Trouble on the Los Angeles freeway. Evil mastermind Dennis Hopper (who else?) is a disgruntled psycho who wires a bomb to the bottom of a city bus. Enter Keanu Reeves as a young cop who is one step behind Hopper, but catching up fast. The director is Jan De Bont, who used to be a cameraman; this is his first feature, and he sees the plot through in a surge of bright images. The result is clean, delirious, and, yes, speedy—the best big-vehicle-in-peril movie since Clouzot's "The Wages of Fear." You leave the theatre exhausted, and blissed out. With Sandra Bullock, who gives a gutsy performance as a passenger who finds herself behind the wheel of the bus.—A.L. (6/13/94) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Waverly, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Metro Cinema.)

True Lies—James Cameron and Arnold Schwarzenegger join forces for their first outing since "Terminator 2," and it's a bumpy ride. Schwarzenegger stumbles into James Bond territory as a suave international spy named Harry Tasker; it's a stiff and rather sad sight. The middle chunk of the film defies belief—not with special effects, unfortunately, but with humdrum misogyny. Harry suspects his wife (Jamie Lee Curtis) of adultery, kidnaps her, and subjects her to a series of humiliations, apparently in an effort to win back her love. Yeah, right. Tom Arnold saves the show as Harry's sidekick.—A.L. (7/25/94) (Movieland 8th Street Sixplex, 34th Street Showplace, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Regency. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through Sept. 1.)



At Walter Reade Theatre, films directed by Tony Richardson.

KELYNN Z. ALDER

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

Hold Your Man (1933)—Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in a mixture of farce and melodrama that begins in Brooklyn and ends in jail. Anita Loos concocted some raucous bits, and Harlow goes around smacking and swatting people—she has a wonderful left. There's less fun when she shows signs of budding maidenliness and things go lofty in the women's reformatory. Sam Wood directed, and the cast includes Stuart Erwin and Dorothy Burgess.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Sept. 2-3.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—Tom Courtenay's hungry, furtive expressions—like those of a wounded jackal—provide this British reform-school saga with its measure of depth and oomph. As a Borstal boy who rebels against the headmaster's attempt to make him a sports star, Courtenay transcends the efforts of the director, Tony Richardson, and the writer, Alan Sillitoe (who diluted his own potent short story), to turn him into a conventional antihero. The movie clinches far too many points, but it also displays what Manny Farber called Richardson's "ability to give the spectator the feeling of being there, with time to spend . . . . even making a room appear to take shape as he introduces it to a puffy-faced detective." With Michael Redgrave as the headmaster. Photography by Walter Lassally.—M.S. (Walter Reade Theatre; Aug. 31.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—The story of H.M.S. Bounty, its brutal Captain Bligh, and the mutineers who fled to Pitcairn Island has narrative push and a popular theme—the revolt against a tyrant. The movie doesn't fall into the usual trap of setting strong heroes against weak, cowardly villains. As Charles Laughton plays him, the corrupt, sadistic Bligh is the strongest person on the screen; Laughton is a great villain—twisted and self-righteous—and you can't laugh him off. He transcends campiness. Clark Gable (looking a little tubby in white pants) is well cast as Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers; Gable's Americanness works to his advantage—makes him seem more of a plain, rough-hewn man. Franchot Tone plays the pivotal character—the highborn officer who is taken back to England to stand trial; Tone is perhaps a shade too engaging and decent, and when he delivers his courtroom speech, he seems carried away by his own eloquence. The director, Frank Lloyd, goes after "human interest" details in a broad, conventional manner, and some of the bits of business of the minor characters are tediously simple-minded. But for the kind of big budget, studio controlled romantic adventure that this is, it's very well done.—P.K. (Museum of Modert Art; Sept. 5.)

Red River (1948)—A magnificent horse opera—one of the most elaborate celebrations of those trail-blazing episodes that Hollywood used to glorify as "historical events"—this time it's the mid-nineteenth-century first cattle drive up the Chisholm Trail. (The cattle in this production are not to be passed over lightly: they are impressive and they were very expensive. Six thousand head were rented at $10 a day each—and then it rained and rained while the cattle waited and the film's cost rose from $1,750,000 to $3,200,000. Figures like that help make a movie an epic.) The director, Howard Hawks, structures the drive as an exciting series of stampedes, Indian battles, and gunfights, with a ferocious climax in the fight between the two principals—John Wayne, as the father, and Montgomery Clift, as the adopted son. A lot of it is just terrible, but Clift—in his most aggressively sexual screen performance—is angular and tense and audacious, and the other actors brawl amusingly in the strong-silent-man tradition. Russell Harlan's photography makes the rolling plains the true hero; the setting has epic grandeur. The screenplay is by Borden Chase and Charles Schnee, from Chase's story "The Chisholm Trail," but as Chase admitted, it's actually "Mutiny on the Bounty" turned into a Western, with Wayne as Captain Bligh and Cliff as Fletcher Christian.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; Sept. 4.)

A Taste of Honey (1961)—When blowsy Helen (Dora Bryan) says she never knew her misfit daughter Jo (Rita Tushingham) was talented, Jo retorts, "I'm not just talented, I'm geniused." There *is* a touch of genius to Shelagh Delaney's Manchester-set comedy-drama about Jo's inchoate yearnings, her brief interracial romance, and the safe zone she creates with her only friend, a tender gay man (Murray Melvin). Jo is a flighty character with a bitter earthy streak, and her conflicting energies—expressed in sometimes edgy, sometimes fanciful dialogue—make this a near-classic of postadolescent confusion and longing. The director, Tony Richardson (who co-wrote the screenplay with Delaney), didn't find a visual style to match the verve of Delaney's language, but he cast the film superbly, and in the best scenes Walter Lassally's photography and John Addison's score help him achieve the perfect blend of poignancy and insouciance.—M.S. (Walter Reade Theatre; Aug. 31.)

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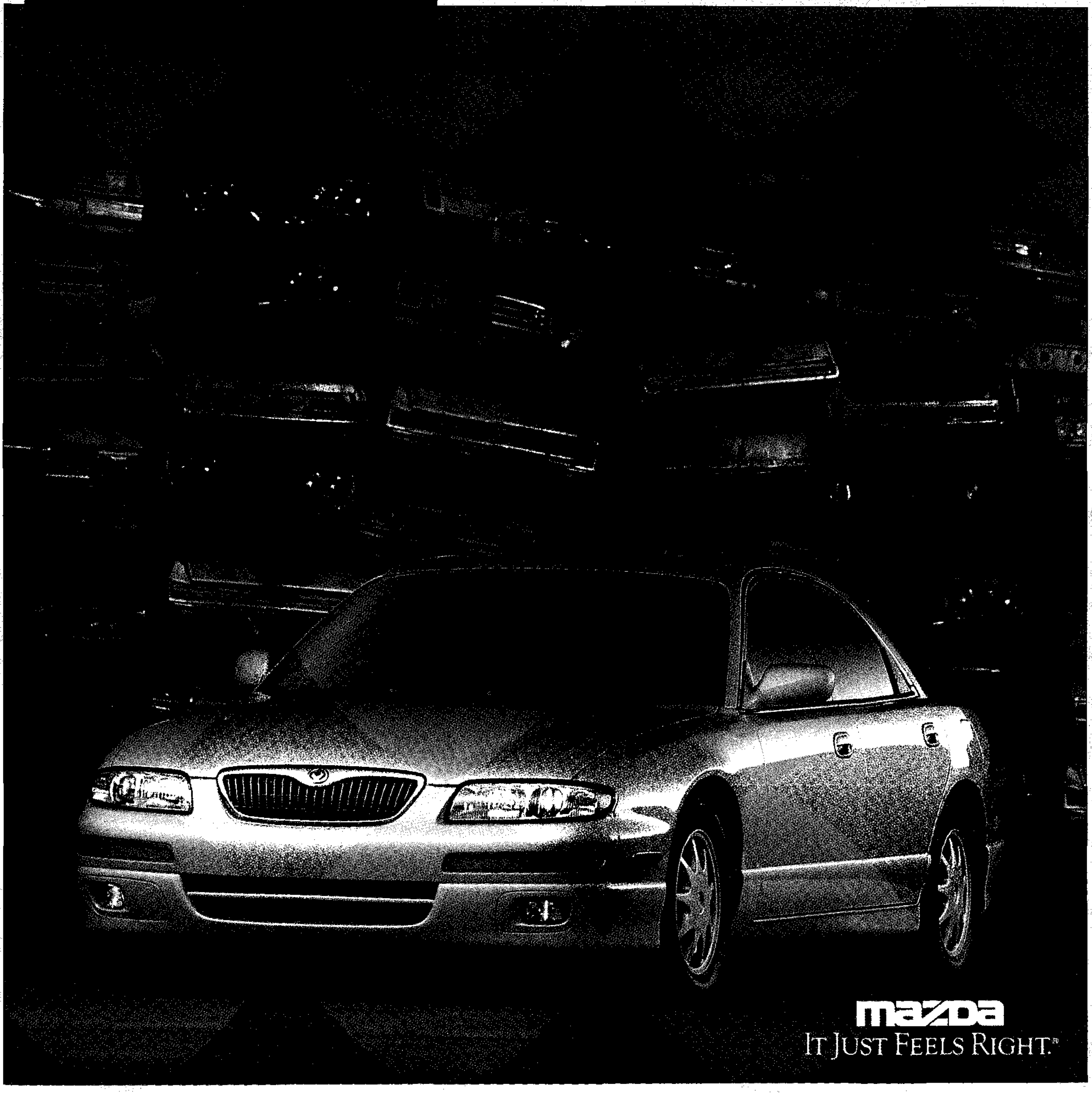

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

DISNEY WAXES ROTH

“A FEW weeks ago,” Joe Roth told us last Thursday, the day after the onetime movie director was made chairman of Walt Disney Motion Pictures, “when I was on vacation in Martha’s Vineyard, before this job came up, I said to my wife, ‘I think I’d like to either commit myself to directing—maybe five years and whatever comes of it—or go back to running a studio.’ ” As it turned out, Michael Eisner, the Disney shogun, made the decision for him. Mr. Eisner asked Mr. Roth to step into the gap created by Jeffrey Katzenberg’s resignation, which had been rumored for weeks. Disney-watchers assumed that Roth was a candidate to take over at least some of the prodigious Katzenberg’s duties. But while agents and studio executives, the town’s real stars, were madly speed-dialling one another to discuss the parting of the ways of the Messrs. Eisner and Katzenberg, the Mutt and Jeff of the Hollywood high-wire set, several revealing details of Mr. Roth’s biography went undiscussed.

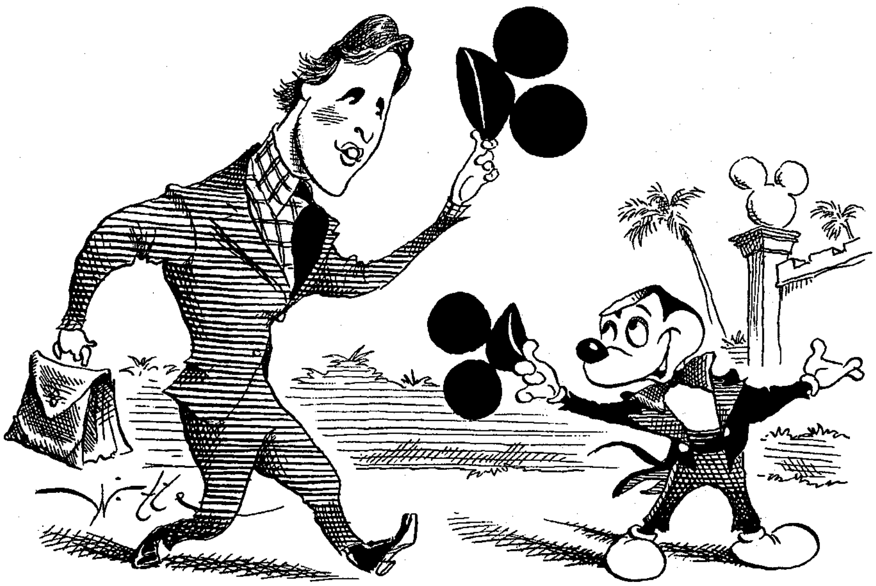
To find another director running a studio, you have to look back to Ernst Lubitsch (“The Shop Around the Corner,” “Ninotchka”), who was head of production at Paramount for ten unhappy months in 1935-36. Though Mr. Roth is not quite in Lubitsch’s league, he has directed a few middlebrow crowd pleasers: “Streets of Gold,” “Revenge of the Nerds II,” and “Coupe de Ville.” For three profitable years he was in charge of production at Twentieth Century Fox, after which he went on to head Caravan Pictures, a production company based at Disney. An agent who has done business with him says, “With Joe, I think directing was just a step on the way to running a studio. It was preparation.” But Mr. Roth, as it turns out, has missed directing, and though at Caravan he enjoyed more control over his movies than most producers ever do, he says that he was “still a producer, which I’ve been since I was twenty-six.” At forty-six, he was growing tired of the middle ground that a producer occupies.

Mr. Roth grew up on Long Island, where his family was involved in a landmark lawsuit challenging the legality of prayer in the public schools. “I was twelve years old, part of a group of students whose parents believed they shouldn’t have to pray in school,” he says. “My father started the case. I had to walk out of class when the prayer started, and that sparked the whole thing. It ultimately went to the Supreme Court and was the case that outlawed prayer in the schools.” Since Mr. Roth comes from such a politically engaged family, it’s surprising to learn that Hollywood activism isn’t part of his style. “I have a strong point of view,” he says. “I’m just not out there publicly.”

Mr. Roth married into the business. His wife, Donna, is the daughter of Sam Arkoff, the legendary co-founder of American International Pictures—the makers of the nineteen-fifties drive-in movies, many of which featured werewolves or teen-agers in bikinis—which makes Mrs. Roth a princess in a sort of cheesy Hollywood royalty.

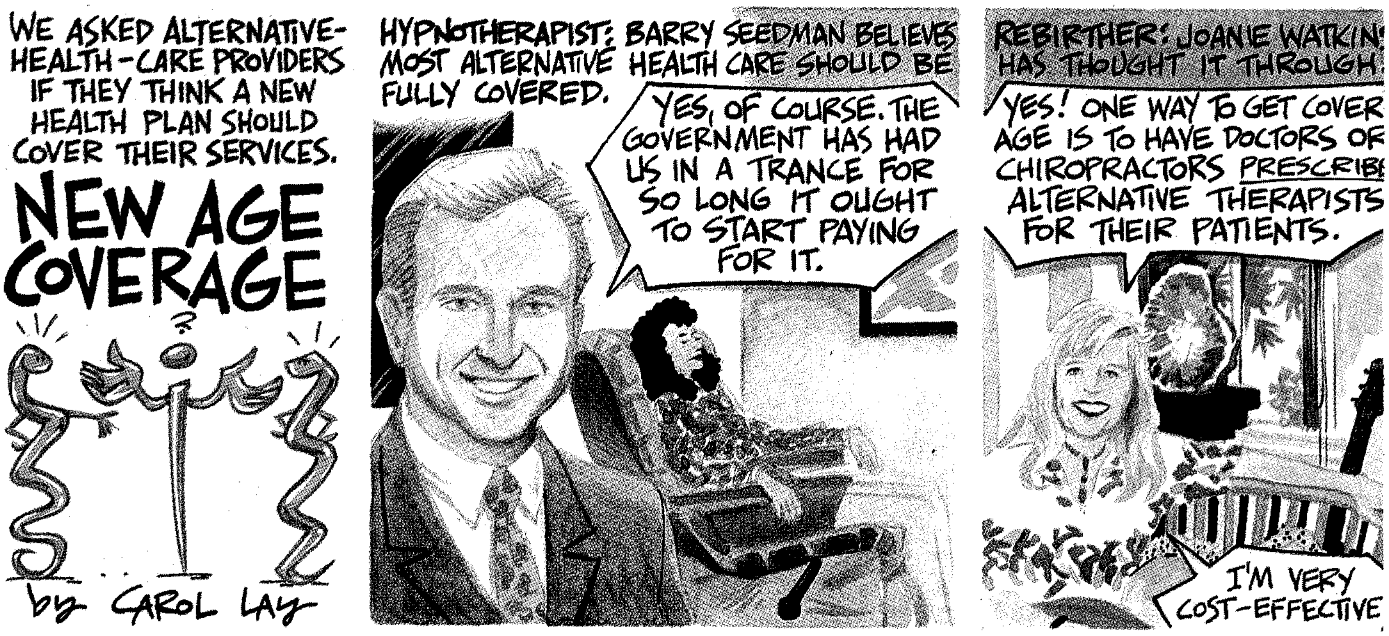
At Fox, Mr. Roth’s tenure included “Home Alone” and its sequel, but he had huge flops, too, like “Shining Through” and “For the Boys.” In 1992, when Barry Diller, who was Roth’s boss, left Fox, Rupert Murdoch, the head of Fox’s parent company, chose to assume Diller’s duties himself. Mr. Roth resigned and formed Caravan. Of the company’s first four releases, none have overly impressed the critics or the bankers.

Mr. Roth, who has shaggier hair than most corporate moguls, is famously charming, and has a more relaxed style than the man he is replacing, who was known to call Saturday and Sunday meetings and to begin his phone calls to New



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL WITTE

THE TALK OF THE TOWN'S ARTIST AT LARGE


WE ASKED ALTERNATIVE-HEALTH-CARE PROVIDERS IF THEY THINK A NEW HEALTH PLAN SHOULD COVER THEIR SERVICES.
NEW AGE COVERAGE
by CAROL LAY
HYPNOTHERAPIST: BARRY SEEDMAN BELIEVES MOST ALTERNATIVE HEALTH CARE SHOULD BE FULLY COVERED.
YES, OF COURSE. THE GOVERNMENT HAS HAD US IN A TRANCE FOR SO LONG IT OUGHT TO START PAYING FOR IT.
REBIRTHER: JOANIE WATKIN
HAS THOUGHT IT THROUGH
YES! ONE WAY TO GET COVER AGE IS TO HAVE DOCTORS OF CHIROPRACTORS PRESCRIB ALTERNATIVE THERAPISTS FOR THEIR PATIENTS.
I'M VERY COST-EFFECTIVE

York so early that most people three hours ahead were not yet at their desks. If Mr. Roth's background behind the camera has meant anything, it's that actors, writers, and directors find him personable and easy to talk to. One screenwriter, who worked long and hard on a script for Roth at Caravan, only to have the project jettisoned when the star lost interest, says, "He was as scattered as the rest of them, but he was always pretty straight about it, even laughing at himself. That was a change."

METROPOLITAN LIFE

GROUND ZERO for the Metropolitan Museum's guaranteed-humdinger fall exhibition, "The Origins of Impressionism," is a small gallery situated next to a freight elevator. When we showed up, a few weeks ago, the hundred and seventy-five pictures had just begun to pour into the Met from the show's initial site, the Grand Palais in Paris, where it drew half a million visitors. With the exhibit due to open here on September 27th, the Met's awesome machinery was grinding into gear. We asked Gary Tinterow, the co-curator of the show, to interpret the scene that was unfolding before us.

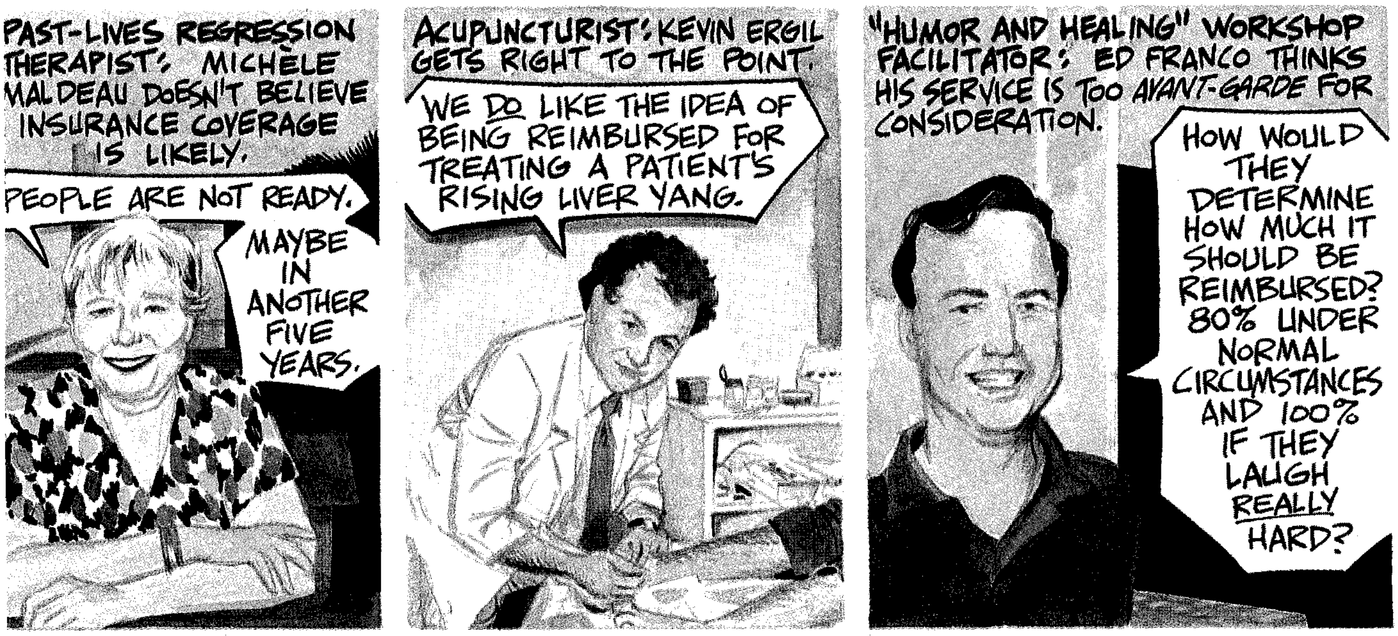
"The men you see there," he said, pointing out three or four guys in khaki jumpsuits, "are riggers." The riggers had loaded the crated pictures onto the freight elevator in the basement, brought them upstairs, and laid them on the floor. "The guys in blue," Mr. Tinterow continued, "are packers. They actually manufacture our crates. They also unpack other people's crates." In the guildlike world of the Met, which has twenty-five hundred employees, this almost qualifies as breadth of focus. The packers were bent over a big crate from the Musée d'Orsay, and you could hear the whine of electric screwdrivers sucking out the bolts. Off came the heavy wooden lid, and then a plywood sheet with foam at each corner, and there was Eva Gonzalès's version of Manet's "Little Soldier."

Mr. Tinterow, who has broad shoulders and brown eyes and just the right amount of gray at the temples for a forty-year-old with a big job, told us that the crates had been accompanied from the moment they were packed up in Paris. The Met would not permit certain other items crated for shipping to be loaded onto the same pallet—no bug-ridden flowers—or even to be on the same plane. "There's a lot of wildlife on those airplanes," Mr. Tinterow explained. The Met has its own security force, which met each plane as it arrived at J.F.K. Mr. Tinterow would not say which airline the Met used, or exactly where the paintings arrived, or how they were trucked to the museum, and would not even let us reveal the color of the Met's crates. Since the paintings are insured for hundreds of millions of dollars, the museum's secrecy doesn't seem altogether paranoid.

Mr. Tinterow was less reluctant to take us on a tour of the rooms where the paintings would hang. The first, a long, classic gallery space painted burgundy, would be used, he explained, to re-create the Salon of 1859, the year that the exhibition begins with. There would be Delacroix and Corot and a big Puvis de Chavannes on a freestanding wall. The next room, which had been painted dark green, was full of sharply angled walls built specially for the exhibition—which helps explain why the show is said to have cost about a million dollars to install. At the prow of the room, where the wall broke into four facets, Mr. Tinterow said that he would be hanging historical paintings by Puvis and Degas and a more modern-looking Moreau that commented on them. Farther on, there would be an all-nude niche—Courbet's famous woman with a parrot, a Manet, a Bazille, two Cézannes, and a hauntingly erotic painting of an epicene young man by Renoir.

In the next room, three men in white coveralls were painting the walls a color Mr. Tinterow called old gold. He is obviously a man who gives a good deal of thought to color. His double-breasted blazer was a shade or two lighter than the dark teal of one of the exhibition rooms, his tie a light-blue pattern on a field of yellow that was a few tones brighter than old gold.

He had chosen dark colors for the walls to contrast with the lightness of sea and sky, he said, but the contrast shouldn't be too sharp. Old gold was just right for ma-


PAST-LIVES REGRESSION THERAPIST: MICHÈLE MALDEAU DOESN'T BELIEVE INSURANCE COVERAGE IS LIKELY.
PEOPLE ARE NOT READY.
MAYBE IN ANOTHER FIVE YEARS.
ACUPUNCTURIST: KEVIN ERGIL GETS RIGHT TO THE POINT.
WE DO LIKE THE IDEA OF BEING REIMBURSED FOR TREATING A PATIENT'S RISING LIVER YANG.
"HUMOR AND HEALING" WORKSHOP FACILITATOR: ED FRANCO THINKS HIS SERVICE IS TOO AVANT-GARDE FOR CONSIDERATION.
HOW WOULD THEY DETERMINE HOW MUCH IT SHOULD BE REIMBURSED? 80% UNDER NORMAL CIRCUMSTANCES AND 100% IF THEY LAUGH REALLY HARD?

rine paintings; burgundy would be too shocking. "Choosing colors," he sighed, surveying his vast domain, "is the hardest decision you have to make."

COASTAL DISTURBANCES

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, MASS.

EVER since the Black Dog T-shirt was introduced, in 1980, it seemed a perfectly calibrated totem for a certain class of summer residents on the little island of Martha's Vineyard. The shirt, which has a handsome silhouette of a black Lab on the front and the name of the restaurant on the back, wasn't nearly as self-conscious as, say, an "I'd Rather Be Sailing" sticker or, God forbid, a yacht-club polo shirt. But it was a little more visible, and therefore more satisfying, than ten years of private-beach parking stickers in various stages of decay on the car window. It said, "I go to the Vineyard for the fresh, hot oatmeal bread baked by honest former hippies." It said, "I know a good shirt when I see one, and it just happens to be from the Vineyard, where I just happen to go." It said, "I choose not to summer in the Hamptons."

But now the dog is off the leash. On sublime August afternoons in Vineyard Haven, the line to buy Black Dog shirts, hats, mugs, belts, earrings, and handkerchiefs extends outside the little shop behind the restaurant and clear down the access ramp for the handicapped into the alley near the unpleasant-smelling Dumpster. There's a bouncer to prevent too many people from rushing in at once—too many people, that is, of the sort that one might not wish to be mistaken for while debating over seared tuna whether the arrival on-island of Carlos Fuentes or Gabriel García Márquez is more or less exciting than that of the Princess of Wales or the First Family.

It's not an entirely new problem; the shirt's cachet has been under assault for several years. But the recent news that the Manhattan dog portraitist Stephanie Phelan had reached an amicable settlement in her seven-year-long compensation dispute with the Black Dog—she originally drew the logo back in the mid-seventies while she was working as a part-time hostess at the restaurant—has given the old crowd a convenient starting point for discussions of today's Dog-wearing strategy. "Back in New York, I virtually lived in my old Black Dog sweatshirt while I was pregnant," said a screenwriter from Tribeca who summers in Gay Head. "But I wouldn't be caught dead wearing it outside of my apartment." In other parts of Manhattan, too, where every week another StairMaster machine seems to be occupied by a Black Dog customer, the shirt has become a liability. "I have some shirts in my drawer," the screenwriter's husband said. "I never wear them."

Fortunately for the most die-hard early owners, however, not all Black Dogs were created equal, and the year of purchase is emblazoned on the back of the shirt. "I love my 1986," said a woman who when she is not on the Vineyard runs a charitable foundation on the Upper East Side. "And my '87 and '88. But my 1990 I only wear gardening. And my '92—well, I don't really wear it at all yet."

FIRE ISLAND, N.Y.

AT a reception the evening before the twelfth annual Morning Party, in Fire Island Pines, there was a moment of silence for those who had danced last summer and had since died of AIDS. But the next day the talk was mainly about the weather. Forty-five hundred people were attending the sold-out event, which is the high point of the Pines social calendar and arguably the premier gay dance of the year. The forecast called for showers and possible thunderstorms. Since the dance takes place on a temporary wood floor set up on the beach, weather was all-important.

At eleven, the sky was overcast, but around midday, to everyone's amazement, it cleared, and the dance proceeded for the next five hours under a blue heaven. The event raised about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for AIDS programs administered by the Gay Men's Health Crisis. Mixing old disco standards with more contemporary pulsing beats, d.j. Michael Fierman seemed to be making the crowd happy, but his last selection puzzled some. It was Joni Mitchell's mournful "Urge for Going," with the refrain "I get the urge for going when the meadow grass is turning brown and summertime is falling down and winter's closing in."

About three hours later, the promised rain began, and soon became torrential. It rained solidly for the next day. ◆

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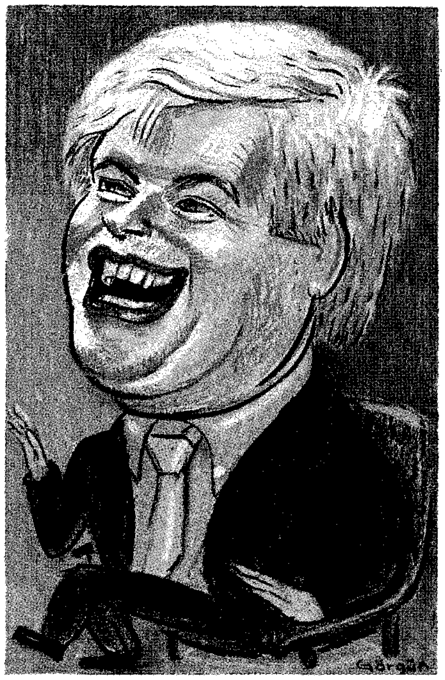
THE POLITICAL SCENE

WHIP CRACKER

Newt Gingrich's "bipartisan" brokering gave President Clinton his crime bill—and gave the House Republicans a brand-new political weapon.

BY PETER J. BOYER

"THIS is the way Washington ought to work," Bill Clinton said, with the apparent relief of a rescued hostage, on the night the House of Representatives finally passed the crime bill. "Tonight, Democrats and Republicans joined together, and they acted." The new bipartisanship became the theme of the moment in Washington, embraced by none more enthusiastically, of course, than the President himself, who privately suggested that a mechanism be contrived to institutionalize the coming together of congressional Republicans and Democrats. Clinton and others who hopefully saw the dawning of a new day of centrist governance, however, might have been well advised to remember who first suggested a bipartisan solution to the crime-bill impasse: Newt Gingrich, the House minority whip, who just ten days earlier had shaped and energized the humiliating procedural defeat of the Democrats' bill which had caused the legislative crisis to begin with. The joy of *that* moment of crisis, Gingrich told me last week, had made him and his colleagues "giddy." Savoring it, he recalled that as he and his Republican colleagues watched the vote tallies that temporarily derailed the crime bill "we were thinking, This is good. You know, this is like watching the President get into his Mustang and drive straight into a ditch. You say, 'Ooh, look at that!' " He smiled at the thought.



Gingrich: "In terms of forcing the Democratic leadership to cave against its own will, this is the most effective negotiation I've seen."

AHMET GÖRGÜN

On the subject of Democrats, Gingrich's lexicon leans toward imagery of carnage, reflecting his well-known view that the opposition is a confederacy of scoundrels that has imposed a corrupt, left-wing tyranny through subversion of the democratic process. His avowed purpose is to beat Democrats; his eternal promise is a Republican majority. When moderate Republicans, after bargaining with the Democrats, won a compromise crime bill, Gingrich voted against it, and he says of their prize, "It's a fat-loaded, stupid bill." Yet the bipartisan exercise that produced the crime package would not have happened without him. Gingrich endorsed the effort, helped shape the moderates' bargaining platform, and gave the Republican negotiators cover when conservatives in the Party (whose militancy Gingrich himself has inspired) attacked their efforts to save, rather than kill, the legislation. A sudden turn to political pacifism? No. "I managed the battlefield we had, with the forces we had, to maximize our opportunity," Gingrich says, and he believes that his side won more than the concessions granted by Democrats in the crime compromise.

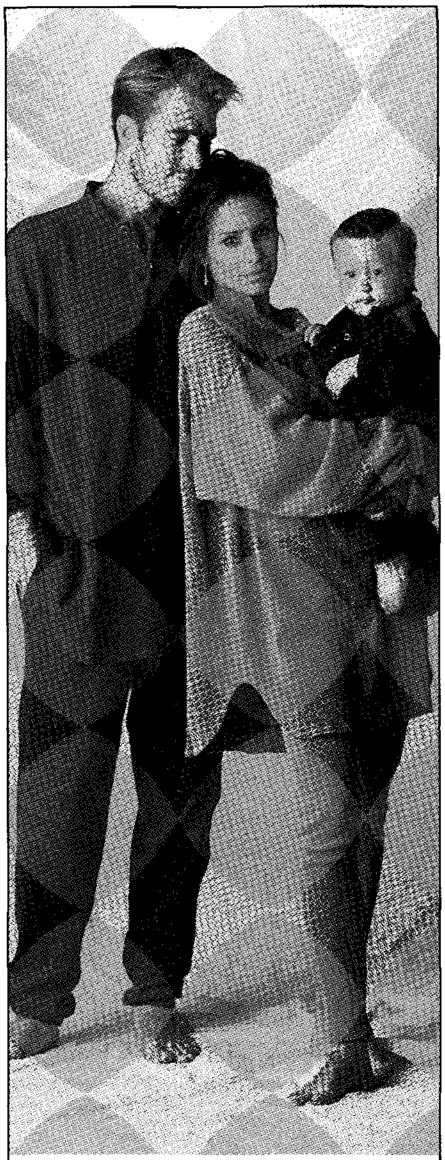
The crime bill, seen just weeks ago as an easy win for Clinton and a certain campaign trophy for Democrats, acquired the taint of a dubious piece of legislation somehow improved at Republican insistence. Congressional Democrats and the White House were forced to divert attention and political resources from health-care reform for two weeks, and after the compromise the House collapsed into recess, making health-care action there this year extremely doubtful (and the Senate was consumed all last week with the crime bill, which finally passed Thursday night). More lastingly, the experience emboldened House Republicans, who having tasted genuine participation are likely to insist upon it in the future.

"I think that in terms of forcing the Democratic leadership to cave against its own will, this is the most effective negotiation I've seen," Gingrich says. The spin is quintessential Gingrich: bipartisanship as a weapon in partisan warfare.

Still, there are regrets. Back home in Georgia after the vote, Gingrich told me, "I'm sitting here today feeling stupid, that we had an opportunity in the crime-bill fight . . . to begin creating a new debate, and we failed pretty miserably." Gingrich, that is, did not recognize until very late the explosive opportunity for Republicans that resided in the bill. The usurpation of the crime issue by Clinton and the congressional Democrats had been a dispiriting development for Republicans, the more so because the Democrats' hand had been played so skillfully. The bill had been designed by, among others, Charles E. Schumer, Democrat of Brooklyn, in a manner that made it seemingly bulletproof. Along with pet Democratic notions of crime control—banning certain assault weapons, and proposing social programs aimed at preventing crime—the package included elements from the traditionally Republican tough-on-crime arsenal, such as expansion of the death penalty, more police officers, and more jails. Thus, as the debate developed over the last year, opposition to the crime bill came to be read as opposition to the assault-weapon ban—a stand that bucked public opinion and became untenable for moderate urban Republicans.

When both the Senate and the House passed a version of the crime bill some months ago, after epic battles over the assault-weapon ban, Gingrich and the other Republican leaders resignedly turned their focus to the health-care battle. The only remaining unresolved issue on crime, it seemed, was an internal Democratic dispute over the Racial Justice Act passed by the House but rejected by the Senate. That measure, dear to the Congressional Black Caucus, would have allowed consideration of a locality's statistical patterns of racial imbalance in the imposition of death sentences. The White House feared that including Racial Justice in the final crime bill would jeopardize the entire package, but the Black Caucus threatened to withhold support of any crime legislation that didn't include it. The bill was stalled for weeks, until, in late July, Clinton decided to drop the provision, and on July 27th the conference committee charged with writing the legislation that would be sent to the Senate for further review decided that it was ready. Gingrich was steeling himself for the prospect of a celebratory Bill Clinton dominating the news as Congress broke for summer recess. "My presumption was, The President will get a little boost, they got a bill," he told me.

AND then something happened. The weekend after the conference committee announced the completion of its work, Gingrich took a campaign trip for Republican hopefuls through the Northeast, and at every stop he was surprised by the number of people talking about the crime bill. "Everywhere I went, people were against the bill," he said. "These were Republicans and conservatives, but no one was for the bill." As it happened, while Gingrich and other congressional Republicans were focussing on health care Rush Limbaugh, the conservative national radio talk-show host, had been hammering away at the crime bill—not as much on its anti-gun provisions as on the social programs it contained. Limbaugh's favorite target was the proposed forty-million-dollar grant for midnight basketball leagues, a program aimed at keeping inner-city youngsters occupied and away from the temptations of the street—a criticism that may have had its roots in an anti-Schumer ad paid for by the N.R.A. last April, which blasted Schumer for squandering tax dollars on social programs such as midnight basketball. (Limbaugh was particularly scornful of the fact that the basketball money would be available only to communities that qualified—and that communities severely impacted by the AIDS virus would be eligible.) Limbaugh's charges, and those of other talk-radio hosts as well, plainly struck a chord and excited an an-



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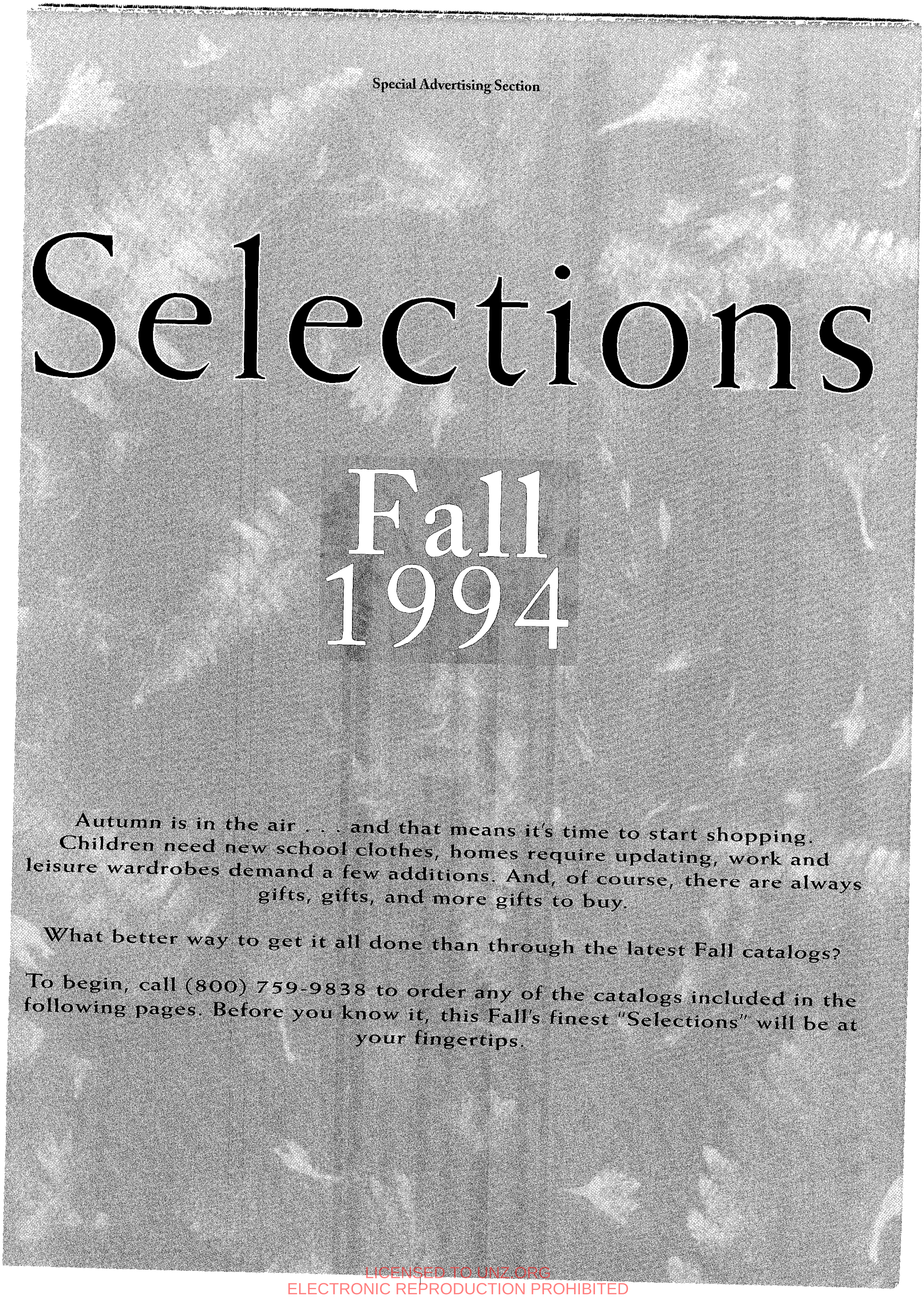
tipathy to the crime bill the existence of which Gingrich hadn't suspected.

As Gingrich considered ways of exploiting this unexpected buzz, someone sent his office a press release from Lamar University, in Texas, that congratulated and thanked its famous alumnus Representative Jack Brooks (the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, which moved the crime bill) for his efforts in securing for the university a ten-million-dollar grant in the proposed crime package. The Republicans had their smoking gun.

The Brooks development was dynamite. Not only did it serve as the perfect example of egregious self-dealing and waste (diverting attention, Schumer believes, from Republicans' real concern, guns), but it animated for Republicans an argument that has been a Gingrich theme since he first entered Congress, fifteen years ago—that decades of Democratic hegemony in Congress have created "a system of power on Capitol Hill that systematically cheats the process." Majority status and the committee system have legitimately assured Democrats dominance in the legislative process, but the power has sometimes led to abuse. The conference committee, charged with reconciling the Senate and the House crime bills and writing the final version of the legislation, adopted its report on July 27th but did not distribute copies of the bill until seven o'clock on August 10th, the evening before the House Democratic leadership had scheduled a vote on whether or not to send the bill to the floor for passage. Thus House members were afforded just hours to read the measure, which was about a thousand pages long. The scheduling seemed aimed at obscuring the bill's several surprises, including the insertion of Brooks' program for Lamar. That tore it for Republicans. "I mean, here we had a university in Texas that knew more about the bill than any Republican member of the House," Gingrich fumed. "Let me tell you, in terms of stiffening us, that did it. It was an act of arrogance so stupid, and so infuriating, that it gave us our battle cry."

The battle cry, of course, was "pork!" But equally infuriating to many Republicans were changes and deletions that had been made in the bill. A provision co-sponsored by Bob Dole, the Senate minority leader, and Representative Susan Molinari, a New York Republican, that allowed admission of accusations of past



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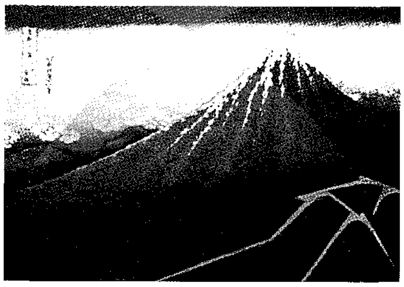

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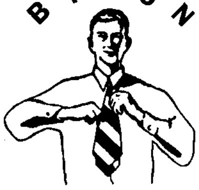

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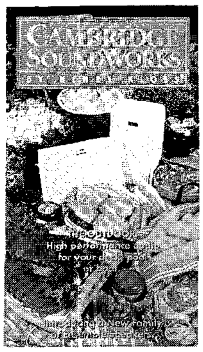

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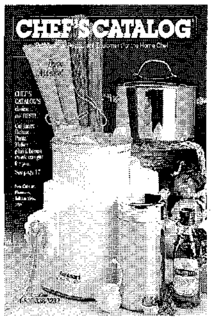

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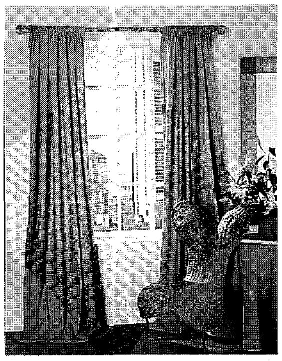

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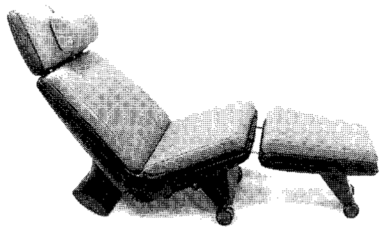

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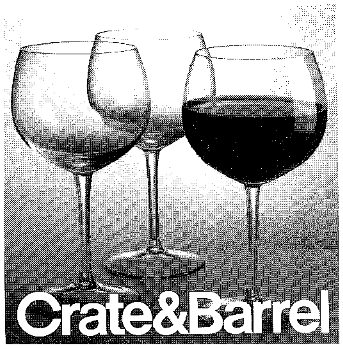

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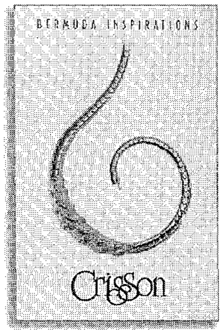

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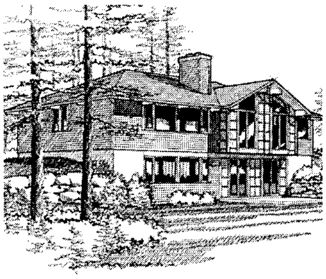

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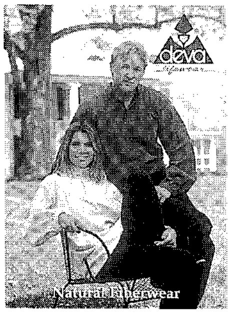

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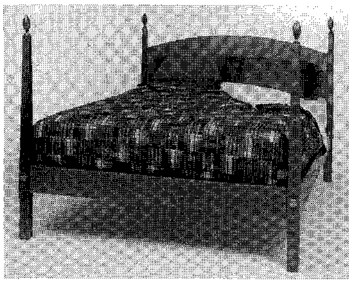

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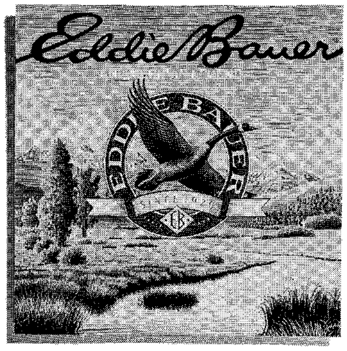

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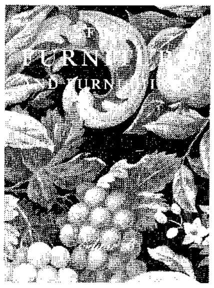

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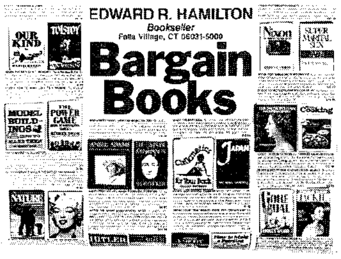

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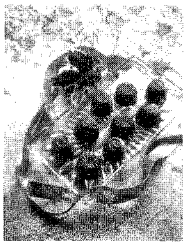

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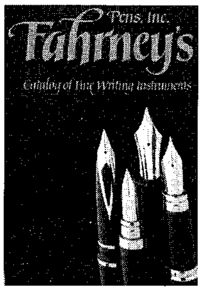

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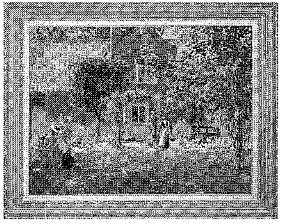

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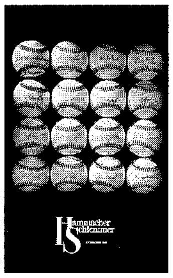

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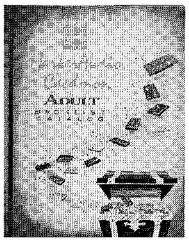

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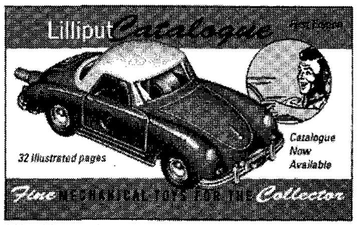

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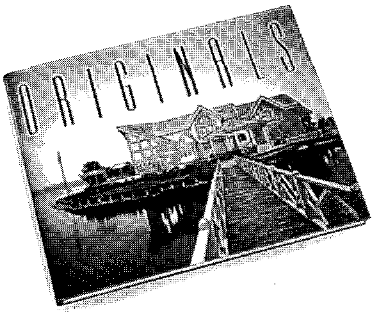

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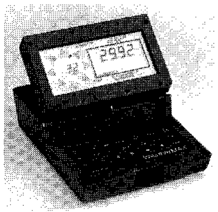

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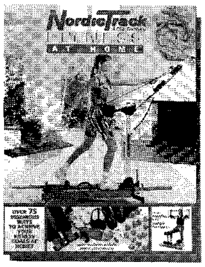

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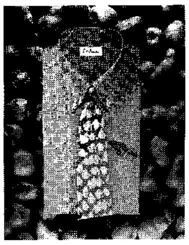

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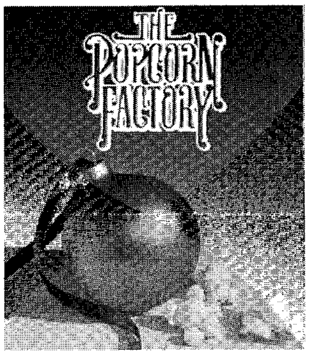

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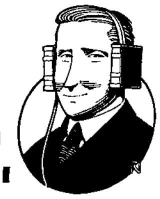

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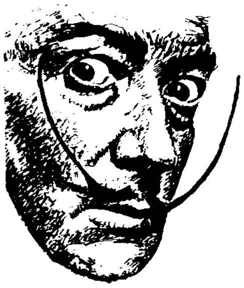

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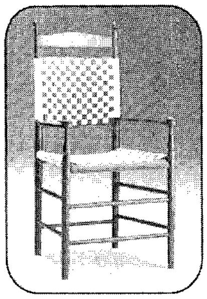

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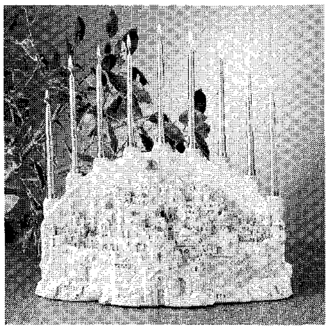

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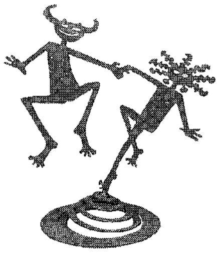

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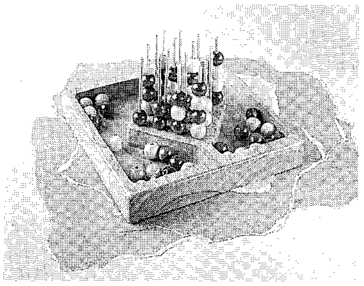

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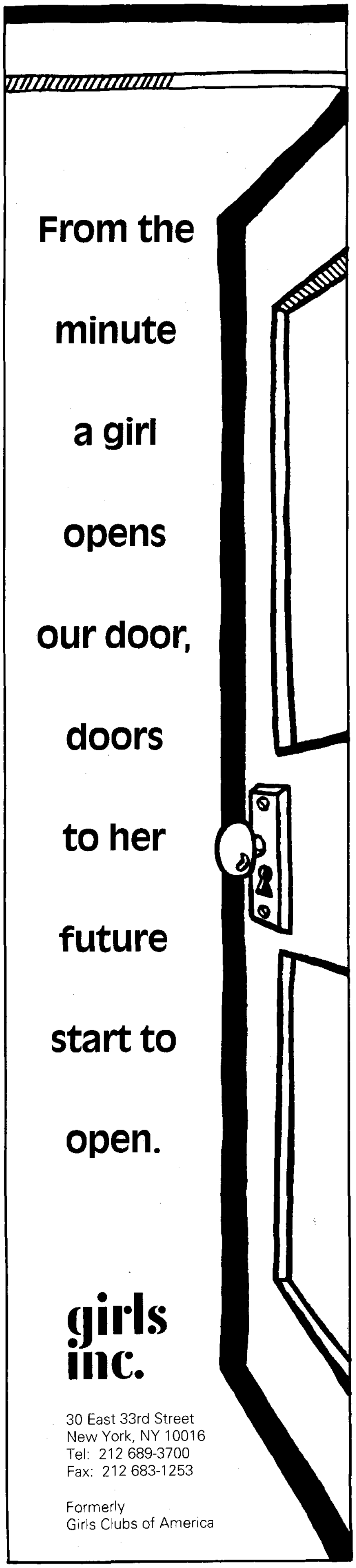

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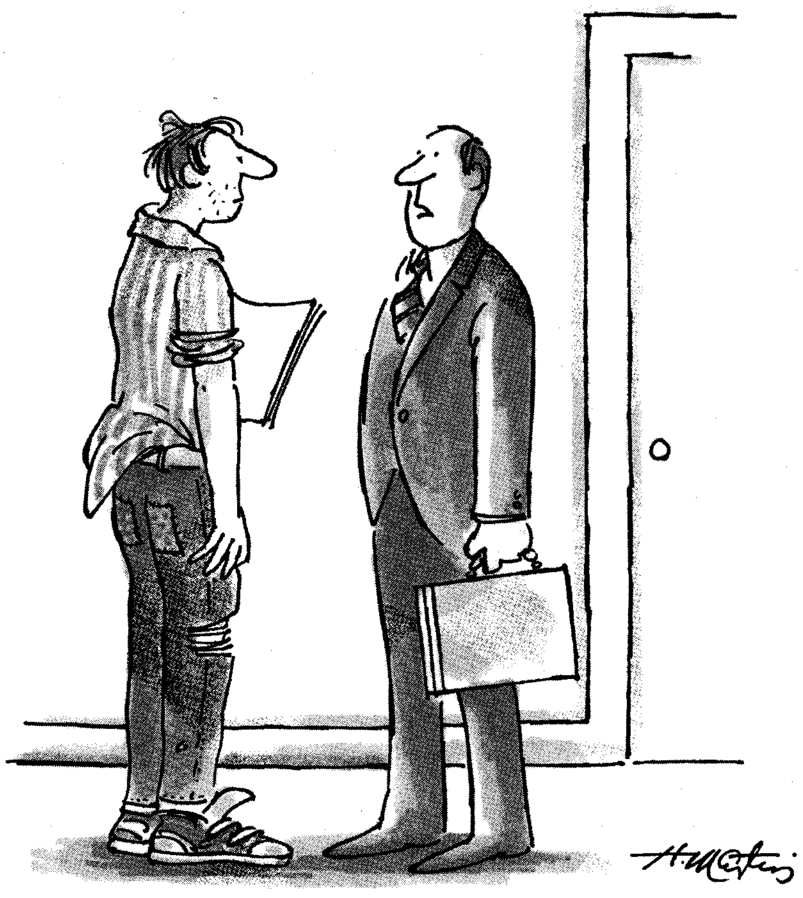
sexual assaults as evidence in sex-crime cases, was deleted from the bill. A measure urged by Representative Dick Zimmer, Republican of New Jersey, that required convicted sex offenders to register with police and also required that the communities in which they lived be notified of their presence was significantly weakened. These changes hit a nerve in a public that had been shaken by the murder in July of a New Jersey girl, Megan Kanka, allegedly by a convicted child molester who was living in the girl's neighborhood along with two other convicted sex offenders, their criminal pasts having been kept secret. All but eleven of the hundred and seventy-eight Republicans voted against the procedure that would have brought the proposed crime legislation to the House floor, and, because some fifty of the two hundred and fifty-six Democrats opposed the gun ban, the crime bill was kept from a vote.

That development surprised even Gingrich. "I thought at the time we would have a tremendous vote on the rule, we'd used up a lot of the Democrat I.O.U.'s, we would weaken them for health care—and we would lose," he said. "That was my guess—that we'd lose the rule by four votes, five votes." He continued, "In my gut, I walked on the floor expecting to lose, because I couldn't believe that their leadership would bring a bill this big without a hard count." The defeat was devastating to Democrats, and seemed, to many of them, final.

But the White House launched its all-out offensive to win the total of eight votes needed to reverse the defeat. Gingrich and Dole, in what proved to be an ironic turn, immediately implored the President via fax to seek a bipartisan solution. The plea was plainly interpreted by the White House as an invitation to capitulate. Clinton refused to meet with the Republicans; instead, he cleared his schedule and, as has come to be his way in such crises, went on the road in an effort to turn the tide by force of Presidential appeal. His approach was angry, and at times starkly partisan, as when he appeared before a police group in Minneapolis and laid the blame for the defeat on a "procedural trick orchestrated by the National Rifle Association, then heavily,



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heavily pushed by the Republican leadership." But Clinton's appeals fell flat, no doubt largely because the Republican "pork" argument was taking hold with the public enough to neutralize the Democrats' gun-control pleas. Why did the Democrats include midnight basketball in a crime program but remove the provision requiring that a community be notified about sexual offenders? Subtle points about the Constitution and civil liberties were lost in the smoke, of which there was an abundance. The "pork" campaign caught fire, Schumer believes, because "it's a downhill roll—people want to believe there's pork in any big bill." Schumer also thinks Republicans were making a subtle racial appeal: "It's racism—programs that help the poor, it's pork."

Gingrich seemed omnipresent during Clinton's mostly fruitless one-man campaign, appearing live on CNN to respond to the President's Minneapolis speech, showing up on "This Week with David Brinkley," as well as the weekday-morning network news shows, everywhere reciting the mantra of pork, pork, pork. (About one-fourth of the bill's expenditures were given over to social programs.) It seemed for several days that Clinton and Gingrich were involved in a one-on-one battle to sway the national mood, and every indication of public sentiment was that Gingrich was winning. Most remarkable, perhaps, was the stunning receptivity of the public to the idea of social programs as "pork"—an equation that placed a fundamental tenet of liberalism on a par with crude political payoffs. It was as if a deep reserve of public resentment had been tapped, and constituents apparently made the resentment clear to their representatives. Clinton's personal push had yielded only the votes of three members of the Black Caucus, and those were rendered reluctantly.

Stuck, Clinton and his congressional allies were faced with two unwelcome options: reaching out to Republicans or trying to push the crime bill through on Democratic votes alone by sacrificing the assault-weapon ban and thus winning back the renegade Democratic gun members. To key Clinton allies, such as Schumer, the latter course would have been worse than defeat, not least because it would have presented Clinton as caving in to the very lobby—the N.R.A.—that he had so lately excoriated. Schumer implored the President to stick with the

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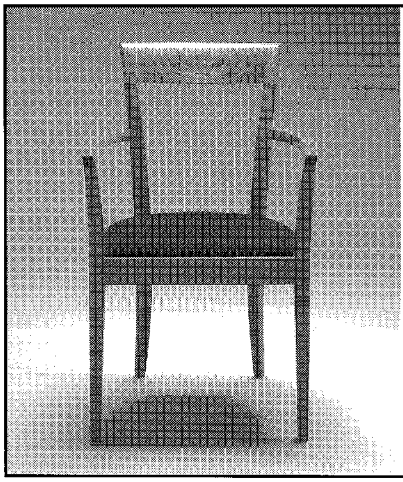

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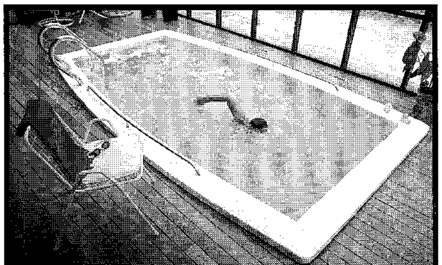

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gun ban and to deal with Republicans; Clinton agreed. Gingrich had been in regular contact with the White House chief of staff, Leon Panetta (himself a former Republican and former Congressman), and the House majority leader, Richard Gephardt, promising them he would deliver a block of votes only if Clinton would drop his partisan effort and agree to negotiate. On Tuesday, August 16th, five days after the crime bill was derailed on the procedural vote, Panetta called Gingrich.

"I said, 'The first thing we need to do is, the President needs to meet with the eleven who voted yes, because it is good for the President of the United States to talk to people other than liberal Democrats,' " Gingrich recalled. " 'And they've earned it.' That's the first step back. I wanted him to sit in a room and listen to his eleven allies tell him in their own words what it's like to have his Party brutalize them. And I also wanted him and his staff to understand these guys weren't going to play ball. This was over. And I wanted him to hear some of the details of the bill he'd probably never heard before. . . . I also wanted to set the pattern that House Republicans matter, and that, by God, the President of the United States has to deal with them. It's part of the constitutional process. And I wasn't going to budge."

THAT night, Gingrich, Henry Hyde, Republican of Illinois, and the eleven Republicans who had voted with Clinton went to the White House. "He listens as well as any President I've ever seen," Gingrich said. "His face was flushed, he was angry at being there, but he got into the meeting and he listened very well, and at the end he summarized brilliantly. It was a very good meeting." Gingrich said that Clinton even seemed to hear the Republicans' complaints about the legislative process. "He said it shocked him, and he was feeling our pain. But there's a part of him that's just automatically compassionate with anybody. It's transactional, it has no policy meaning. But he did listen. I had the honest feeling that he listened, I had the honest feeling that Gore listened and that Panetta listened. And I thought that Stephanopoulos"—the White House senior adviser—"would have just as soon shot all of us. He found it an extraordinarily painful meeting to sit through, but they told him he had to, so he just sat at the other end. He did not, to the best of my knowledge, talk to a single Republican, shake a single hand—did not say any words to any Republicans." ("That's ridiculous," Stephanopoulos says. "I didn't speak because it wasn't my place to speak.")

The reluctance that Gingrich thought he sensed in George Stephanopoulos was not unique among Clinton's advisers, some of whom still resisted the idea of bargaining with Republicans, and especially with Gingrich. As it happened, though, Gingrich had already decided upon a strategy of not opposing a group of Republican moderates who were likely to vote with the White House, an approach he announced the following day at a meeting of the Republican conference. Gingrich's usual allies in the Party's right wing pointedly criticized the moderate approach, but in reality the Republicans had little choice: a head count by the chief deputy whip, Robert S. Walker, of Pennsylvania, showed that some moderates were wavering, and that Gingrich would probably not be able to get enough Republicans to hold the line for an all-out assault on the bill. "My feeling all along was that you either bonded the eleven together and then another bloc of about thirty or you lost them, one by one," Gingrich said. "And that it would be a quicker victory for Clinton, at a lower price, if he was allowed to pick them off one by one, and it would be the 'Comeback Kid.' Whereas if you bonded them together as a unit he had to pay a much higher price. It was clear whom he was negotiating with, and it would be a bipartisan victory, provided by moderate Republicans, *after* Clinton failed. And in the process, it would take longer."

In fact, the White House was already going after the moderates, some of whom were beginning to feel pressure from home. Susan Molinari, who represents Staten Island, was publicly chastised by New York's Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, who had campaigned for the crime bill alongside President Clinton; former Mayor Edward Koch was encouraging listeners to his daily radio show to call Molinari's office and voice support for

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the bill. Representative Peter G. Torkildsen, Republican of Massachusetts, who was a freshman involved in a tough reëlection campaign, was accused by his opponent of being "in the tank with the N.R.A."—a potent accusation in that generally liberal state. Charles Schumer suggested that the White House try to build a negotiating group around another freshman Republican moderate, Michael Castle, a former governor of Delaware, who was friendly with both Schumer and Clinton, and Castle agreed. But first he cleared it with Gingrich, and Gingrich gave it his blessing, with two conditions: that the group report back to the Republican leadership at every stage of the negotiations, and that its members agree to resist individual deals. "Newt came into the room," Castle told me, "and he started it off and said, 'Look, just so you know, we may not agree with you, I personally probably won't agree with you, but you have the blessing of leadership to continue to negotiate—and obviously we'd like to see the bill made better. If it works, fine. We'd like to have as good a bill as possible.' And he helped get us some of the parameters of things we might want to do."

THEN began an extraordinary negotiating marathon that continued virtually non-stop for four days, with mostly young Republican House members—theretofore perhaps the least powerful species in Congress—suddenly dealing with the White House and the Democratic leadership as equals. Castle, the leader of the group, came to be known in some circles as the Forrest Gump of the crime bill—the unlikely enabler. At one signal moment, in the early hours of Saturday, August 20th, a freshman from Long Island, Rick Lazio, who is thirty-six, engaged the sixty-five-year-old Speaker of the House, Tom Foley, in a twenty-minute debate in a Capitol anteroom. Lazio was insisting that Democrats reverse themselves on a provision that, as Lazio saw it, would have allowed thousands of convicted low-level drug offenders out of jail; Foley, arguing that the convicts were first-time offenders who had been unjustly subjected to mandatory sentences, resisted. Lazio was adamant, and eventually won the concession—to the dismay of several Democrats participating in the negotiations. "As a junior member, I had to re-

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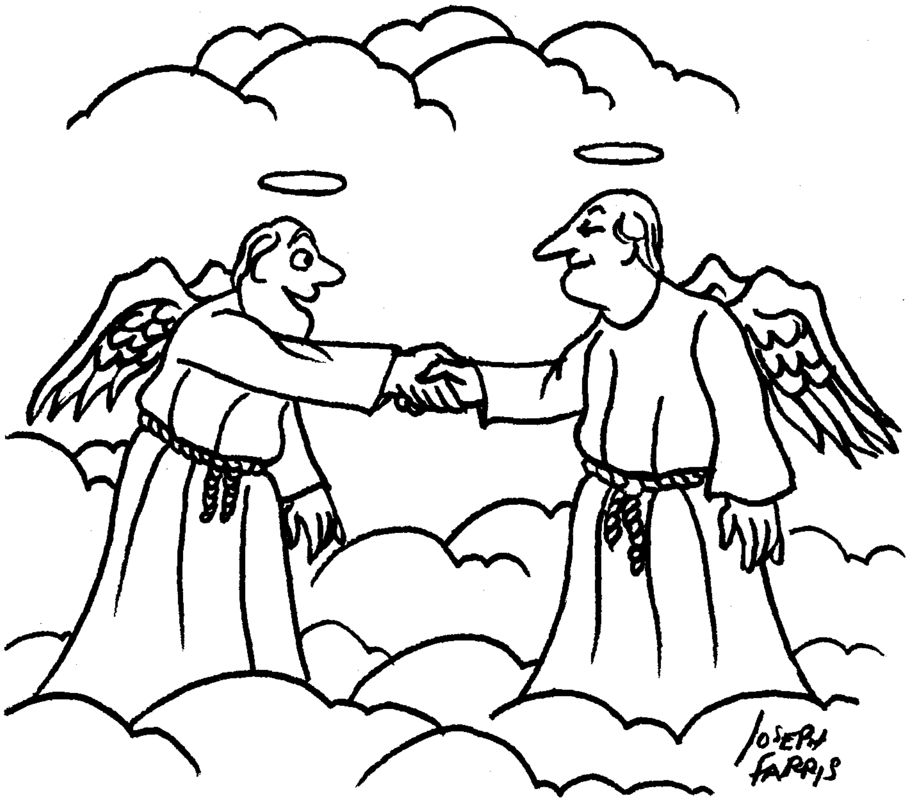


"Ed Roxey! I didn't know you were dead!"

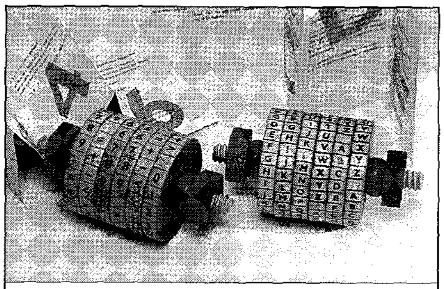
• •

mind myself constantly not to get angry, and to be respectful, because these people are senior people," Lazio says. "I think that's the first time I've said more than hello to Foley."

The Lazio negotiation was the final major piece to fall into place, and on Sunday morning an agreement was reached. The Republicans had succeeded in trimming more than $3.3 billion in cuts ($2 billion of which was from social spending); they had won concessions on the sexual-offender provisions, including a controversial measure that mandated H.I.V. testing of accused rapists. "You had a pretty good negotiation," Gingrich told them. Although Gingrich defended the process to Party conservatives, some antagonism came through. "I don't know what it's like on the Democratic side," Castle said, "but, as a Republican, I was openly castigated by fellow-Republicans who are more conservative and who believe that we should have got more in negotiations."

Gingrich, though, was pleased. "We improved the bill, we strengthened the House Republican Party, we gave a group of moderates a sense that they had a real purpose and a real sense of making a difference. We cost our political opponents a lot." He also made it clear that when he assumes the post of Republican leader in the House next year he will be a leader to Party moderates as well as to the far right.

In the end, the Democrats got their crime bill, at the cost of a bruising battle that ran the clock so far down that anything resembling an ambitious health-care bill before the elections now seems out of reach. Newt Gingrich was left with the tantalizing thought of what he might have done if he had discovered the concept of social pork five months earlier. He says that the whole episode leaves him eager for more of his kind of bipartisanship: "My message back to the Democratic leadership in the House and the White House is going to be 'You want to avoid this kind of train wreck, you're going to call us in at the beginning of a bill and you're going to have conferences that are honest and you're going to share the report language with us and we're going to do this thing with dignity. And, if you don't, every chance I get to wreck the train I'm going to wreck it. And when you get tired of looking stupid in public we'll talk.' " ♦



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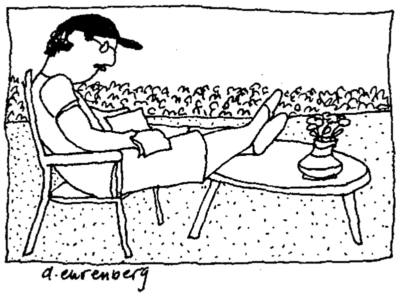

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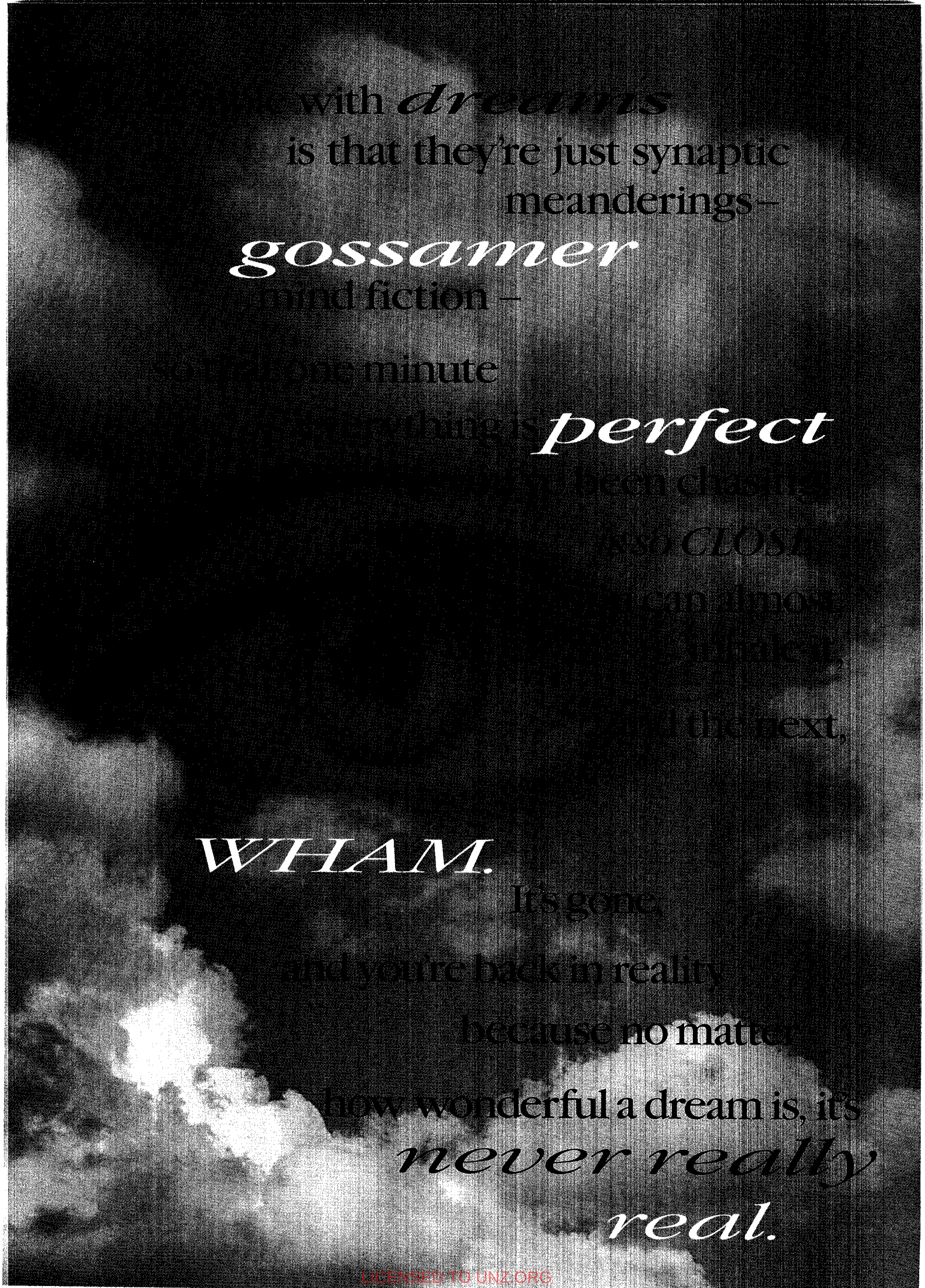
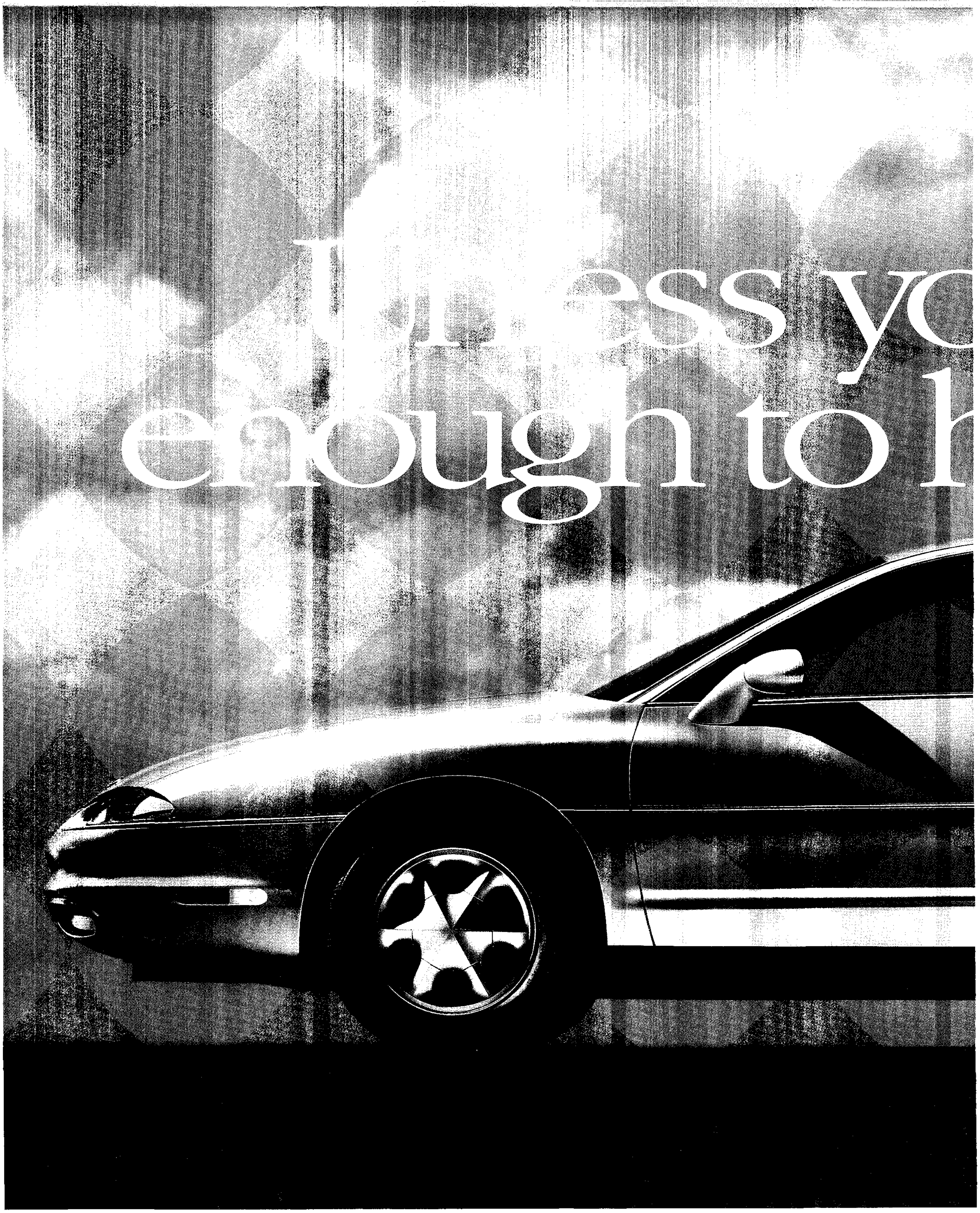


[illegible] with *dreams*
is that they're just synaptic
meanderings –
gossamer
mind fiction –
so that one minute
everything is *perfect*
[illegible] 've been chasing
is so CLOSE
[illegible] can almost
[illegible] inhale it,
[illegible] and the next,

WHAM.
It's gone,
and you're back in reality
because no matter
how wonderful a dream is, it's
never really
real.



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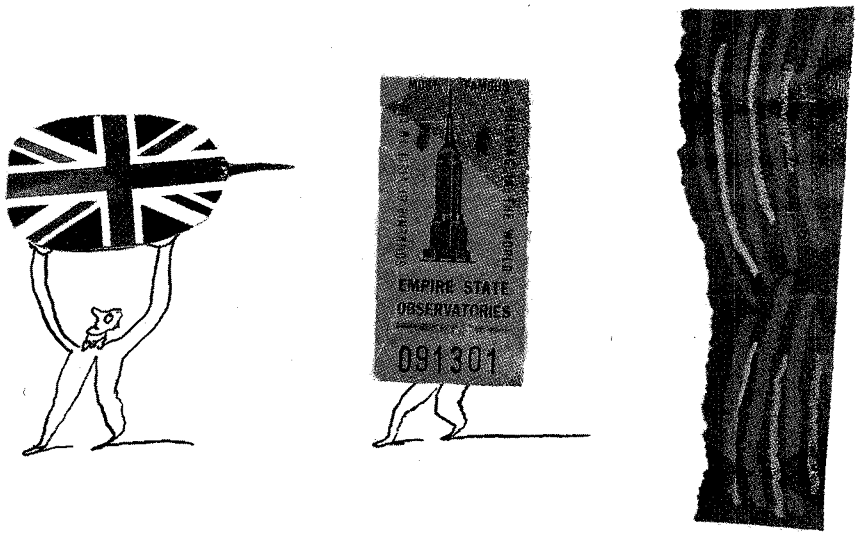
CASUAL

THE NOVEL'S MAIN CHARACTER

BY IAN FRAZIER



EUGÈNE MIHAESCO

The novel's hero . . . is the English language.
—*Dust-jacket quote.*

. . . The novel is about more than four lives; the bonds among the women . . . almost seem a character in their own right.
—*New York Times Book Review.*

The city of Dublin is the novel's main character. —*Introduction to famous book.*

. . . Cicely, Alaska, is as much a central character as the individuals who inhabit it.
—*TV Guide.*

The main character is not the narrator but mortality itself. —*N.Y.T.B.R.*

Troy [New York] is the main character; it dominates the book. —*N.Y.T.B.R.*

. . . The novel is always about Bridgeport [Connecticut], which really is the central character. —*N.Y.T.B.R.*

New York City has been not only a backdrop for television series but a crusty character in its own right. —*The New Yorker.*

The Bob [Marshall Wilderness Area] is more than background; it's a character in the story. —*Great Falls* (*Montana*) *Tribune.*

"THE NOVEL'S MAIN CHARACTER"
A play in three acts
TIME: The President
PLACE: Hedda Gabler

Dramatis personae (in order of appearance):

The English Language	Sir Ralph Richardson
The Bonds Among the Women	Sir John Gielgud
The City of Dublin	Joan Plowright
Cicely, Alaska	Claire Bloom
Mortality Itself	Itself
Troy	Kenneth Branagh
Bridgeport	Kenneth Branagh
New York City	Sally Kirkland
The Bob	Dame Edith Evans

ACT I, SCENE 1

Enter THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, *in blue tights and red cape.*

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE:

I before e, except after c,
or when sounded as a,
as in *neigh*bor or *weigh.*

Enter THE BONDS AMONG THE WOMEN, THE CITY OF DUBLIN, *and* CICELY, ALASKA, *in appropriate costumes.*

THE BONDS AMONG THE WOMEN (*in a loud whisper*): You're upstaging me, you know.

THE CITY OF DUBLIN: Oh, yeah? You almost-a-character, you! I oughta—

They fight.

CICELY, ALASKA: Help! Murder!

Enter MORTALITY ITSELF, *in the*

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form of a speeding tow truck, from stage right.

ALL: Save us!

CURTAIN.

ACT II, SCENE 1

The lights come up to reveal TROY, *clad in black except for a headpiece representing the city skyline.*

TROY: I am Troy, a city of over fifty-four thousand, situated just minutes north of Albany. My principal industries are education, service, and local government.

Changes quickly to a headpiece representing BRIDGEPORT.

BRIDGEPORT: And I, in my valley of the Pequonnock, am substantial Bridgeport, proud employer of nearly two hundred thousand in the manufacture of transportation equipment, machinery, electrical equipment, fabricated metals, and other, nonspecified manufacturing.

Enter NEW YORK CITY, *in even fancier costume.*

NEW YORK CITY (*crustily*): Oh, shove it along, you scene-stealing, part-padding little—

Kicks him in shins.

BRIDGEPORT: Bloody hell!

Lunges at her. They grapple to the floor.

CURTAIN.

INTERMISSION.

ACT III, SCENE 1

Enter THE BOB, *in an endless-mountainous-waste-of-snow-trees-and-sky costume.*

THE BOB: Created by act of Congress in 1966, I am the largest officially designated Wilderness Area in the contiguous forty-eight states. I can beat anybody.

Enter omnes. General free-for-all ensues.

MORTALITY ITSELF *crushes* TROY/BRIDGEPORT *under its wheels.*

THE BONDS AMONG THE WOMEN *and* THE CITY OF DUBLIN *stab each other.*

NEW YORK CITY *and* CICELY, ALASKA, *butt heads, fall unconscious.*

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE *is killed attempting to intervene.*

None are left standing but MORTALITY ITSELF *and* THE BOB.

THE BOB: I am the land, I endure.

Fires a grenade launcher through MORTALITY ITSELF'S *windshield.*

MORTALITY ITSELF *explodes in flames, siren screeching. Siren fades.*

CURTAIN.

"The Novel's Main Character" was first performed before a live audience in the Old Ben Theatre in London, England. Subsequently, a production featuring the original cast was mounted in New York, using a text in which a few words had been changed—"lorry" to "flashlight," for example—to make it more acceptable to an American ear. Critics agreed that no cast could have better suited the roles. As The English Language, Sir Ralph invested the part with shadings that gave the audience a sense of what it felt like to be a modern language from the inside; at the character's tragic and unnecessary death in Act III, some had to look away. Sir John, departing from typecasting to play The Bonds Among the Women, fleshed out the role beautifully with expressive hand gestures. The supporting players—Mmes. Plowright and Bloom—did all that could be asked, despite their relatively brief stage time, while Miss Kirkland and Mr. Branagh portrayed large metropolitan areas with aplomb. The evening, however, belonged to Dame Edith as The Bob, who always brought the house down with her entrance, carrying her costume as lightly as if it were silk and not a two-hundred-pound construction of dentist's plaster, model-railroad evergreens, and artificial snow. After a long run on Broadway, the company toured the States, and then the play became a popular radio show, a movie, and then a play again, with a different title but the same idea. Many of the original cast members went on to newfound fame in their adopted country in a variety of stage and screen roles. Dame Edith, a victim of her own success, grew tired of always being cast as scenery, and so returned home. ♦

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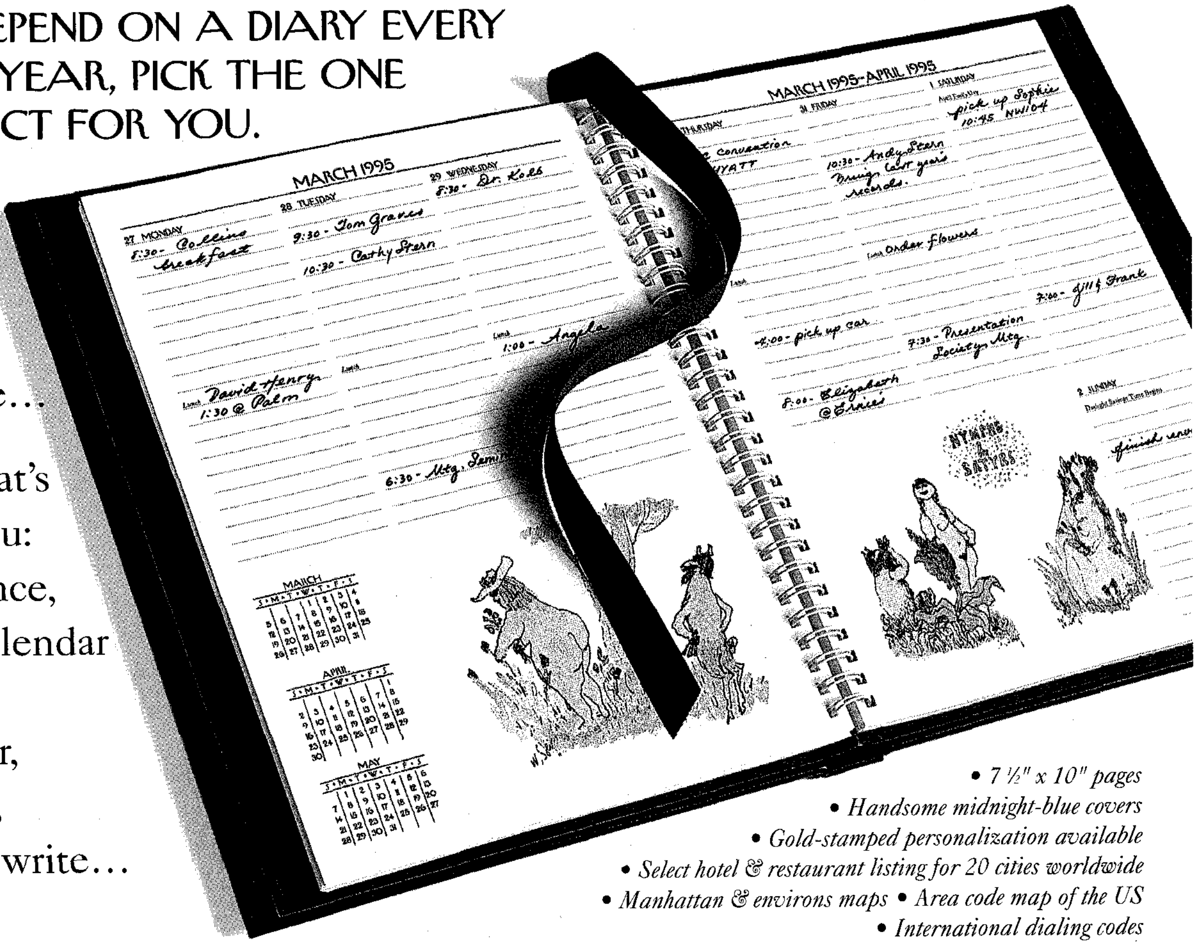
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27 MONDAY
28 TUESDAY
29 WEDNESDAY
8:30 - Collins breakfast
9:30 - Tom Graves
10:30 - Cathy Stern
8:30 - Dr. Kolb
David Henry 1:30 @ Palm
1:00 - Angela
6:30 - Mtg.
MARCH
APRIL
MAY
MARCH 1995-APRIL 1995
THURSDAY
31 FRIDAY
1 SATURDAY
2 SUNDAY
Convention
10:30 - Andy Stern
Drug Co. art year's records
pick up Sophie 10:45 NW104
Order flowers
4:00 - pick up car
7:30 - Presentation Society Mtg.
7:00 - Jill & Frank
8:00 - Elizabeth @ Sinai
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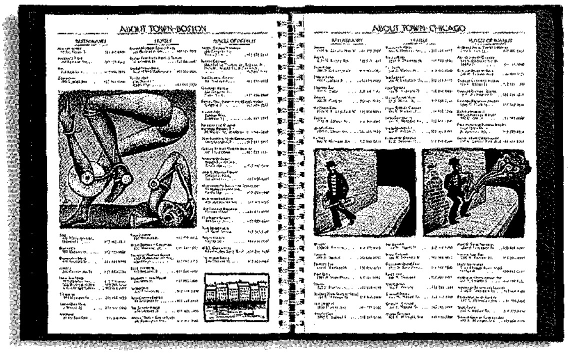
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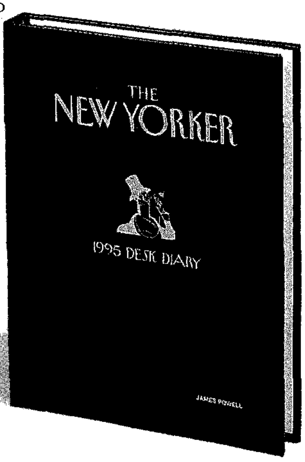
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JAMES POWELL

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE NAKED CITADEL

A visit behind the walls of the military academy called The Citadel reveals an isolated, relentless, and sometimes brutal male culture, and yields an unexpected explanation of why the cadets, and their administrative mentors, so fear the presence of one female student.

BY SUSAN FALUDI

ALONG the edges of the quad, in the gutters, the freshman cadets were squaring their corners. The "knobs," as they are called for their nearly hairless doorknob pates, aren't allowed to step on the lawn of the broad parade ground, which is trimmed close, as if to match their shorn heads. Keeping off the grass is one of many prohibitions that obtain at The Citadel, a public military college on Charleston's Ashley River. Another is the rule that so many of the cadets say brought them to this Moorish-style, gated campus: Girls keep out.

The campus has a dreamy, flattened quality, with its primary colors, checkerboard courtyards, and storybook-castle barracks. It feels more like an architect's rendering of a campus—almost preternaturally clean, orderly, antiseptic—than the messy real thing. I stood at the far end of the quad, at the academic hall's front steps, and watched the cadets make their herky-jerky perpendicular turns as they drew closer for the first day of class. They walked by stiffly, their faces heat-blotched and vulnerable, and as they passed each in turn shifted his eyes downward. I followed one line of boys into a classroom, a Western Civ class—except, of course, they weren't really boys at all. These were college men, manly recruits to an élite military college whose virile exploits were mythicized in best-selling novels by Calder Willingham and Pat Conroy, both Citadel alumni. So why did I expect their voices to crack when they spoke for the first time? Partly, it was the grammar-schoolish taking of attendance, compulsory at The Citadel. Multiple absences can lead to "tours," hours of marching back and forth in the courtyard with a pinless rifle over one shoulder; or to "cons," confinement to one's room.

But mostly it was the young men themselves, with their doughy faces and twitching limbs, who gave me the urge to babysit. Despite their enrollment in a college long considered "the big bad macho school" (as a former R.O.T.C. commander, Major General Robert E. Wagner, once put it), the cadets lacked the swagger and knowingness of big men on campus. They perched tentatively on their chairs, their hands arranged in a dutiful clasp on their desktops, as if they were expecting a ruler slap to the knuckles. A few dared to glance over at the female visitor, but whenever they made eye contact they averted their gaze and color stained their cheeks.

"As many of you probably know," their teacher said, "this was almost the day the first woman joined The Citadel." The cadets continued to study their polished shoes. "How do you, in fact, feel about whether women should be allowed to attend?"

Silence reigned. Maybe the cadets felt the question put them in an awkward spot. Not only was their teacher in favor of admitting women to The Citadel's Corps of Cadets, the teacher *was* a woman. Indeed, Professor Jane Bishop seemed to be in the strange situation of calling in an air strike on her own position. It was the first day of fall classes in the 1993–94 academic year at The Citadel, and she was broaching the question of the hour. But this incongruity wasn't limited to her classroom. From the moment I stepped onto the school's campus, I had been struck by an unexpected circumstance: though an all-male institution—an institution, moreover, whose singular mission was "making men"—The Citadel was by no means free of women. Female teachers were improving cadets' minds, female administrators were keeping their records, and an all-female (and all-black) staff served the meals in the mess hall. There was also the fact that female students made up seventy-seven per cent of the enrollment of the evening school, and many other female students attended summer school with the cadets. What about them? Of course, summer school and evening school aren't part of the military college proper. Cadets don't attend the evening school; and as Major Rick Mill, The Citadel's public-relations director, notes, those cadets who attend the summer school "aren't wearing their uniforms."

Today they were, and so was their teacher. All permanent instructors, regardless of their sex (about fifteen per cent are women), wear uniforms as part of their required affiliation with a largely ceremonial outfit once known as the South Carolina Unorganized Militia, and still called by the unfortunate acronym SCUM. Bishop wore hers with what seemed like a deliberate air of disarray.

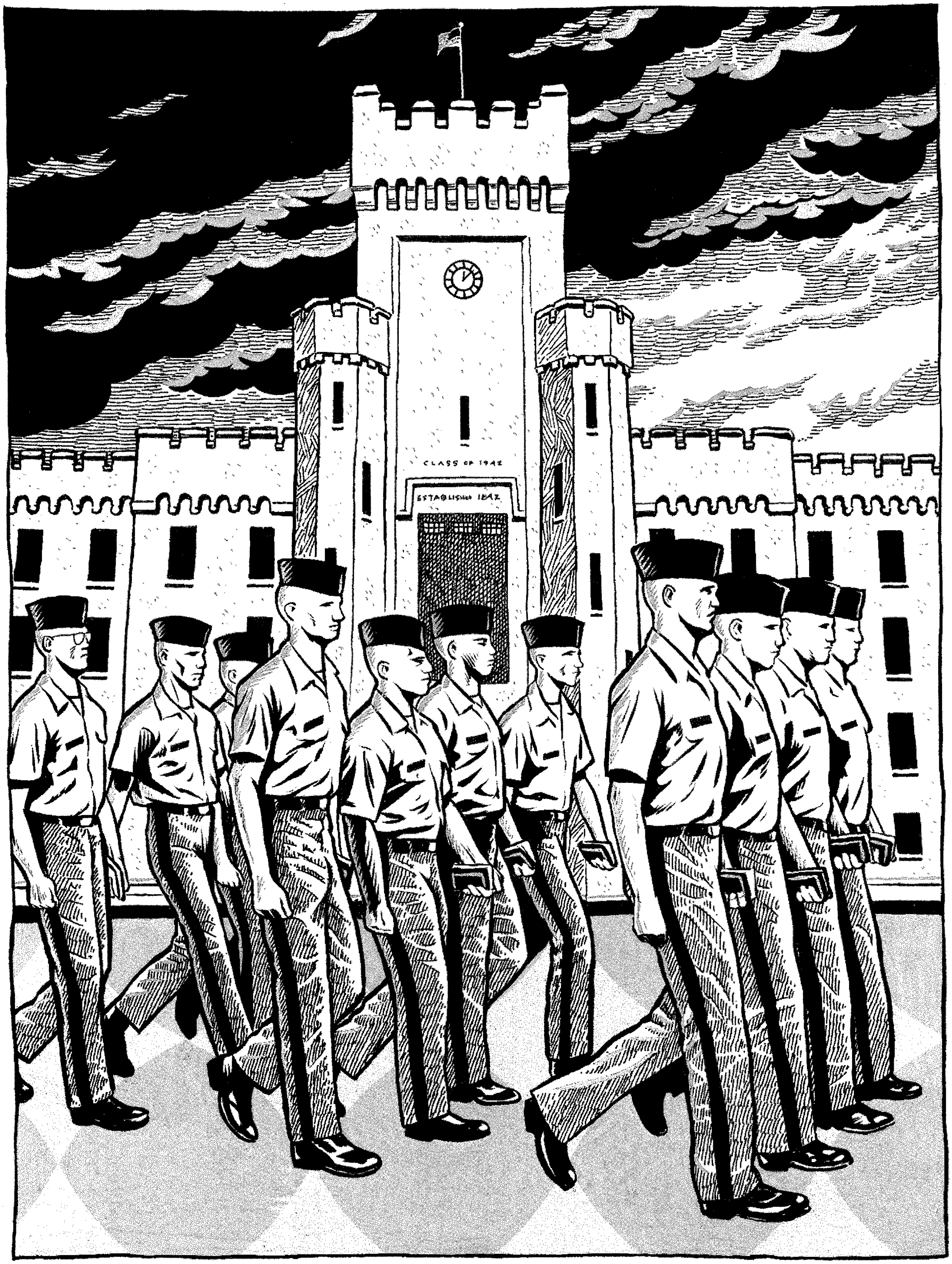
The cadets' uniforms were considerably tidier—testament to the efficacy of the famous cadet shirt tuck, a maneuver akin to hospital-corners bedmaking and so exacting a cadet cannot perform it without assistance. Even so, the gray cadet uniform, with the big black stripe down the side of the pants and the nametag above the left breast, is the sort more often seen on high-school band members than on fighting soldiers.

"Remember," Bishop prodded them, "speech is free in the classroom."

At last, a cadet unclasped and raised a hand. "Well, I'd have no problem with her in the day program, but she can't join the Corps."

"She," as everyone there knew, was Shannon Faulkner, the woman who had challenged the school's hundred-and-fifty-year-old all-male policy by omitting reference to her sex from her application

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK ZINGARELLI


CLASS OF 1942
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Freshmen are in the "fourth-class system," a regimen to "strip" each recruit of his identity and remold him into the "Whole Man."

and winning acceptance to the Corps of Cadets earlier that year—acceptance that was rescinded once the administrators discovered their error. Faulkner's attempt to gain entrance then shifted from the admissions office to the courts. She was allowed under court order to attend day classes during the spring semester of 1994, the first woman to do so. On July 22nd, a United States District Court ruled that The Citadel must admit Faulkner into the Corps of Cadets proper; three weeks later, the Fourth United States Circuit Court of Appeals granted The Citadel a stay pending appeal.

Yet why shouldn't she be permitted into the Corps, Bishop pressed. One of her students recited the fitness requirement—forty-five pushups and fifty-five sit-ups in two-minute sets, and a two-mile run in sixteen minutes. But the administration made passing the fitness test a requirement for graduation only *after* Shannon Faulkner filed suit. An alumnus recounted in court that many upperclassmen he knew who had failed the test skipped the punitive morning run and "sat around and ate doughnuts." Another of Bishop's students cited the shaved-head rule. But this, too, seemed a minor point. A woman cadet could conceivably get a buzz cut. Sinéad O'Connor had done it, Bishop pointed out, without undue injury to her career. And, anyway, after freshman year the men no longer get their heads shaved. Other deprivations of freshman year were invoked: having to "brace" on demand—that is, assume a stance in which a knob stands very erect and tucks in his chin until it puckers up like a rooster's wattle—and having to greet every upperclassman's bellowed command and rebuke with "Sir, yes sir!" or "Sir, no sir!" or "Sir, no excuse sir!" But women, obviously, aren't incapable of obeisance; one might even say they have a long history of it.

Weighing heaviest on the cadets' minds, it turned out, was the preservation of the all-male communal bathroom. The sharing of the stall-less showers and stall-less toilets is "at the heart of the Citadel experience," according to more than one cadet. The men bathe as a group; they walk to the shower down the open galleries, in full view of the courtyard below, and do so, one cadet said, in "nothing but our bathrobes" or "even without any clothes." Another cadet said, "I know it sounds trivial, but all of us in one shower, it's like we're all one, we're all the same, and—I don't know—you feel like you're exposed, but you feel safe. You know these guys are going to be your friends for life." His voice trailed off. "I just can't explain it, but when they take that away, it's over. This place will be ruined."

"If women come here, they'll have to put up window shades in all the rooms," a cadet said. "Think of all the windows in the barracks. That could be eight thousand, nine thousand dollars. You've got to look at the costs."

At the end of the hour, the cadets filed out and resumed their double-time jog along the gutters—and their place in the "fourth-class system." This "system" is a nine-month regimen of small and large indignities intended to "strip" each young recruit of his original identity and remold him into the "Whole Man," a vaguely defined ideal, half Christian soldier, half Dale Carnegie junior executive. As a knob explained it to me, "We're all suffering together. It's how we bond." Another knob said, "It's a strange analogy, but it's almost like a P.O.W. camp."

One cadet dawdled, glancing nervously around, then sidled up to me. He spoke in a near whisper, and what he had to say had nothing to do with lavatory etiquette or military tradition. "The great majority of the guys here are very misogynistic," he said. "All they talk about is how girls are pigs and sluts."

I asked him to explain at greater length. He agonized. "I have to keep quiet," he said, but he finally agreed to meet me later, in an out-of-the-way spot on the upper floor of the student-activities center. He rejoined his classmates with that distinctive knob march, "the march of the puppets," as a professor described it to me later. It was a gait caused in some cases, I was told, by the most conscientious cadets' efforts to keep their shirts perfectly straight with the help of garters—one end of the garter clipped to the shirttail, the other end to the socks.

Welcome to
CHARLESTON
All America City

As I waited for my cadet informant, I decided to kill an hour on the vast parade ground, where the Corps of Cadets marches every Friday afternoon in full dress uniforms, and where, according to an old school brochure, "manhood meets mastery." This is a paramilitary display, not a military one. Despite the regalia and officer ranks, and despite its notoriously fierce military discipline ("To discipline is to teach" is the motto emblazoned on one of the school's books of regulations), this is a military academy by self-designation only. Unlike the federal service academies—West Point, Annapolis, the Air Force Academy—The Citadel has no connection with the United States Armed Forces (other than its R.O.T.C. program and its employment of some active and retired officers). Its grounds are adorned with dusty and decommissioned military hardware—a Sherman tank, a submarine's torpedo-loading hatch, a Phantom jet named Annette, two cannons named Betsy and Lizzie. In most cases, the weapons, including the pinless M-14s the cadets carry, are inoperative. The mouths of the various cannons are stuffed with cement—all except those of Betsy and Lizzie, which are fired during parades, but carefully aimed high enough so that their powder does not dust the crenellated barracks. The over-all effect is that of a theme park for post-Cold War kids.

The hokeyness and childlike innocence of the scene—the stage-prop artillery, the toy-soldier clip-clop of the cadets as they squared their corners—were endearing, in a Lost Boys sort of way, and I strolled over to the student-activities center for my rendezvous with my cadet informant thinking that The Citadel's version of martial culture was not so menacing after all. The cadet was not in evidence. I spent the next thirty minutes prowling the halls, which were lined with portraits of stern-faced "gen-

TEMP INC.
Lorenz

"You may have a bit of a wait—there are sixteen Russian nuclear physicists ahead of you."

erals" (I couldn't tell which were United States military and which were SCUM), and examining ads on the student bulletin board for items like "Save the Males" bumper stickers. I tried to reach the cadet's room by phone—women aren't admitted into the barracks—but he was not there. A bit thoughtlessly, I left a message with an upperclassman and headed toward town.

At my hotel, the receptionist handed me a message from my vanished cadet. "Please, don't ever call here again!" it read. The phone clerk peered at me curiously. "Sorry about that exclamation mark, but he seemed quite distraught," she said. "His voice was shaking."

What brought a young man to an all-male preserve in the last decade of the twentieth century, anyway? What was going on outside the academy gates that impelled thousands of boys, Southern and Northern alike (about a fifth of its student body of about two thousand are Yankees), to seek refuge behind a pair of corroding cannons?

"THE forces arrayed against us," an attorney named Robert Patterson declared in a February, 1994, court hearing, consider his military academy to be "some big-game animal to be hunted down, tracked, caught, badgered, and killed so that some lawyer or some organization can go back up and hang a trophy on a wall in an office." Patterson was defending not The Citadel but the Virginia Military Institute, which is the only other public military academy in the United States that does not admit women, and which was involved in a similar sex-discrimination suit. (Three months later, Patterson, a V.M.I. alumnus, returned to court to defend The Citadel.) "I will say this, Your Honor," he went on. "This quest by these people constitutes the longest and most expensive publicly financed safari in the annals of big-game hunting."

The Citadel's administration has fought the female hunters with a legal arsenal of nearly a million dollars and with dour, tight-lipped determination, which has only increased with time. The Citadel's president, Claudius Elmer (Bud) Watts III, who is a retired Air Force lieutenant general and a second-generation Citadel alumnus, views Shannon Faulkner's legal efforts as an enemy invasion, placing his young troops "under attack." "The Citadel is in this to the end," he pronounced at a press conference held in the spring of 1994 on the parade ground, his feet planted between Betsy and Lizzie, his uniform decked with ribbons, and his chin tucked in, as is his custom, as if in a permanent brace position.

Later, in his living room, surrounded by coffee-table books on football, Watts told me firmly, "You cannot put a male and a female on that same playing field," though he couldn't say exactly why. Of his own Citadel years he conceded, "I've not the foggiest notion if it would have been different" had women attended. He was just glad there were no female cadets then; otherwise, he said, the cadets would have faced "a different form of intimidation—not wanting to be embarrassed in front of a girl."

Faulkner has been opposed not only by many Citadel staff and alumni but—at least, publicly—by almost all the current cadets. They say that her presence in the Corps would absolutely destroy a basic quality of their experience as Citadel men. She would be what one Citadel defender called in his court deposition "a toxic kind of virus." Tellingly, even before the United States District Court judge enjoined The Citadel to admit Faulkner to the Corps of Cadets for the fall of 1994, and before the injunction was set aside, the administration announced its selection of her living quarters: the infirmary.

Cadets cite a number of reasons that women would have a deleterious effect on the Corps of Cadets, and the reasons are repeated so often as to be easily predictable, though their expression can be novel. "Studies show—I can't cite them, but studies show that males learn better when females aren't there," one cadet explained to me (a curious sentiment at a school where a knob motto about grades is "2.0 and Go"). "If a girl was here, I'd be concerned not to look foolish. If you're a shy student, you won't be as inhibited." Another cadet said, "See, you don't have to impress them here. You're free." From a third: "Where does it end? Will we have unisex bathrooms?" But

SPOR
SMI
INC.

"Did I have lunch today?"

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among the reasons most frequently heard for repelling Faulkner at the gate is this: "She would be destroying a long and proud tradition."

The masculine traditions of West Point and Annapolis were also closely guarded by their male denizens, but the resistance to women joining their ranks was nowhere near as fierce and filled with doomsday rhetoric as The Citadel's efforts to repel feminine interlopers. At Norwich University, a private military college in Northfield, Vermont, that voluntarily opened its barracks to women in 1974, two years before the federal service academies, the administration actually made an effort to recruit and accommodate women. "There was no storm of protest," said a Norwich spokeswoman, Judy Clauson. But then, "it was a time when there were so many rules that were being loosened." The Air Force veteran Linnea Westberg, who was one of the eight women in Norwich's first coed class, recalled, of her integration into its corps, that "ninety-five per cent of the male cadets were fine, especially the freshmen, who didn't know any different." Westberg said she was baffled by the intensity of The Citadel's opposition to women in its corps. "It's hard for me to believe it's still an issue."

"THE CITADEL is a living museum to the way things used to be," John Drennan, a Citadel graduate and a public defender in Charleston, told me one day during The Citadel's legal proceedings. But how, exactly, did things use to be? The cadets and the alumni of the school, along with those protesting against its exclusionary policies, envision its military tradition above all. And The Citadel once did have a strong military aspect: it was formed as an arsenal in 1822 in response to a slave revolt purportedly planned by the freed Charleston slave Denmark Vesey, which, though it was foiled, aroused widespread alarm in the region. Yet twenty years later the guns and the gold braid became mere adornment as The Citadel turned into an industrial school of domestic and practical skills. Union troops shut down The Citadel at the end of the Civil War, but it was reinvented and reopened in 1882, after the Union's Reconstruction officials had thoroughly stripped the school of all military muscle. Its new mission was to reinvigorate the masculinity of the South by showing its men how to compete with the business and industrial skills of the Yankee carpetbaggers, who were believed to be much better prepared than the sons of Dixie to enter the Darwinian fray of modern commerce. John Peyre Thomas, who ran The Citadel from 1882 to 1885, wrote of the need to teach spoiled plantation boys the rudiments of self-reliance. "It must be admitted that the institution of African slavery, in many respects, affected injuriously the white youth of the South," he wrote. "Reared from infancy to manhood with servants at his command to bring his water, brush his shoes, saddle his horse, and, in fine, to minister to his personal wants, the average Southern boy grew up in some points of character dependent, and lazy, and inefficient. He was found, too, wanting in those habits of order and system that come from the necessity, in man, to economize time and labor."

What makes the school's Reconstruction-era mission important is that in so many ways it remains current; the masculine and industrial culture of our age and that of the conquered South may have more in common than we care to imagine. Again, we are at a psychic and economic crisis point for manhood. And, again, the gun issues hide the butter issues: the bombast masks a deep insecurity about employment and usefulness in a world where gentleman soldiers are an anachronism and a graduate with gentleman's C's may find himself busing tables at Wendy's.

The uncertain prospects of Citadel graduates are worsened by military downsizing. Only about a third of recent graduates entered the military—a figure that has fallen steeply since the mid-seventies, when half of The Citadel's graduating class routinely took a service commission. News of Shannon Faulkner's court case competed in the Charleston *Post & Courier* with news of the shutting down of the local shipyards and decommissionings from the local military installations.

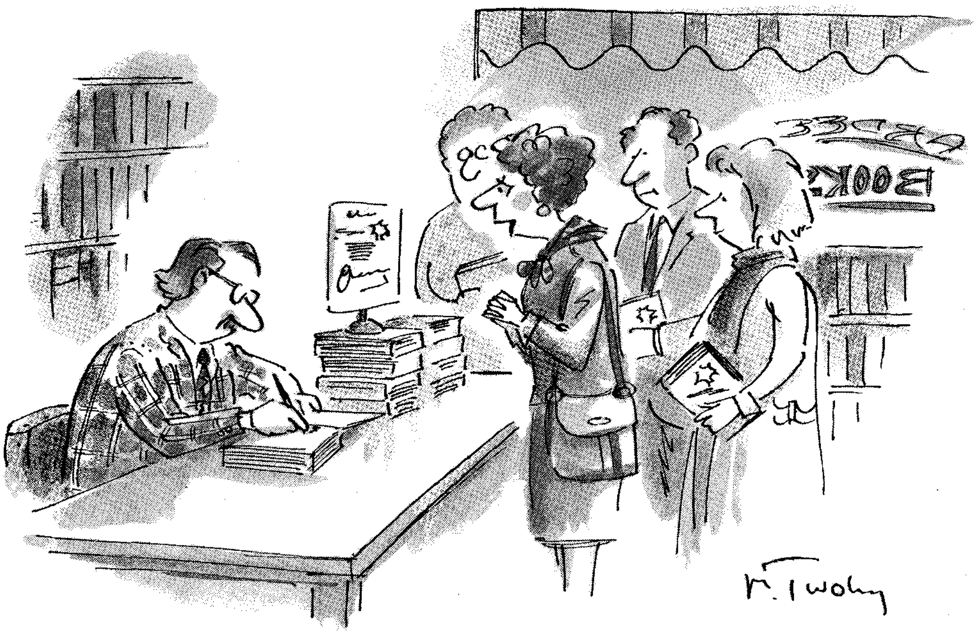
The night before the closing arguments in Faulkner's suit, I had dinner at the on-campus home of Philippe and Linda Ross, who have both taught at The Citadel. Philippe, the head of the Biology Department, had just completed his first round of moonlighting as a "retraining" instructor at the Charleston Naval Shipyard. He had been prepping laid-off nuclear engineers to enter one of the few growth industries in the area—toxic-waste management. Facing a room filled with desperate men each day had been a dispiriting experience, he said. He recalled the plea of a middle-aged engineer, thrust out of the service after twenty-six years: "All I want to do is work." Linda Ross, who was then teaching psychology at The Citadel, looked across the table with a pained expression. "That whole idea that if a young man went to college he could make a decent living and buy a house, and maybe even a boat, just does not hold anymore," she said softly. "There's a Citadel graduate working as a cashier at the grocery store. And the one thing these young men felt they could count on was that if things got hard they could always go into the military. No more. And they are bitter and angry."

IN the fall of 1991, Michael Lake, a freshman, decided to leave The Citadel. He had undergone weeks of bruising encounters with upperclassmen—encounters that included being knocked down with a rifle butt and beaten in the dark by a pack of cadets. Incidents of hazing became so violent that, in a school where publicly criticizing the alma mater is virtually an act of treason, several athletes told their stories to *Sports Illustrated.* Much of the violence was aimed at star freshman athletes: a member of the cycling team was forced to hang by his fingers over a sword poised two inches below his testicles; a placekicker had his head dunked in water twenty times until he was unconscious; a linebacker was forced to swallow his chewing tobacco and tormented until, he said later, "I was unable even to speak clearly in my classes." It was a time when the Churchill Society, a literary club reportedly containing a white-supremacist faction, was organized on campus. It was a time when the local chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People urged a federal investigation into a pair of racial incidents on the school's campus: the appearance of a noose over the bed of a black freshman who had earlier refused to sing "Dixie," and the shooting and wounding of a black cadet by a sniper who was never identified. (A few years earlier, upperclassmen wearing Klan-like costumes left a charred paper cross in the room of a black cadet.) And it was a time when a leader of the Junior Sword Drill, a unit of cadet sword-bearers, leaped off a five-foot dresser onto the head of a prostrate cadet, then left him in a pool of blood in a barracks hall. According to one cadet, a lacrosse-team member returning from an away game at three in the morning stumbled upon the victim's unconscious body, his face split open, jaw and nose broken, mouth a jack-o'-lantern of missing teeth.

One night, at about 2 A.M., high-ranking cadets trapped a raccoon in the barracks and began to stab it with a knife. Beau Turner, a student at the school, was awakened by the young men's yelling. "My roommate and I went out there to try and stop it," Turner recalled, "but we were too late." Accounts of the episode vary. In a widely circulated version (which was referred to in a faculty member's testimony), the cadets chanted, "Kill the bitch! Kill the bitch!" as they tortured the raccoon to death.

In October, 1993, two upperclassmen burst into the room of two freshmen and reportedly kneed them in the genitals, pulled out some of their chest hair, and beat them up. They were arrested on charges of assault and battery, and agreed to a program of counselling and community service, which would wipe clean their records. They withdrew from The Citadel, in lieu of expulsion, the spokesman Major Rick Mill said.

One of the offending cadets, Adrian Baer, told me that he and the other accused sophomore, Jeremy Leckie, did indeed come back from drinking, burst into the knobs' room after 10 P.M., and "repeatedly struck them in the chest and stomach" and bruised one of them in the face, but he denied having kicked them



"I've read all your books and seen all your plays, and I wear your 'Gimme' cap."

in the groin and yanked out chest hair. He said that what he did was common procedure—and no different from the "motivational" treatment he had received as a knob at the hands of a senior who came into *his* room. They entered the freshmen's room, Baer explained, because they viewed one of the occupants as "a problem" knob who "needed some extra motivation." Baer elaborated: "His pinkie on his right hand wouldn't completely close when he went to salute. He caught a lot of heat for that, of course, because it's a military school; it's important to salute properly." The strict rule that upperclassmen not fraternize with knobs, he said, meant that they couldn't simply counsel the freshman kindly. "If we just sat down and said, 'Listen, guy, we have a little problem,' that would be fraternization. And more important, knobs would lose respect for upperclassmen. It's a lot of denial on the part of officials at The Citadel about hazing," Baer said. "They don't want to believe it goes on." Leckie's father, Timothy Rinaldi, said that while he believed his son "was definitely in the wrong," he felt The Citadel's fourth-class system bred such behavior. "They help build this monster," he said of The Citadel, "the monster gets up off the table and starts walking through town—and now Dr. Frankenstein wants to shoot it."

Needless to say, not every cadet embraces the climate of cruelty; the nocturnal maulings likely frighten as many cadets as they enthrall. But the group mentality that pervades The Citadel assures that any desire on the part of a cadet to speak out about the mounting violence will usually be squelched by the threat of ostracism and shame. While group rule typifies many institutions, military and civilian, that place a premium on conformity, the power and authoritarianism of the peer group at The Citadel is exceptional, because the college gives a handful of older students leave to "govern" the others as they see fit. (A lone officer provided by the military, who sleeps in a wing off one of the dorms, seldom interferes.) This is a situation that, over the years, an occasional school official has challenged, without success. A former assistant commandant for discipline, Army Lieutenant Colonel T. Nugent Courvoisie, recalled that he "begged" the school's president back in the sixties to place more military officers—and ones who were more mature—in the barracks, but his appeals went unheeded. Discipline and punishment in the dorms is in the hands of the student-run regimental command, and ascendancy in this hierarchy is not always predicated on compassion for one's fellow-man. In consequence, the tyranny of the few buys the silence of the many.

SUMMER
I-COMEN IN
A-GOING OUT

This unofficial pact of silence could, of course, be challenged by the Citadel officialdom. On a number of occasions over the past three decades—most recently when some particularly brutal incidents found their way into the media—The Citadel has commissioned "studies." But when the administration does go on the offensive, its animus is primarily directed not at miscreant cadets but at the "unfair" media, which are "victimizing" the institution by publicizing the bad behavior of its boys.

In recent years, enough bad news leaked out locally to become a public-relations nightmare, and the school appointed a committee of Citadel loyalists to assess the situation. Even the loyalists concluded, in a January, 1992, report, that the practice of physical abuse of freshmen, along with food and sleep deprivation, had got out of hand. As a result, Major Mill told me, The Citadel ordered upperclassmen to stop using pushups as a "disciplinary tool" on individual cadets. "That was the most important one" of the reforms prompted by the report, Mill said. Other reforms were adopted: for example, freshmen would no longer be compelled to deliver mail to upperclassmen after their evening study hours, thus reducing opportunities for hazing; freshmen would—at least officially—no longer be compelled to “brace” in the mess hall. At the same time, the report declared that it “wholeheartedly endorses the concept of the fourth-class system,” which it called “essential to the attainment of college objectives and the development of the Citadel man.”

INSTITUTIONS that boast of their insularity, whether convents or military academies, are commonly pictured in the public imagination as static, unchanging abstractions, isolated from the ebb and flow of current events. But these edifices are rarely as otherworldly as their guardians might wish; indeed, in the case of The Citadel, its bricked-off culture has functioned more as a barometer of national anxieties than as a garrison against them. The militaristic tendencies within the Corps seem to vary inversely with the esteem in which the American soldier is held in the larger society. In times when the nation has been caught up in a socially acceptable conflict, one in which its soldiers return as heroes greeted by ticker-tape parades, The Citadel has loosened its militaristic harness, or even removed it altogether. Thus, during perhaps the most acceptable war in American history, the Second World War, the fourth-class system of knob humiliation was all but discontinued. Upperclassmen couldn’t even order a knob to brace. The changes began largely in response to the demands of the real military for soldiers they could use in a modern war. “The War Department and the Navy Department were asking R.O.T.C. to do less drilling, more calculus,” Jamie Moore, a professor of history at The Citadel and a former member of the United States Army’s Historical Advisory Committee, told me. “The Citadel dismantled its fourth-class system because it was getting in the way of their military training.” The changes didn’t seem to interfere with the school’s production of Whole Men; on the contrary, an extraordinary percentage of The Citadel’s most distinguished graduates come from these years, among them United States Senator Ernest (Fritz) Hollings; Alvah Chapman, Jr., the former chief executive of Knight-Ridder; and South Carolina’s former governor John C. West.

The kinder, gentler culture of the Second World War-era Citadel survived well into the next decade. Although a new fourth-class system was soon established, it remained relatively benign. “We didn’t have the yelling we have today,” Colonel Harvey Dick, class of ’53 and now a member of The Citadel’s governing body, recalled. “They didn’t even shave the freshmen’s heads.”

The postwar years also brought the admission of women to the summer program, and without the hand-wringing provoked by Shannon Faulkner’s application. “WOMEN INVADE CITADEL CLASSES FIRST TIME IN SCHOOL’S HISTORY,” the Charleston daily noted back on page 16 of its June 21, 1949, edition. “Most male students took the advent of the ‘amazons’ in their stride,” the paper reported cheerfully. “Only the younger ones seemed at all uneasy. Professors and instructors were downright glad to see women in their classes.”

The Vietnam War, needless to say, did not inspire the same mood of relaxation on campus. “The fourth-class system was very physical,” Wallace West, the admissions director, who was an undergraduate at The Citadel during the Vietnam War years, said. “When I was there, there was no true emphasis on academics, or on positive leadership. It was who could be worked to physical exhaustion.” Alumni from those years recounted being beaten with sticks, coat hangers, and rifle butts. That was, of course, the era that inspired Pat Conroy’s novel “The Lords of Discipline,” a tale of horrific hazing, directed with special virulence against the school’s first African-American cadet. “They just tortured us,” Conroy recalled from his home, in Beaufort, South Carolina. “It taught me the exact kind of man I didn’t want to be,” he added.

In 1968, the administration appointed a committee to investigate the violence. The committee issued a report that, like its 1992 successor, concluded “there have been significant and extensive abuses to the [fourth-class] system.” And, with its strong recommendation that hazing result in expulsion, the report seemed to promise a more pacific future on campus.

IN the past decade and a half, however, the record of violence and cruelty at The Citadel has attracted increasing notice, even as the armed forces have been racked by downsizing and scandal. The Citadel president during much of this era, Major General James A. Grimsley, Jr., declined to discuss this or any other aspect of campus life during his tenure. “I don’t do interviews,” he said. “Thank you for calling, young lady.” He then hung up. Others have been less reticent.

Thirteen years before Vice-Admiral James B. Stockdale consented to be Ross Perot’s running mate, he took on what turned out be an even more thankless task: fighting brutal forms of hazing at The Citadel. In 1979, Stockdale, who had graduated from Annapolis, was chosen to be The Citadel’s president because of his status as a genuine military hero: he had survived eight years as a P.O.W. in Vietnam. This hero failed to see the point of manufactured adversity. In an afterword to the book “In Love and War,” a collaboration between Stockdale and his wife, Sybil, he wrote that there was “something mean and out of control about the regime I had just inherited.”

On his first day in the president’s office, Stockdale opened a desk drawer and discovered “what turned out to be Pandora’s box,” he wrote. “From the top down, what was written on the papers I took out of the desk drawers—and conversations with some of their authors—was enough to break anybody’s heart.” Among them was a letter from an infuriated father who wanted to know what had happened to his son “to change him from a levelheaded, optimistic, aggressive individual to a fatigued, irrational, confused and bitter one.” He also found copies of memos from The Citadel’s staff physician complaining repeatedly of (as Stockdale recalled) “excessive hospitalization”—such as the case of a knob who had suffered intestinal bleeding and was later brought back to the infirmary, having been exercised to unconsciousness. Stockdale sought to reform the system, but he was stymied at every turn. He clashed with The Citadel’s powerful Board of Visitors, an eleven-member committee of alumni that sets school policy. The Board of Visitors overruled his expulsion of a senior cadet who had reportedly been threatening freshmen with a pistol. A year into his presidency, Stockdale submitted his resignation. After he left, the board reinstated an avenging friend of the senior cadet who, according to Stockdale, had attempted to break into his house one evening. (The then chairman of the Board of Visitors maintains that the cadet was drunk and looking for the barracks.)

"They thought they were helping people into manhood," Stockdale recalled, from a more serene post, in Palo Alto, California, where he is a scholar at Stanford's Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace. "But they had no idea what that meant—or who they were."

AFTER Watts became president, in 1989, some faculty members began to observe a creeping militarization imposed by the administration upon the Corps's already drill-heavy regimen. Four special military days were added to the academic year. At the beginning of one semester, President Watts held a faculty meeting in a room above the mess hall. "Watts had these soldiers standing around the room with their hands behind them," Gardel Feurtado, a political-science professor and one of only two African-American professors, recalled. Watts, he said, lectured the faculty for about three hours. "He didn't talk about academics or educational goals. He just talked about cadets' training, and he showed us a film of it," Feurtado told me. According to Feurtado, Watts told the faculty to line up in groups behind the soldiers for a tour of the barracks. "I said, 'Enough of this,' and I started to walk out. And this soldier stopped me and said, 'Where do you think you're going, sir?' and I said, 'You do realize that I am not in the military?' " Feurtado had to push by him to leave.

When Michael Lake looked back on the abuse he suffered during his abbreviated knob year of '91, he could now see before him, like the emergence of invisible ink on what appeared to be a blank piece of paper, the faint outlines of another struggle. What he saw was a submerged gender battle, a bitter but definitely fixed contest between the sexes, concealed from view by the fact that men played both parts. The beaten knobs were the women, "stripped" and humiliated, and the predatory upperclassmen were the men, who bullied and pillaged. If they couldn't re-create a male-dominant society in the real world, they could restage the drama by casting male knobs in all the subservient feminine roles.

"They called you a 'pussy' all the time," Lake recalled. "Or a 'fucking little girl.' " It started the very first day they had their heads shaved, when the upperclassmen stood around and taunted, "Oh, you going to get your little girlie locks cut off?" When they learned that Lake would be playing soccer that fall, their first response was "What is that, a girl's sport?" Another former cadet said that he had withstood "continual abuse," until he found himself thinking about jumping out the fourth-story window of the barracks—and quit. He reported an experience similar to Lake's. Virtually every taunt equated him with a woman: whenever he showed fear, they would say, "You look like you're having an abortion," or "Are you menstruating?" The knobs even experienced a version of domestic violence. The upperclassmen, this cadet recalled, "would go out and get drunk and they would come home and haze, and you just hoped they didn't come into your room."

"According to the Citadel creed of the cadet," Lake said, "women are objects, they're things that you can do with whatever you want to." In order to maintain this world view, the campus has to be free of women whose status might challenge it—a policy that, of course, is rarely enunciated. The acknowledged policy is that women are to be kept at a distance so they can be "respected" as ladies. Several months before Faulkner's lawsuit came to trial, I was sitting in the less than Spartan air-conditioned quarters of the senior regimental commander, Norman Doucet, the highest-ranking cadet, who commanded the barracks. Doucet, who was to be The Citadel's star witness at the Faulkner trial, was explaining to me how excluding women had enhanced his gentlemanly perception of the opposite sex. "The absence of women makes us understand them better," Doucet said. "In an aesthetic kind of way, we appreciate them more—because they are not there."

Women at less of a remove fare less well. In The Citadel's great chain of being, the "waitees"—as many students call that all-black, all-female mess-hall staff—rate as the bottom link. Some upperclassmen have patted them on their rear ends, tried to trip them as they pass the tables, or hurled food at their retreating backs. Cadets have summoned them with "Come here, bitch," or addressed one who dropped a plate or forgot an order as "you stupid whore." The pages of the *Brigadier*, the school's newspaper, bear witness to the cadets' contempt for these women. Gary Brown, now the editor-in-chief of the *Brigadier*, once advised fellow-cadets to beware of "waitee" food contamination—"the germ filled hands, the hair follicles, and other unknown horrors." Not only was he dismayed by "wavy little follicles in my food" but he found the women insufficiently obedient. "Duty is certainly not the sublimest word in the Waitee language," he wrote. In a letter to the editor, Jason S. Pausman, class of '94, urged fellow-cadets to demand "waitees without chronic diseases that involve sneezing, coughing or wiping of body parts. . . . The reality is simple, we CANNOT sit by and let the waitees of this school control us."

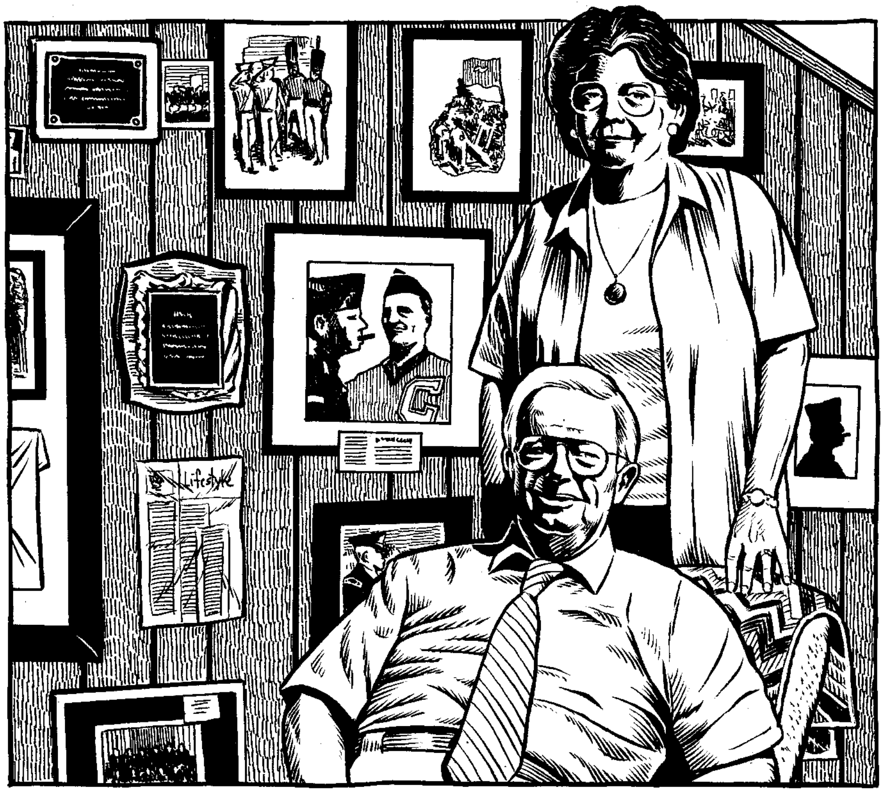
Some women faculty members report similarly resentful responses to their presence, despite—or because of—their positions of authority. Angry messages on a professor's door are one tactic. When Jane Bishop recently posted on her office door a photocopy of a New York *Times* editorial supporting women's admission to the Corps of Cadets, she found it annotated with heated rejoinders in a matter of days. "Dr. Bishop, you are a prime example of why women should not be allowed here," one scribble read. Another comment: "Women will destroy the world."

The Citadel men's approach to women seems to toggle between extremes of gentility and fury. "First, they will be charming to the women to get their way," Linda Ross said. "But if that doesn't work they don't know any other way. So then they will get angry." It's a pattern that is particularly evident in some cadets' reaction to younger faculty women.

December Green joined The Citadel's Political Science Department in

1988, the first woman that the department had ever hired for a tenure-track position. She was twenty-six and attractive—"someone the cadets might fantasize about," a colleague recalled. They were less enchanted, however, by her left-leaning politics. She soon found herself getting obscene phone calls in the middle of the night. Then obscenities began appearing on her office door. "Pussy" is the one that sticks in her mind.

Though Green's work at The Citadel was highly praised—she received an award for teaching, research, and service—she said that no one in the administration tried to stop her when she left in 1992, in despair over her inability to contain the cadets' fury. Nor, apparently, had anyone responded to her appeals to correct the situation. "A lot of terrible things happened to me there," Green, who is now teaching in Ohio, said, reluctant to revisit them. The hostility ranged from glowering group stares in the hallway to death threats—some of which appeared on the cadets' teacher-evaluation forms. The male faculty offered little support. Green recalls the department chairman instructing her to "be more maternal toward the students" when a cadet lodged a complaint about her (she had challenged his essay in which he praised apartheid). And a professor who stood by one day while his students harassed her and another woman informed her, "You get what you provoke."



The legendary Citadel elder known as the Boo, who oversaw racial integration at The Citadel in the sixties, says, "With women, there's going to be sexual harassment." His wife, Margaret, counters, "Oh, honey, those cadets are harassing each other right now." "That's different," he says. "That's standard operating procedure."

Green said she eventually had to get an unlisted number to stop the obscene calls, and also moved, in part out of fear of the cadets' vengeance. The last straw, however, came when she submitted the written threats she had received to her chairman, who passed them on to the dean of undergraduate studies, in hopes of remedial action. The dean, she said, did nothing for some months, then, after she inquired, said he had "misplaced" the offending documents.

The dean, Colonel Isaac (Spike) Metts, Jr., told me he didn't recall saying he misplaced the documents but "I might have said it's not on my desk at that time and I don't know where it is." He added that Green was a "very valuable" professor. "I don't know what else we could've done," Metts said. In any event, soon after submitting the threatening notes to the dean Green gave up. At her exit interview, she recalled, President Watts told her he didn't understand why she had been upset by the cadet harassment. "It's just a bunch of kid stuff," another male colleague said. (Lewis Spearman, the assistant to the president, said that, because of federal privacy law, Watts would have no response to Green's version of events.)

THE remaining category of women that cadets have to deal with is "the dates," as the young women they socialize with are generally called. (There are no wives; Citadel policy forbids cadets to marry, and violators are expelled.) In some respects, these young women are the greatest challenge to the cadet's sense of gender hierarchy. While the "waitees" can be cast as household servants and the female teachers as surrogate mothers, the dates are more difficult to place. Young women their age are often college students, with the same aspirations as the cadets, or even greater ones. The cadets deal with young women's rising ambitions in a number of ways. One is simply to date high-school girls, an option selected by a number of cadets. Another strategy, facilitated by The Citadel, is to cast the young women who are invited on campus into the homecoming-queen mold. The college holds a Miss Citadel contest each year, and Anne Poole, whose husband, Roger, is the vice-president of academic affairs and the dean of the college, has sat on the judging panel. Each cadet company elects a young woman mascot from a photograph competition, and their faces appear in the yearbook.

The school also sends its young men to an in-house etiquette-training seminar, in which the Citadel "hostess," a pleasant woman in her forties named Susan Bowers, gives them a lecture on how "to act gentlemanly with the girls." She arms cadets with "The Art of Good Taste," a do's-and-don'ts manual with a chapter entitled "Helping the Ladies." The guidebook outlines the "correct way of offering an arm to a lady . . . to help her down the steps," and the best method for assisting "a lady in distress." (The example of distress provided involves an elderly woman trying to open a door when her arms are full of shopping bags.) Such pointers are illustrated with pictures of fifties-style coeds sporting

Barbie-doll hair flips and clinging to the arms of their cadets, who are escorting them to "the Hop." The manual's preface states emphatically, "At all times [ladies] must be sheltered and protected not only from the elements and physical harm but also from embarrassment, crudity, or coarseness of any sort."

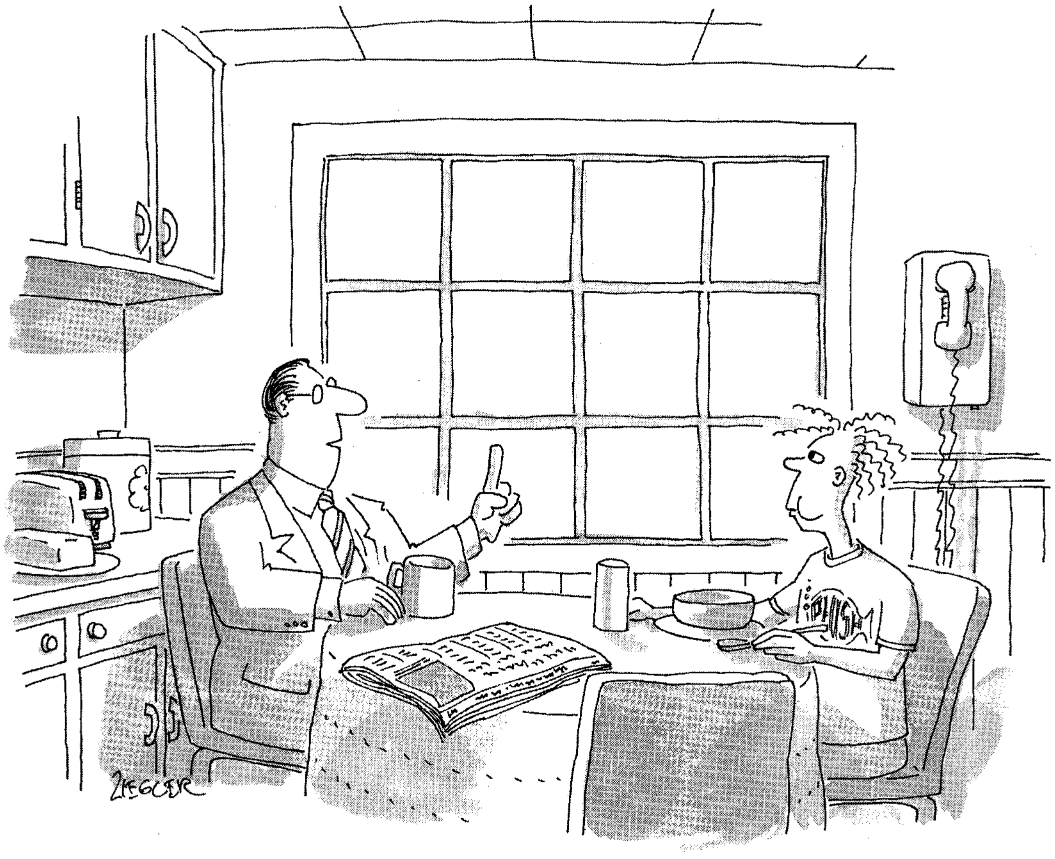
Susan Bowers explained the duties of her office: "At the beginning of the year, we do 'situation cards' for the freshmen. And we'll bring in cheerleaders and use them as props. . . . We show cadets how to go through the receiving line, how to introduce your date, and what to say to them. In the past, we didn't have the cheerleaders to use, so they dressed up some of the guys as girls." Bowers said she felt bad for the cadets, who often come to her seeking maternal consolation. "They are very timid—afraid, almost," she said. "They are so lost, and they need a shoulder."

"The Art of Good Taste" is silent on the subject of proper etiquette toward women who require neither deference nor rescue. And, as Linda Ross observed, when the gentlemanly approach fails them cadets seem to have only one fallback—aggression. Numerous cadets spoke to me of classmates who claimed to have "knocked around" uncompliant girlfriends. Some of those classmates, no doubt, were embellishing to impress a male audience, but not always. "I know lots of stories where cadets are violent toward women," a 1991 Citadel graduate named Ron Vergnolle said. He had witnessed cadets hitting their girlfriends at a number of Citadel parties—and observed one party incident in which two cadets held down a young woman while a third drunken cadet leaned over and vomited on her. Vergnolle, a magna-cum-laude graduate of the Citadel class of '91, recounted several such stories to me, and added that bragging about humiliating an ex-girlfriend is a common practice—and the more outrageous the humiliation, the better the story, as far as many cadets are concerned. Two such cadet storytellers, for example, proudly spread the word of their exploits on Dog Day, a big outdoor party sponsored by The Citadel's senior class. The two cadets told about the time they became enraged with their dates, followed them to the Porto-sans, and, after the women had entered, pushed the latrines over so they landed on the doors, trapping the occupants. The cadets left them there. Another cadet told Vergnolle that he had tacked a live hamster to a young woman's door. There was also the cadet who boasted widely that, as vengeance against an uncoöperative young woman, he smashed the head of her cat against a window as she watched in horror. "The cat story," Vergnolle noted, "that was this guy's calling card."

Something of these attitudes shows up even in the ditties the cadets chant during their daily runs. Many of the chants are the usual military "jodies," well known for their misogynistic lyrics. But some are vintage Citadel, and include lyrics about gouging out a woman's eyes, lopping off body parts, and evisceration. A cadence remembered by one Citadel cadet, sung to the tune of "The Candy Man," begins, "Who can take two jumper cables / Clip 'em to her tit / Turn on the battery and watch the bitch twitch." Another verse starts with "Who can take an ice pick . . . " And so on.

THE day after last Thanksgiving, the phone rang at one-thirty in the morning in the home of Sandy and Ed Faulkner, in Powdersville, South Carolina, a tiny community on the outskirts of Greenville. The caller was a neighbor. They had better come outside, he said—a car had been circling their block. Sandy and Ed, the parents of Shannon Faulkner, went out on their front lawn and looked around. At first, they saw nothing. Then, as they turned back to the house, they saw that across the white porch columns and along the siding of the house, painted in gigantic and what Sandy later recalled as "blood-red" letters, were the words "Bitch," "Dyke," "Whore," and "Lesbo." Ed got up again at 6 A.M. and, armed with a bucket of white paint, hurried to conceal the message from his daughter.

A few days after the judge ordered The Citadel to admit Faulkner to the Corps of Cadets, morning rush-hour drivers in Charleston passed



"For me, son, the 45 has always been the only format when it comes to a really hot single."

"I caught this guy ruminating in public."

• •

by a huge portable sign that read "Die Shannon." At least this threat wasn't home delivered. In the past year, instances of vandalism and harassment have mounted at the Faulkner home. Someone crawled under the house and opened the emergency exhaust valve on the water heater. The gas tank on Sandy's car was pried open. Someone driving a Ford Bronco mowed down the mailbox. Another motorist "did figure-eights through my flower bed," Sandy said. "This year, I didn't even plant flowers, because I knew they would just tear them up." And someone with access to Southern Bell's voice-mail system managed, twice, to tap into their voice mail and change their greeting, both times to a recording featuring rap lyrics about a "bitch" with a "big butt." Callers phoned in the middle of the night with threatening messages. Sandy called the county sheriff's department about the vandalism, but in Anderson County, which has been home to many Citadel graduates, the deputy who arrived was not particularly helpful. He told them, Sandy recalled, "Well, if you're going to mess with The Citadel, you're just going to have to expect that."

Every trial has its rare moments of clarity, when the bramble of admissibility arguments and technicalities is cut away and we see the actual issue in dispute. One such moment came toward the end of the Faulkner-Citadel trial, when Alexander Astin, the director of the Higher Education Research Institute at the University of California at Los Angeles, took the stand. Astin, who is widely viewed as a leading surveyor of college-student performance and attitudes, found no negative effects on male students in nineteen all-male colleges he had studied which had gone coeducational.

"Can you tell me what kind of woman you would think would want to attend a coeducational Citadel?" Robert Patterson, the Citadel attorney who had previously represented V.M.I., asked Astin, his voice full of unflattering insinuation about the kind of woman he imagined her to be.

ASTIN: I suppose the same as the kind of men who want to go there.

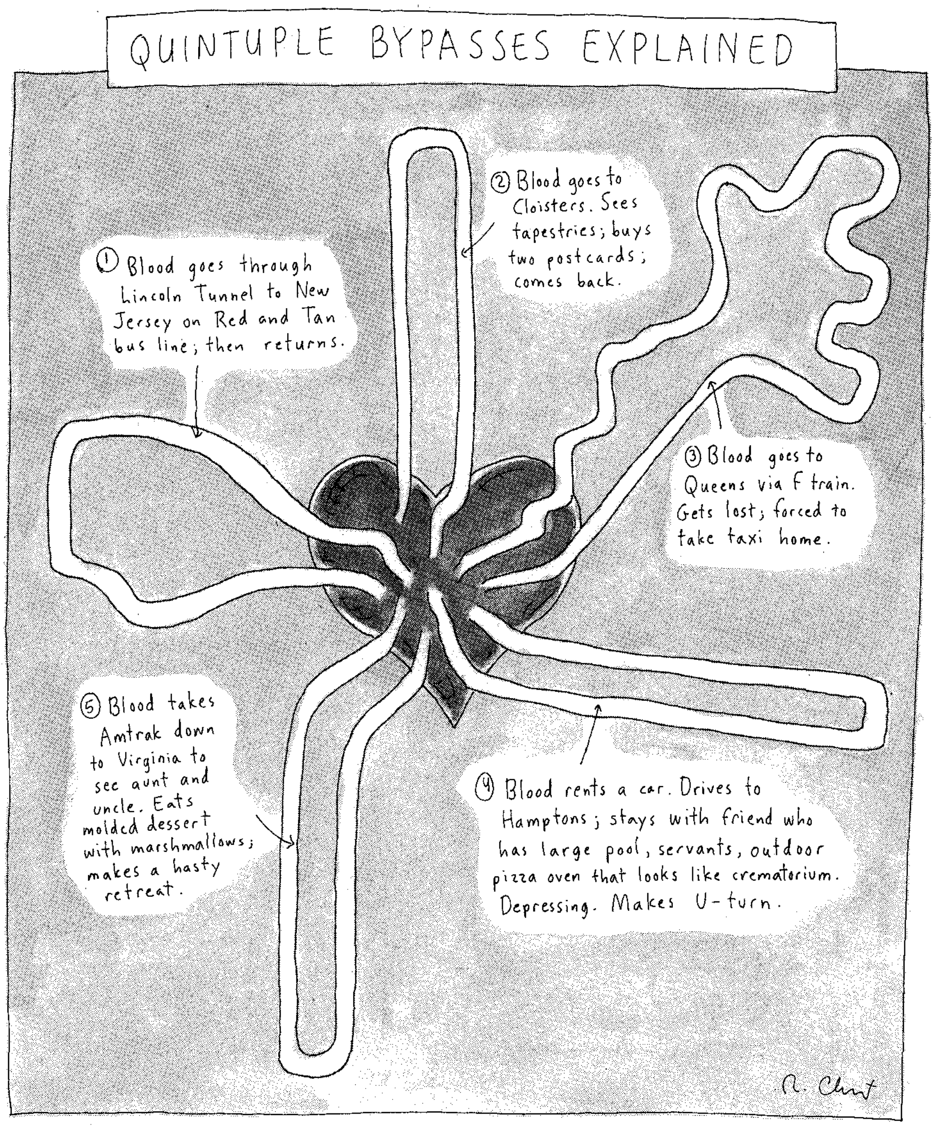
PATTERSON: Would it be a woman that would not be all that different from men?

ASTIN: Yes.

To Patterson, this was a triumphant moment, and he closed on it: he had forced the government's witness to admit that a woman like Shannon Faulkner would have to be a mannish aberration from her gender. But in fact Astin's testimony expressed the precise point that the plaintiff's side had been trying to make all along, and that The Citadel strenuously resisted: that the sexes were, in the end, not all that different.

"I WAS considered the bitch of the band," Shannon Faulkner said, without embarrassment, of her four years in her high school's marching band—just stating a fact. She was lounging on the couch in her parents' living room, comfortable in an old T-shirt and shorts, one leg swung over an arm of the couch. "That's because I was the one who was mean and got it done." The phone rang, for the millionth time—another media call. "I'm not giving statements to the press right now," she said efficiently into the phone, and hung up. She did not apologize for her brusqueness, as I was half expecting her to do, after she put down the receiver. There is nothing of the good girl about her. Not that she is disagreeable; Shannon Faulkner just doesn't see the point in false deference. "I never let anyone push me around, male or female," Faulkner said, and that fact had been exasperatingly obvious to reporters who covered the trial: they found that all the wheedling and cheap flatteries that usually prompt subjects to say more than they should didn't work with Faulkner.

One could scrounge around in Faulkner's childhood for the key to what made her take on The Citadel. You could say that it was because she was born six weeks premature, and her fierce struggle to live forged a "survivor." You could cite her memory that as a small child she preferred playing outside with the boys to playing with certain girls, whom she deemed "too prissy." You


QUINTUPLE BYPASSES EXPLAINED
① Blood goes through Lincoln Tunnel to New Jersey on Red and Tan bus line; then returns.
② Blood goes to Cloisters. Sees tapestries; buys two postcards; comes back.
③ Blood goes to Queens via F train. Gets lost; forced to take taxi home.
④ Blood rents a car. Drives to Hamptons; stays with friend who has large pool, servants, outdoor pizza oven that looks like crematorium. Depressing. Makes U-turn.
⑤ Blood takes Amtrak down to Virginia to see aunt and uncle. Eats molded dessert with marshmallows; makes a hasty retreat.
R. Chast

could point to her sports career in high school and junior high: she lettered in softball for four years and kept stats for three of the schools' four basketball teams. You could note her ability to juggle tasks: she edited the yearbook, wrote for the school paper, and graduated with a 3.48 grade-point average. And you could certainly credit the sturdy backbone and outspokenness of both her mother and her maternal grandmother; this is a family where the women talk and the men keep a low profile. Her father, Ed, owns a small fence-building business. At thirty, a few years after Shannon's birth, Sandy returned to college to get her degree, a double major in psychology and education, and became a high-school teacher of psychology, sociology, United States history, and minority cultures. When a male professor had complained about certain "older women" in his class who asked "too many questions," Sandy hurled one of her wedge-heeled sandals at him. "I said, 'I'm paying for this class, and don't you ever tell me what I can ask.' " Shannon's maternal grandmother, sixty-seven-year-old Evelyn Richey, was orphaned at six and worked most of her life in textile factories, where, she noted, "women could do the job and men got the pay." Of her granddaughter's suit she said, "Women have got to come ahead. I say, let's get on with the show."

But there's little point in a detailed inspection of family history, because there's no real mystery here. What is most striking about Shannon herself is that she's not particularly unusual. She reads novels by Tom Clancy and John Grisham, has worked in a local day-care center, is partial to places like Bennigan's. She wants a college education so she can support herself and have a career as a teacher or a journalist—she hasn't yet decided which. She might do a stint in the military, she might not. She is in many ways representative of the average striving lower-middle-class teenage girl, circa 1994, who intends to better herself and does not intend to achieve that betterment through a man—in fact, she has not for a moment entertained such a possibility.

Throughout the trial, cadets and Citadel alumni spoke of a feminist plot: she is "a pawn" of the National Organization for Women, or—a theory repeatedly posited to me by cadets—"Her mother put her up to it." Two Citadel alumni asked me in all seriousness if feminist organizations were paying Shannon Faulkner to take the stand. In truth, Shannon makes an unlikely feminist poster girl. She prefers to call herself "an individualist" and seems almost indifferent to feminist affairs; when I mentioned Gloria Steinem's name once in conversation, Shannon asked me, "Who's that?" After the judge issued his decision to admit her to the Corps, she told the New York *Times* that she didn't consider the ruling a victory "just for women"—only a confirmation of her belief that if you want something, "go for it." Shannon Faulkner's determination to enter The Citadel's Corps of Cadets was fuelled not so much by a desire to trailblaze as by a sense of amazement and indignation that this trail was barricaded in the first place. She had never, she told the court, encountered such a roadblock in all her nineteen years—a remark that perhaps only a young woman of her fortunate generation could make without perjuring herself.

Shannon Faulkner got the idea of attending The Citadel back in December of 1992. She was taking a preparatory education course at Wren High School, the local public school. Mike Hazel, the teacher, passed out articles for them to read and discuss, and Faulkner picked the article in *Sports Illustrated* about hazing at The Citadel. "It was almost as accidental as Rosa Parks," Hazel recalled. "I just held up *Sports Illustrated* and asked, 'Who wants to do this?' "

Faulkner told me she'd selected the article because "I had missed that issue." During the ensuing discussion, the class wandered off the subject of hazing and onto the question of what, exactly, a public state institution was doing barring women from its classrooms. After a while, Faulkner got up and went down to the counsellor's office, and returned with an application form from The Citadel. “I said, ‘Hey, it doesn't even say ‘Male/Female,’ ” she recalled. While she was sitting in class, she filled it out. “I didn't really make a big to-do about it.”

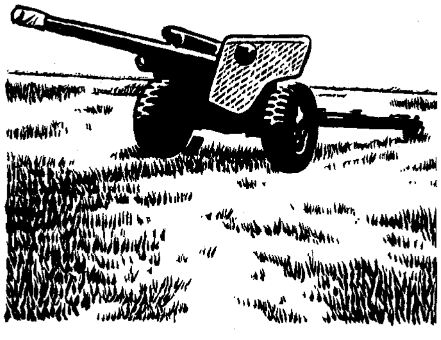
Two weeks after Faulkner received her acceptance letter, The Citadel got word she was a woman and revoked her admission, and in August of 1993 she went off to spend a semester at the University of South Carolina at Spartanburg while the courts thrashed out the next move. As the lawyers filed papers, The Citadel's defenders delivered their own increasingly agitated personal briefs to the plaintiff herself. Faulkner worked evenings as a waitress in a local bar called Chiefs Wings and Firewater until the nightly tirades from the many drunk Citadel-graduate customers got to be too much. Actually, Faulkner said, she wouldn't have quit if some of her male college friends hadn't felt the need to defend her honor. “I didn't want them getting hurt,” she said. Her manner of dealing with the Citadel crowd was more good-humored. One day at the bar, she recalled, “a guy came up to me. ‘Are you Shannon Faulkner?’ he asked, and I said ‘Why?’—very casual. Then he got real huffy-puffy, madder and madder.” Finally, she said, he stuck his ring in her face, then slammed his hand down on the table. ‘You will never wear *that!*’ he yelled. Shannon saw him a few times in the bar after that, scowling at her from a far table. To lighten the mood, she once had the bartender send him a beer. He wouldn't drink it.

“I never show my true emotions in public,” Shannon said. “I consider that weak.” She can laugh at the cadets' threats, even when they turn ugly, because she doesn't see the reason for all the fuss. Whenever she is asked to sign the latest T-shirt inspired by the controversy, which depicts a group of male bulldogs (The Citadel's mascot) in cadet uniforms and one female bulldog in a red dress, above the caption “1,952 Bulldogs and 1 Bitch,” Faulkner told me, “I always sign under the ‘Bitch’ part.”

The first day that Shannon Faulkner attended classes, in January, 1994, the cadets who had lined up by the academic building told the media the same thing over and over: “We were trained to be gentlemen, and that's what we'll be.” But in Shannon's first class, biology, all three cadets assigned to sit in her row changed their seats. The teacher, Philippe Ross, had to threaten to mark them absent to get them to return to their places. (More than twenty unexcused absences a semester is grounds for failure.) Shortly thereafter, a rumor began to circulate that Faulkner was using a fake I.D. in the local bars. This summer, talk of a plot against Faulkner surfaced—to frame her, perhaps by planting drugs in her belongings. The threat seemed real enough for Faulkner to quit her summer job, in the Charleston area, and return home.

The *Brigadier's* column “Scarlet Pimpernel” took up the anti-Shannon cause with a vengeance. The columnist dubbed her “the divine bovine,” likening her to a plastic revolving cow at a nearby mall (the mounting of which is a cadet tradition). The “Pimpernel” comments on an incident that occurred on Faulkner's first day were particularly memorable. An African-American cadet named Von Mickle dared to shake her hand in front of the media and say, “It's time for women,” and compared the exclusion of women to that of blacks. For this lone act, he was not only physically threatened by classmates but derided in the “Pimpernel.” “The PIMP doth long to tame the PLASTIC COW on this most wondrous of nights,” the anonymous author wrote, with the column's usual antique-English flourishes and coded references. “But it seems that we will have a live specimen, a home grown DAIRY QUEEN from the stables of Powdersville. Perhaps NON DICKLE will be the first to saddle up. He is DIVINE BOVINE'S best friend after all.”

More disturbing were cadet writings on Faulkner that were not for public consumption. Tom Lucas, a graduate student in The Citadel's evening program, told me about some “very harsh” graffiti that he'd found all over one of the men's rooms in The Citadel's academic building. The inscription that most stuck in his mind: “Let her in—then fuck her to death.”



On the whole, the Citadel administrators to whom I spoke were defensive, evasive, or dismissive of the cadets' hostile words and deeds toward Faulkner. When I asked Citadel officials to respond to reports of barracks violence, harassment of women on staff, or verbal abuse of Faulkner, the responses were dismaying. Cases of violence and abuse were “aberrations”; cadets who spoke up were either “troublemakers” or “mama's boys”; and each complaint by a female faculty member was deemed a “private personnel matter” that could not be discussed further.

Certainly the administrators and trustees themselves are less than enthusiastic about Faulkner's arrival. William F. Prioleau, Jr., until recently a member of the Board of Visitors, implied on a radio talk show that abortions would go up as a result of the female invasion, as he claimed had happened at West Point. Meanwhile, in The Citadel's Math Department, all that was going up as a result of Shannon Faulkner's presence was the grade-point average. Faulkner's highest mark at the semester's end was in calculus, where she earned an A (prompting a surprised Dean Poole to comment to her that she was “certainly not the stereotypical woman”). The Math Department has in recent years invited A students to an annual party. But, rather than include Faulkner, the department limited its guest list to math majors. Math professor David Trautman, who was in charge of invitations to the party, explained in an E-mail message to colleagues, “Her presence would put a damper on the evening.”

LINDA ROSS, then a professor at The Citadel, was speaking one day with a seventy-six-year-old alumnus, and the talk turned to Faulkner's lawsuit. He asked her if she thought it possible that this young woman might prevail. “Well, it's probably an inevitable turning of the tide,” Ross said, shrugging. To her amazement, the alumnus began to cry.

“I have the worst chance in society of getting a job, because I'm a white male,” William H. Barnes, the senior platoon leader, shouted at me over the din in The Citadel's mess hall, a din created by the upperclassmen's tradition of berating knobs at mealtime. "And that's the major difference between me and my father." In a society where, at least since the Second World War, surpassing one's father has been an expected benchmark of American manhood, Barnes's point is a plangent one. But it's hard to say which Citadel generation is more undone by the loss of white male privilege—the young men who will never partake of a dreamed world of masculine advantage or the older men who are seeing that lived world split apart, shattered.

"I was in Vietnam in '63, and I'll defy you or Shannon or anyone else to hike through the rice paddies," the usually genial Colonel Harvey Dick, sixty-seven, a Board of Visitors member, an ex-marine, and an Army lieutenant colonel, was practically shouting from his recliner armchair in his Charleston home. He popped a Tums in his mouth. "There's just no way you can do that. . . . You can't pick up a ninety-five-pound projectile. There are certain things out there that are differences." On the wall above his head were seven bayonets. He was wearing his blue Citadel T-shirt, which matched the Citadel mementos that overwhelmed his den—Citadel mugs, hats, footballs, ceramic bulldogs. It was a room known in the Dick household as "Harvey's 'I Love Me' Room." Dick treated it as his command post—whenever the phone rang, he whipped it off the cradle and barked "Colonel Dick!"—but what he was commanding was unclear; he retired in 1993 from a sixteen-year stint as The Citadel's assistant commandant. Still, he at least knew that he was once in charge, that he once enjoyed lifetime job security as a career military man. This was something his son couldn't say: Harvey Dick II, a nuclear pipe fitter, had recently been laid off at the Charleston Naval Shipyard.

Colonel Dick wanted it known that he wasn't "one of those male-chauvinist pigs"; in fact, he believes that women are smarter than men. "Women used to let the men dominate," he said. "Maybe we need a male movement, since evidently we're coming out second on everything." He slipped another Tums from an almost empty roll. The sun was dropping as we spoke, and shadows fell across the Citadel hats and figurines in his room. "Go back and look at your Greek and Roman empires and why they fell," he said.

His wife cleared her throat. "This doesn't have anything to do with male-female," she said.

"I see a decline in this great nation of ours," Dick said. He crossed his arms and stared into the gathering darkness of the late summer afternoon. After a while, he said, "I guess I sound like a buffoon."

UNLIKE the cadets, the older male Citadel officials often have to face dissent from wives or daughters whose views and professional aspirations or accomplishments challenge their stand on women's proper place. Lewis Spearman, the assistant to the president, recently remarried, and his wife is a feminist paralegal who is now getting her master's degree in psychology. She says she engaged for more than a year in "shriekfests" with him over the Shannon Faulkner question before she halfheartedly came around to the Citadel party line on barring women. And, while the wife of Dean Poole may have sat on the Miss Citadel judging panel, their daughter, Mindy, had loftier ambitions. Despite the fact that she suffered from cystic fibrosis, she was an ardent skier, horseback rider, and college athlete, rising at 5 A.M. daily with her crew-team members at the University of Virginia. And, despite a double lung transplant during her junior year, she graduated in 1991 with honors and won a graduate fellowship. "She was an outstanding young lady," Poole said. "I was very proud of her." His eyes clouding over at the memory, he recalled that she had made him promise to take her to the big Corps Day parade on The Citadel's sesquicentennial. The day the father and daughter were to attend the parade was the day she died. "Sort of an interesting footnote," he said, wiping at his moist eyes. What if she had wanted to go to The Citadel? Well, actually, Poole said, she *had* talked about it. If she had persisted he would have tried to change her mind, he said, but he added, "I would never have stopped her from doing something she wanted to do."

One of the biggest spousal battles over Shannon Faulkner is waged nightly at the home of a man who might seem the least likely figure at The Citadel to wind up with a feminist wife. Probably The Citadel's most legendary elder, thanks to Pat Conroy's thinly veiled and admiring portrait of him in "The Lords of Discipline," is Lieutenant Colonel T. Nugent Courvoisie, who, as an assistant commandant in the sixties, oversaw the admission of the first African-American cadet to The Citadel. A gravelly-voiced and cigar-chomping tender tyrant, Courvoisie—or the Boo, as he is known, for obscure reasons—was a fixture at the school for more than two decades. There are two Citadel scholarships in his family name, and his visage peers down from two portraits on campus.

A courtly man, and still dapper at seventy-seven, the Boo, who has since given up cigars, insisted on picking me up at my hotel and driving me to his home, though I had a rental car sitting in the parking lot. On the drive over, he ticked off the differences between the sexes which he believed made it impossible for The Citadel to admit women—differences such as that "the average female is not as proficient athletically as the average male." When we were settled in the living room, the Boo on his recliner and his second wife, Margaret, who is also seventy-seven, in a straight-back chair, the subject of Shannon Faulkner was revisited. The first words out of Margaret's mouth were "The Citadel wants to chop the head off women." A low growl emanated from the Boo's corner. He lowered the recliner a notch. "We don't talk about it here," Margaret said—an obvious untruth. "We haven't come to blows yet, but—"

The Boo interrupted, "I have the correct view."

She retorted, "No one has the *correct* view." She turned and addressed me. "You have to understand him," she said of her husband of nine years. "This is a man who went to military prep schools and a church that was male-dominated, naturally."

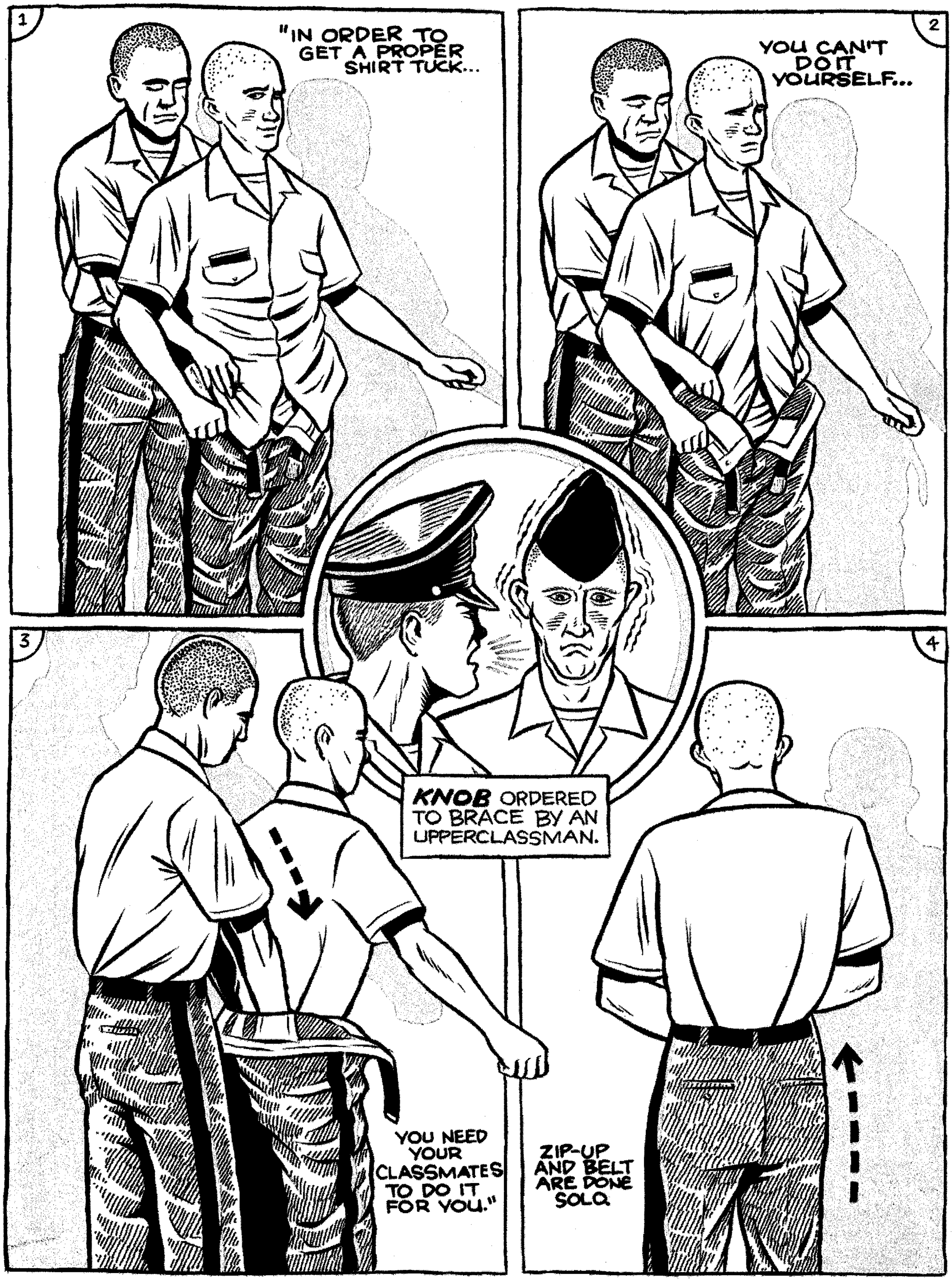
The Boo interrupted. "J.C. picked twelve *men* as his disciples," he said.

Margaret rolled her eyes. "See? He even takes it into the church—and he's on such familiar ground with Christ he calls him J.C."

The Boo said, "J.C. never picked a woman, except his mother."

Margaret said, "Oh God, see, this is why we don't go into it."

But, as usual, go into it they did. As


1
"IN ORDER TO GET A PROPER SHIRT TUCK...
2
YOU CAN'T DO IT YOURSELF...
KNOB ORDERED TO BRACE BY AN UPPERCLASSMAN.
3
YOU NEED YOUR CLASSMATES TO DO IT FOR YOU."
4
ZIP-UP AND BELT ARE DONE SOLO.

Dependency is a main theme in cadet relationships. Colonel James Rembert says that the cadets' intimate bond is "like a true marriage."

NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND: W. H. AUDEN ON THE LEXINGTON AVENUE I.R.T.

Hunched in a corner seat, I'd watch him pass
riders who gaped at headlines—"300 DEAD"—
and, in their prized indifference to all
others, were unaware he was one who heard
metre in that clamor of wheels on rails.

Some days I took the local because he did:
he sank down into plastic, his bruised sandals
no longer straining with the weight of him;
there, with the frankness of the unacquainted,
I studied his face, a sycamore's bark,

with lichen poking out of crevices.
His eyes lifted over my tattered copy
of his "Selected Poems," then up to where
they drilled new windows in the car and found,
I guessed, tea roses and a healing fountain.

All memories are echoes: some whisper,
others roar, as this does. Dazed by war,
I, who winced at thunder, knew that train
screeched "DISASTER!" How it jolted and veered,
station after station, chanting "*Kyrie*

eleison," while metal clanged on metal
and bulbs went dim. Peering at tracks, I heard
"Still persuade us to rejoice." I glimpsed
a worn sandal, turned, and then my eyes
met his eyes that rayed my underworld.

—Grace Schulman

the words got batted back and forth, with Margaret doing most of the batting, the Boo levered his recliner progressively lower, until all I could see of him were the soles of his shoes.

Margaret: You had plenty of good women soldiers in Saudi Arabia.

Boo: Plenty of pregnant ones . . .

Margaret: What, do you think [the cadets] didn't get girls pregnant before? There've been plenty of abortions. And I know of a number of cases that, by the time [a cadet] graduated, there were four or five kids.

Boo: That's an exaggeration. Maybe two or three . . . With women, there's going to be sexual harassment.

Margaret: Oh, honey, those cadets are harassing each other right now, all the time.

Boo: That's different. That's standard operating procedure.

In the nineteen-sixties, Margaret worked in the library at The Citadel, where she would often see Charles Foster, the first African-American cadet (who died a few years ago) alone at one of the library desks. "He would just come to the library and sit there a lot. It's hard to be the only one, to be the groundbreaker. That's why I admire this girl."

Boo's voice boomed from the depths of his recliner: "But there's no need for her. She's ruining a good thing."

Margaret gave a mock groan. "This is the last vestige of male bastionship," she said, "and it's going to kill 'em when it crumbles." Boo raised his chair halfway back up and considered Margaret. "She has a good mind," he told me after a while.

Margaret smiled. "I'm a new experience for him. He's always been military. People didn't disagree with him."

The Boo showed the way upstairs, to the attic, where he has his own "Citadel room"—a collection of Citadel memorabilia vaster than but almost identical to Dick's. Around the house, there were sketches of Boo at various points in his Citadel career. He told me that, before he retired, the cadets commissioned a portrait of him that hangs in Jenkins Hall. "Man, I looked good in that," he said. "Like a man. A leader."

Margaret didn't think so. "No, it was horrible," she said. "It didn't look like you."

"If Shannon were in my class, I'd be fired by March for sexual harassment," Colonel James Rembert, an English professor, was saying as we headed toward his classroom. He had a ramrod bearing and a certain resemblance to Ted Turner (who, it happens, sent all three of his sons to The Citadel—Beau Turner among them—and donated twenty-five million dollars to the school earlier this year). The Colonel identifies himself as one of "the last white Remberts" in South Carolina, the Remberts being a Huguenot family of sufficiently ancient lineage to gain him admission to the St. John's Hunting Club, of South Carolina—an all-male society chaired by a Citadel alumnus. Rembert, who has a Cambridge University doctorate and wrote a book on Jonathan Swift, said he preferred the company of men, in leisure and in learning. "I've dealt with young men all my life," he went on. "I know how to play with them. I have the freedom here to imply things I couldn't with women. I don't want to have to watch what I say."

The literary work under discussion that day was "Beowulf," and the cadets agreed that it was all about "brotherhood loyalty" and, in the words of one student, "the most important characteristics of a man—glory and eternal fame." Then they turned to their papers on the topic.

"Mr. Rice," Rembert said in mock horror. "You turned in a single-spaced paper." This was a no-no. Rembert instructed him to take a pencil and "pen-e-trate"—Rembert drew the syllables out—the paper with the point. He shook his head. "What a pansy!" Rembert said. "Can't catch, can't throw, can't write." Another student was chastised for the use of the passive voice. "Never use the passive voice—it leads to effeminacy and homosexuality," Rembert told the class. "So next time you use the passive voice I'm going to make you lift up your limp wrist." Literary pointers concluded, Rembert floated the subject of Shannon Faulkner. The usual objections were raised. But then the class wandered into more interesting territory, provoked by a cadet's comment that "she would change the relationship between the men here." Just what is the nature of that relationship?

"When we are in the showers, it's very intimate," a senior cadet said. "We're one mass, naked together, and it makes us closer. . . . You're shaved, you're naked, you're afraid together. You can cry." Robert Butcher, another senior, said that the men take care of each classmate. "They'll help dress him, tuck in his shirt, shine his shoes." You mean like a mother-child relationship? I asked.

"That *is* what it is," another cadet said. "It's a family. Even the way we eat—family style." A fourth cadet said, "Maybe it's a Freudian thing, but males feel more affection with each other when women are not around. Maybe we're all homosexuals."

The class groaned. "Speak for yourself, buddy," a number of cadets said, almost in chorus.

Rembert said, "With no women, we can hug each other. There's nothing so nurturing as an infantry platoon."

The hooted-down cadet weighed in again: "When I used to wrestle in high school, we had this great tradition. Right before the game, the coach, he'd slap us really hard on the butt."

Rembert, a onetime paratrooper, said he and his skydiving buddies did that, too, right before they jumped. "First man out gets a pat right there."

Over lunch, Rembert returned to the theme of manly nurturance among Citadel men. "We hug each other," he said. One of his colleagues "always kisses me on the cheek," he went on. "It's like a true marriage. There's an affectionate intimacy that you will find between cadets. With this security they can, without being defensive, project tenderness to each other."

Months later, I was sitting in court watching Norman Doucet, the cadet regimental commander, testify. He was showing the judge a video of the Citadel experience and explaining the various scenes. First we were shown "one of the great parts" of a knob's first day—the mothers looking weepy at the gate as their sons were led away. Doucet lingered over the head-shaving scene. "This is what does it, right here," he said. "Mothers can't even tell their sons apart after this." Thus shielded from the prying maternal eye, the cadets began their new life, and the video action shifted to a typical day in the life of the Corps. But the editing made it a day as heavy on early-morning domestic chores as it was on martial activity. Much of the film was devoted to housekeeping: scenes of cadets making beds, dressing each other, sweeping, taking out the trash, all of which Doucet described as "like some kind of a ballet or dance that's going on." This was a dance where the most important moves took place before the show, in the dressing room. "What they are doing here is the Citadel shirt tuck," Doucet said. The tuck requires that a cadet unzip his pants halfway and fold down his waistband, then stand still while his helper approaches him from the back, puts his arms around the cadet's waist, pulls the loose shirt material firmly to the back, jams it as far down in the pants as he can, and then pulls the cadet's pants up. "If you watch closely right here, this is what the fourth-class system is all about," Doucet continued. "In order to get a proper shirt tuck, you can't do it yourself—you need your classmates to do it for you. There's really a lot of dependence upon your classmates." But, as Doucet's account suggested, cadets can experience that dependence only in concealment, away from mothers, away from all women.

When a Citadel attorney asked Doucet why female cadets would pose a problem on the campus, the only issue he raised was the humiliation that cadets would feel if women observed the cadets' on-campus interactions. He spoke of the shame that knobs felt when, on occasion, a woman happened to be on the parade ground while upperclassmen were disciplining them. The cadets observing in the courtroom nodded in agreement.

It may seem almost paradoxical that the fourth-class system should be so solicitous of the emotional vulnerability of its wards—the same wards it subjects to such rigors. And yet the making of Whole Men evidently requires an initial stage of infantilization. Indeed, the objective of recapitulating childhood development is plainly spelled out in The Citadel's yearbook, known as "The Sphinx." The 1990 "Sphinx" explained, "As a freshman enters, he begins to release his childhood and takes the first steps to becoming a 'Citadel Man.'. . . As a 'knob,' every aspect of life is taught, a new way to walk. . . . Knobs are told how, where, and when to walk." Reëntrance into manhood for the toddling knobs occurs on Recognition Day, when the upperclassmen force the knobs to do calisthenics until they drop, then gently lift up their charges and nurse them with cups of water. At that moment, for the first time in nine months, the older cadets call the knobs by their first names and embrace them.

The relationship between knobs and upperclassmen following Recognition Day, as they are integrated into the Corps, shifts from maternal to matrimonial. The yearbooks of the last several years picture Citadel men spending a lot of time embracing and kissing. Of course, this impulse, when it is captured on film, is always carefully disarmed with a jokey caption.

One afternoon, a group of cadets recounted for me the campus's many "nudity rituals," as they jokingly called them. There's "Senior Rip-Off Day," a spring rite in which three hundred seniors literally rip each other's clothes off, burn them in a bonfire, and hug and wrestle on the ground. There's "Nude Platoon," in which a group of juniors, unclad except for their cross-webbing, run around the quad yelling, "We love the Nude Platoon!" And there's the birthday ritual, in which the birthday boy is stripped, tied to a chair, and covered with shaving cream, while his groin is coated in liquid shoe polish.

During the fall semester before graduation, the seniors receive their "band of gold" (as it is called) in the Ring Ceremony. The chaplain blesses each class ring. (Receiving the ring, which I was constantly reminded is "the biggest class ring of any college," is a near-sacrament, and the yearbooks are filled with pictures of young men holding up their rings with fervor, as if clutching a crucifix before a vampire.) Then each senior walks through a ten-foot replica of the class ring with his mother on one arm and his "date" on the other. In a sort of reverse marriage ceremony, the mother gives the cadet away. Mother and date accompany him through the towering ring; then he kisses Mother farewell and marches under the arched swords of the Junior Sword Drill, a new bride of the Corps. Several cadets and alumni told me that when a Citadel graduate marries, it is a tradition to slide the class ring over the wedding band. Indeed, I saw such an ordering of priorities on the fingers of a number of Citadel men in the courtroom.

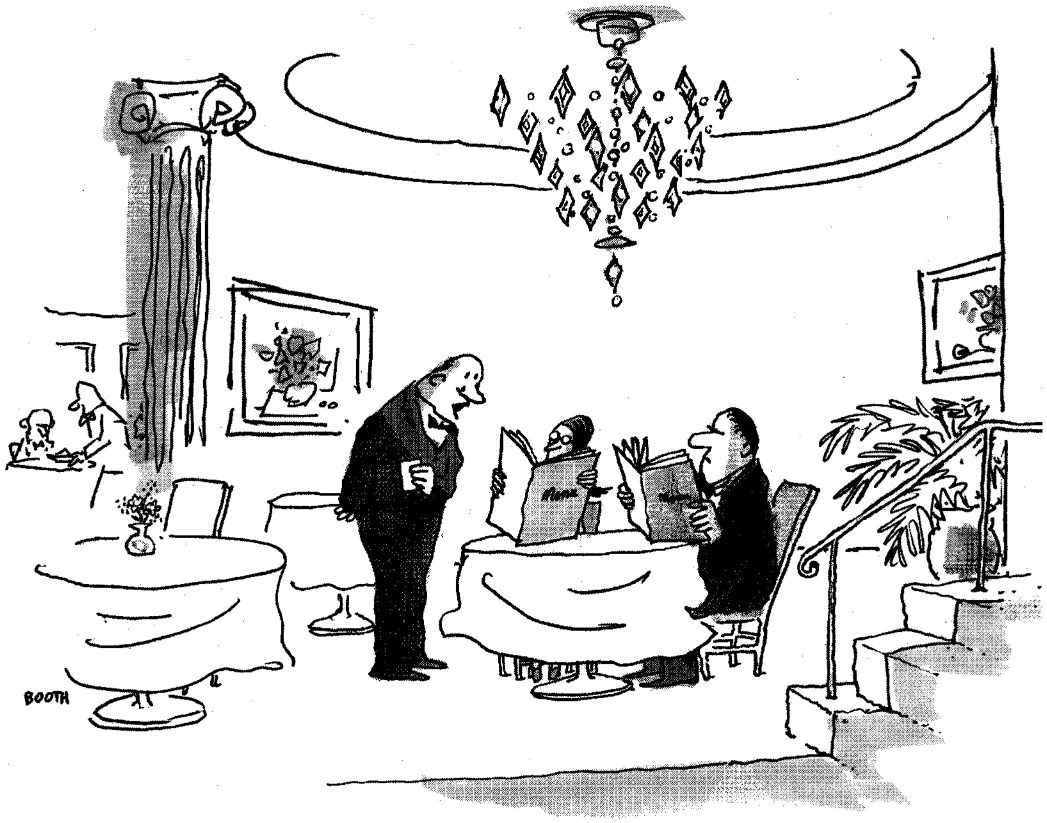
In the late-twentieth-century setting of The Citadel, in a time when extreme insecurity and confusion about masculinity's standing run rampant, the Corps of Cadets once again seeks to obscure a domestic male paradise with an intensifying of virile showmanship and violence. The result is a ruthless intimacy, in which physical abuse stands in for physical affection, and every display of affection must be counterbalanced by a display of sadism. Knobs told me that they were forced to run through the showers while the upperclassmen "guards" knocked the soap out of their hands and, when the knobs leaned over to retrieve it, the upperclassmen would unzip their pants and yell, "Don't pick it up, don't pick it up! We'll use you like we used those girls!" A former Citadel Halloween tradition, of upperclassmen dressing up—mostly in diapers and women's clothes—and collecting candy treats from knobs, has given way to "tricks" of considerable violence. (One upperclassman told me of cadets who knocked dressers over on candy-dispensing cadets and then walked on top of them.) The administration tried, unsuccessfully, to put a stop to the whole affair; too many freshmen were getting injured. And the playful pat on the butt that served to usher cadets into the brotherhood has degenerated into more invasive acts. According to a recent graduate, one company of cadets recently devised a regimen in which the older cadets tested sophomores nightly with increasingly painful treatments—beatings and stompings and so forth. The process, which they dubbed "Bananarama," culminated on a night in which an unpeeled banana was produced—and shoved into a cadet's anus.

Given this precarious dynamic, it is not surprising that in the past few years at The Citadel social rage has been directed toward any men who were perceived to be gay. Several young men who were suspected of homosexual inclinations were hounded out of the school. One cadet, Herbert Parker, who said that he was falsely accused of having a sexual encounter with a male janitor, recalled a year of total isolation—cadets refused to sit near him in the mess hall or in classes—and terror: incessant threatening phone calls and death threats. The cadets and the administration—which had responded to the report of his encounter by sending out a campus-security police car with lights flashing to question him—acted "like I had murdered someone."

The scapegoating reached such brutal proportions that the counselling center recently set up a sort of group-therapy session for the targeted young men, who are known as It, as in the game of tag.

One evening after the trial, I went over to the Treehouse, a "mixed" bar in Charleston, with an upstairs gay bar and nightly drag shows on the weekends. My intention was to ask about cadet violence against gay men. I presumed that on a campus where every second epithet was "faggot" such hate crimes were all but inevitable. There were indeed a few such cases, I learned, but the circumstances were different from what I had imagined. Nor were those cases the essence of my findings that evening.

"The proper terminology for The Citadel," a customer at the bar named Chris said, "is The Closet." Up and down the bar, heads bobbed in agreement. "They love faggots like me." What he meant by "like me," however, was not that he was gay. That night, he looked like a male model—sleek black hair and a hand-



"Page 1 is 'Best-Sellers.' Page 2 is 'Advice, How-To, and Miscellaneous,' and on the back is 'And Bear in Mind.'"

some, chiselled face. But on the nights he was dressed for a performance he could pass for a woman. Arching an eyebrow, Chris said, “The cadets go for the drag queens.”

Chris’s observation was echoed in ensuing conversations in the bar. There are thousands of cadets, presumably, who have not dated drag queens, but in two visits to the Treehouse I could find only two drag queens, out of maybe a dozen, who did not tell me of dating a cadet—and that was only because these two found Citadel men “too emotional.” Cadets can also occasionally be dangerous, Chris told me. “You can get the ones who are violent. They think they want it, then afterwards they turn on you, like you made them do it.” Nonetheless, a drag queen who called himself Holly had been happily involved with a cadet for three years now. Marissa, another drag queen, the reigning “Miss Treehouse, 1993-94,” had gone out with one cadet, broken up, and was now in the throes of a budding romance with another. A third drag queen, who asked to be identified as Tiffany, was known to be a favorite of cadets.

As Chris and I were talking that first night, a drag queen called Lownie wandered in and settled on a bar stool. Lownie delighted in the Corps of Cadets pageantry—especially the Friday dress parades. “The parades are a big thing with the queers in Charleston,” he said. “We’ll have a cocktail party and go over and watch the boys. It’s a very Southern-‘lady’ thing to do.” Years ago, Lownie had been a student at the College of Charleston when he met *his* Citadel lover, and they had begun covert assignations—communicating through notes slipped in little-used books in the Citadel library. The only drawback, Lownie said, was dealing with his lover’s constant emotional anxiety over making the grade at The Citadel. He was, in fact, a model macho cadet: a Junior Sword Drill member, a regimental officer, and a “hang king,” who could dangle interminably from a closet rack by his fingertips. Lownie, who found such records more amusing than impressive, grinned, and said, “I used to make him wear his shako”—The Citadel’s military cap—“when we were having sex. It’s manhood at its most.”

Lownie said he could begin to fathom his cadet’s intense attachment to The Citadel—an emotion that he likened to a love affair—because he himself had spent four years in the Air Force. “The day-to-day aspect of being in a military environment is that you run around in a little bit of clothing and you are being judged as to how good a man you are by doing women’s work—pressing pants, sewing, polishing shoes. You are a *better* man if you have mastery of womanly arts. . . . The camaraderie doesn’t get any stronger than when you are in the barracks, sitting around at the end of the day in your briefs and T’s and dogtags—like a bunch of hausfraus, talking and gossiping.” The military stage set offers a false front and a welcome trapdoor—an escape hatch from the social burdens of traditional masculinity. Behind the martial backdrop, Lownie said, “you don’t have to be a breadwinner. You don’t have to be a leader. You can play back seat. It’s a great relief. You can act like a human being and not have to act like a man.”

THE treehouse

“You know what the [cadet] I’m seeing now said to me?” Tiffany said. We were sitting in the dressing room a couple of hours before the night’s performance, and as Tiffany spoke he peered into an elaborate mirror set illuminated with miniature movie-star lights, applying layer after layer of mascara and eyeliner with expert precision. “He said, ‘You’re more of a woman than a woman is.’ And that’s an exact quote.” Tiffany stood up and struck a Southern-belle pose by way of illustration. “I overexemplify everything a female is—my breasts, my hair, the way I hold myself.” And who could better complete the hoopskirts picture than a fantasy gentleman in uniform?

Marissa, Miss Treehouse, looked up from his labors, painting row after row of fake nails with pink polish. “I love how they wear their caps slung low so you can’t quite see their eyes,” he said. “It’s like all of us are female illusionists and they are male illusionists. A man in a uniform is a kind of dream.”

Tiffany said, “For Halloween, you know what my cadet boyfriend wanted to dress as? A cadet.”

The dressing-room scene before me, of a group of men tenderly helping each other get ready for the evening—an elaborate process of pinning and binding and stuffing—was not very different, in its way, from the footage in Norman Doucet’s video of the cadets tucking in each other’s shirts. As the drag queens conversed, they tossed stockings and Ace bandages and cosmetic bags back and forth. “Has anyone seen my mascara wand?” “O.K., who has the blush?” There was a homey comfort that reminded me of slumber parties when I was a girl, where we would put big pink spongy rollers in each other’s hair and screech with laughter at the results. And suddenly it became obvious to me what was generating that void, that yearning, in the cadets’ lives—and maybe in the lives of many American men. What was going on here was play—a kind of freedom and spontaneity that, in this culture, only women are permitted.

No wonder men found their Citadels, their Treehouses, where the rules of gender could be bent or escaped. For the drag queens of the Treehouse, the distinctions between the sexes are a goof, to be endlessly manipulated with funhouse-mirror glee. For cadets, despite the play set of The Citadel and the dress-up braids and ribbons, the guarding of their treehouse is a dead-serious business. Still, undercover at The Citadel, the cadets have managed to create for themselves a world in which they get half the equation that Lownie described: They can “act like human beings” in the safety of the daily domestic life of the barracks. But, in return, the institution demands that they never cease to “act like a man”—a man of cold and rigid bearing, a man no more male than Tiffany’s Southern belle is female, a man that no one, humanly, can be. That they must defend their inner humanity with outer brutality may say as much about the world outside The Citadel walls as about the world within them. The cadets feel called to defend those walls. Never mind that their true ideal may not be the vaunted one of martial masculinity, just as their true enemy is not Shannon Faulkner. The cadets at The Citadel feel that something about their life and routine is worthy on its merits and is endangered from without. And in that they may be right. ♦

REFLECTIONS

A WRITER IN VENICE

A diary contemplating the flow of life and death in the most human of cities.

BY HAROLD BRODKEY

APRIL 29, 1994

I AM lying diagonally among twists of linen sheeting in an enormous bed in a shuttered room under a giant glass chandelier glimmering complicatedly. This is in an apartment near San Tomà, with motionless white curtains masking the shuttered windows. I hear the trills, warbles, coos, and flutters of birds outside the shutters, and the sounds of the reconstruction of the Casa Goldoni, and workmen's shouts, children, a dog. I hear the fluffing rise and shifting fall or slap of water in the small *rio* at the foot of the building wall, my bedroom wall. The bedroom shakes with the strange, pervasive vibrations of the traffic on the Grand Canal.

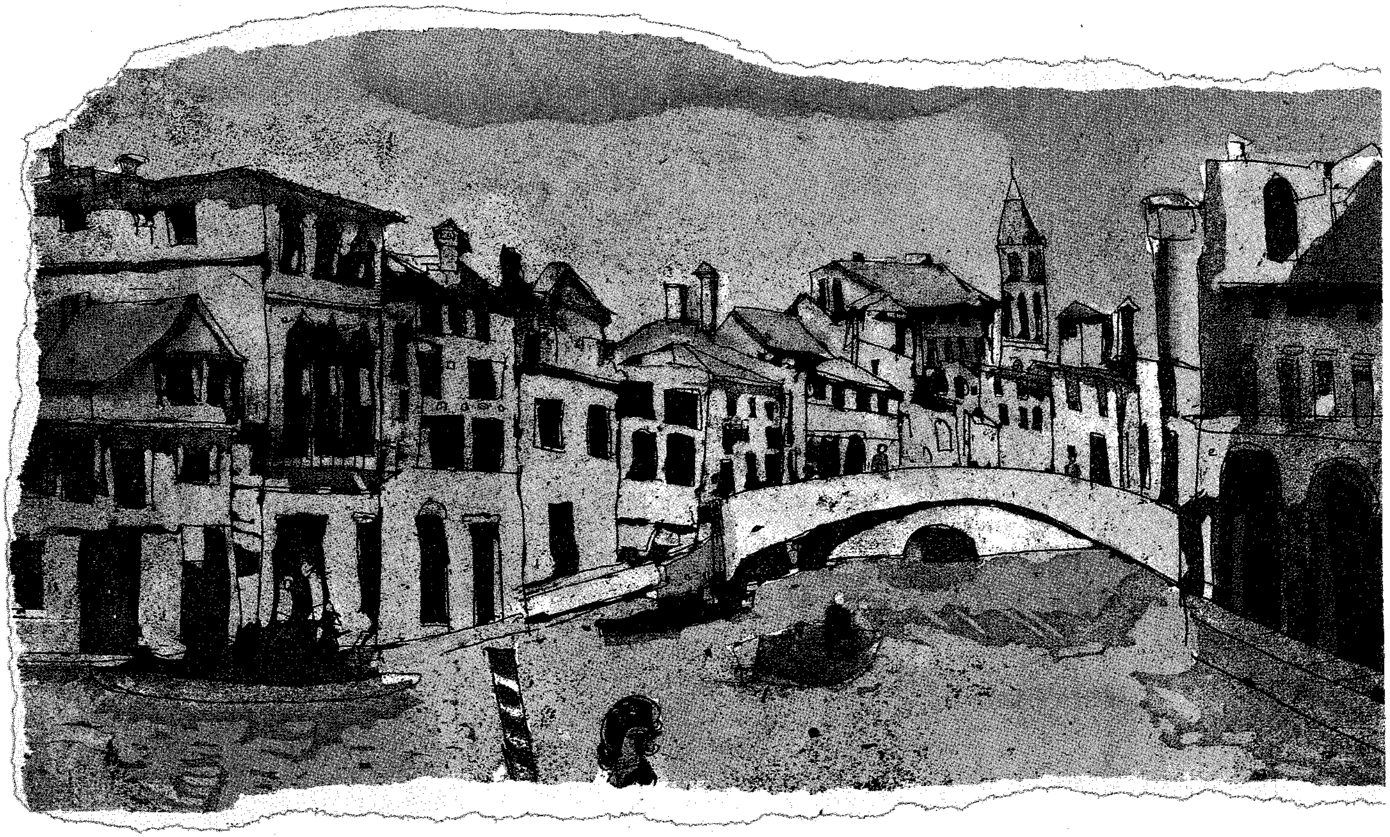
I am in Venice, but the sensation is that I wake in a box of consciousness of my own breath—without enthusiasm, yet with wryly comic relief at not being dead, at not waking with a scream. Illness makes me shy; being ill is like the experience of public nakedness in dreams. In addition to AIDS, or in conjunction with it, I have bronchitis from the bad air on the plane during the flight here. Venice has been rainy and cold, and then hot; when I go out, I hear coughing all over the city.

My friend Giovanni Alliata-Cini's gesture in the *calle* yesterday: he took my hand in both of his and held it and warmed it. A deeply affecting death knell.

10:45 A.M.

AT the *traghetto* landing, in extraordinary, uncontaminated, assaultive light, as bright as if the sky held tiny particles of sharp-edged, gleaming glass, a bright, transparent glass dust. In this cutting light, the colors in the gardens and the colors of the buildings and the water in the Grand Canal do not disappear in glare or grow pale but take on a weird practical aura of being dressed up, brushed, and polished—the very distances in the view are polished. But not in the shade. There the water is a dull, dirtyish, dark gray-green, and the stones show every crack. The dressed-up quality and the run-down quality observed together create an atmosphere of intimacy—perhaps one should say an extremely intimate reality.

Out on the choppy Canalazzo, among the *vaporetti* and scows and barges and the pretty *motoscafi*, the black ferries, called *traghetti*—which are rather plump open gondolas without seats, with one boatman at the bow and one at the stern poling twistingly and much more quickly than the regular *gondolieri* do—carry their erect, lightly swaying passengers standing very close to one another. Dressed in business clothes and carrying



ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

briefcases or portfolios; or in jeans and carrying schoolbooks; or in proper skirts and blouses, bearing string bags of vegetables and flowers in rolls of paper; or in work clothes, with tools in their arms or boxes balanced on their heads—these figures in a silent, polite clump are carried in the crowded craft over the water and its heaving reflections. It is very pictorial, a mystery of city existence, those lives swaying in the dark boat against a backdrop of *palazzi* and water traffic.

Six or seven Frenchmen and women of modest demeanor—not young, not well dressed—came briskly along the *calle*, pushing wheelchairs in which were youngish, twisted-up people, two of them breathing loudly and presenting distorted faces and looking enraged and/or sullen. A third, with a lifted clawlike hand, looked murderous. But the look was a viewer's misapprehension about retardation and deformity—about something childlike and perhaps truly innocent, although a real rage may have been there. They all seemed caged in special virtue, in special suffering, morally irresistible. (One time, driving through Indiana with my wife, Ellen, I came upon a town that had a locally famous institution for people who required special care. These people worked around the town in stores and gas stations, and everyone adjusted to them. An ordinary townsman told me that it had once been a religious town but no longer trusted religion—because of Vietnam, he said. The townspeople had apparently replaced religion with devotion to the goodness and suffering of the slightly mad, the ill-since-birth, and the retarded. Everyone in the town seemed to me incontrovertibly good.)

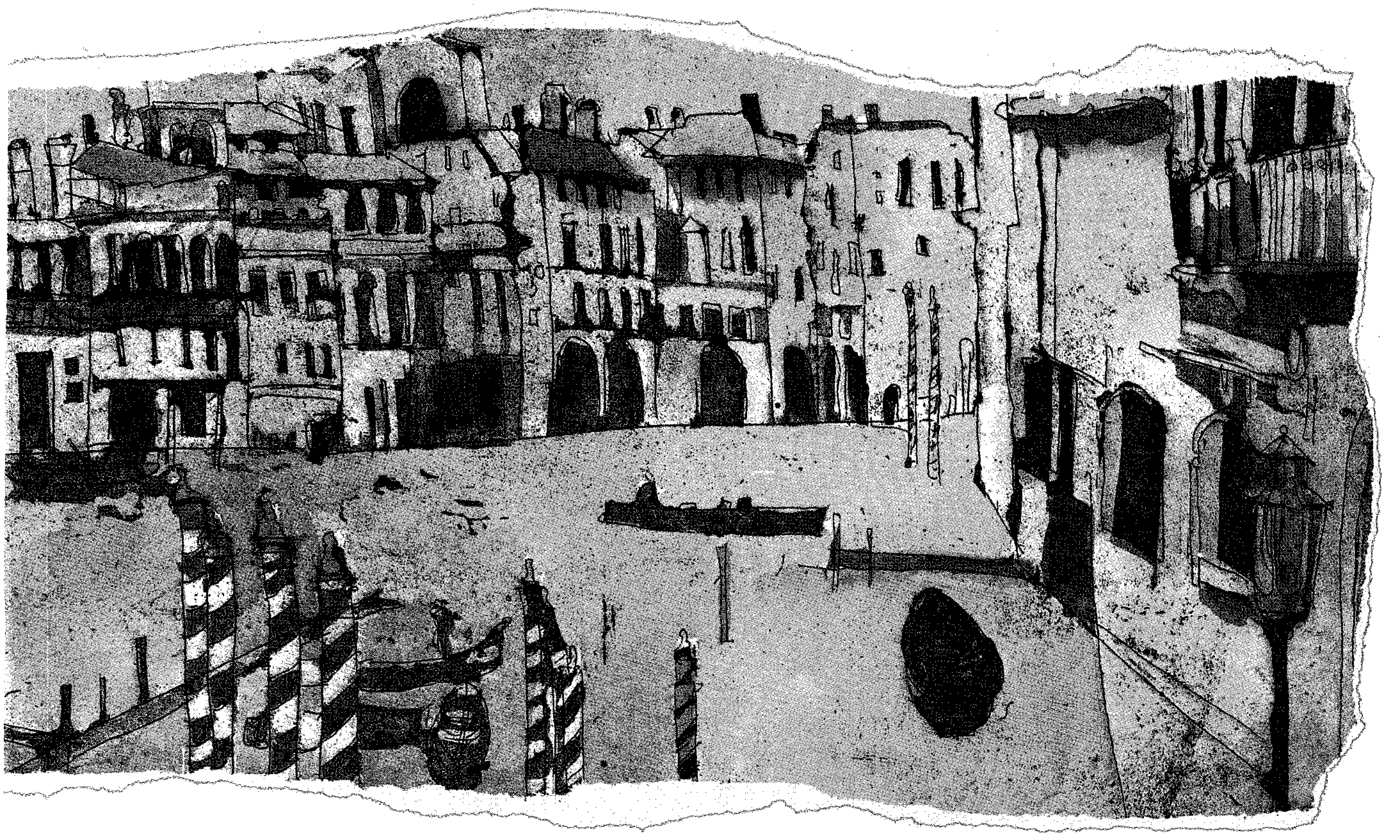
This *traghetto* landing is not far from the railroad station. Often, as soon as people disembark here they break into an all-out run up the narrow *calle*.

A *traghetto* is efficient and rides lightly but is not stable, and it costs only five hundred lire, or a third of a dollar—the cheapest form of gondola ride in the city. Wind between the tallish *palazzi* adds swirls to the traffic-churned waves and blows on the clumped people as on a clumsy sail. An anemometer whirls atop a metal rod on the dock. I have seen people in wheelchairs on *traghetti* but only one at a time: I have seen the *traghetto* men take a folded wheelchair and unfold it on the *traghetto* while an ill man hobbled into the boat on his wife's arm and then sat in the chair, the wind blowing his hair while he held his hat in his lap.

The *traghetto* men are mostly polite but standoffish, except toward each other; they display warmth and solidity and amusement with each other. They are not forward like *gondolieri*, at least in my experience. They prefer not to be helpful. But sometimes they are quite helpful. I have never seen one of them address a woman on the boat itself, but I have seen them be forward in the *calli* and in the bars. They inherit their rights to the *traghetto* crossing. They are as independent-seeming as Charon or as ranchers in American Westerns. They take frequent breaks, so seven or eight of them work here, keeping two *traghetti* in motion throughout the day.

The French pushed the wheelchairs into a tangle of people waiting for a *traghetto* and those disembarking from one—that is, they expected to board as a matter of course. One of the younger *traghetto* men waved them away. The *traghetto* men drink from morning on; they hold it well; but they are freed inside their daylong drunkenness. They are windblown and sunstruck, moderately tired, and somewhat drunk.

The oldest *traghetto* man, probably my age, showed his stolen and controlled drunkenness more than the younger men did. He hurried over to the French to get them out of the way. He was allusive, artful, charming, intimate. One of the guardians, a woman, gave an affronted cry, a gull-like cry of argument, of reproach. The French, the guardians of the angelic



crippled, were stiff with rebuke at his heartlessness. He was pointing down the canal, where, twenty-five yards away (though you would have to walk inland and then out to the canal again to reach it), there was a *vaporetto* stop. (Such stops have ramps, and each *vaporetto* has a central open space, where you often see people in wheelchairs.) During this confrontation, my own physical weakness caused me to unfocus and refocus. Also, there was the wind, and the space between me and the French people. The perpetual children in the wheelchairs were caught in currents of thighs and midsections as foot traffic moved toward the boats or inland. The Italians dexterously wriggled past while accepting the circumstance of the others' being there, of there being a difficulty.

The French, observing the reality, lined the wheelchairs next to a railing on this portion of the *calle cum fondamenta*. This maneuver was performed with great deftness. There they stayed, forming a bank and narrowing the passage for perhaps ten minutes, until the guardians abruptly set off single file, pushing the chairs, heading inland like a line of cavalry, and moving very quickly away from this submetaphysical corner of ununiversal Venice.

11:10 A.M.

IN our conferred stardom, out on the broad canal in the lightly explosive light, we experience illumination itself, but it is blinding and private: vision becomes recessive. The eyes recede under the brows, behind one's sunglasses, making one a sun-dweller, an Italian, of a kind.

Talk. Gossip. Conversation. In a boat. We tell our friend Naumann about the French and the wheelchairs. We sit forward in a white *motoscafo*, near the boatman, and enter the city's eccentric, expensive water labyrinth. Now we are a point of focus, an element in the picture. We talk and chug past the lovely and worn and irregular jumble of decorative windows and columns and stones and marble ornament, and Venice seems to be only its surviving beauty, a structure of appearances without a secret reality. . . . Of course, it still has secrets, but they are minor ones. I cannot recall a conversation in Venice that did not start with the topic of Venice. Or, on this trip, one in which the next remarks were not about my having AIDS. Then about Ellen's health, and her state of mind. Then . . . but modern conversation—even when shouted over the noise of a motor in bright sunlight, with the boat chauffeur standing there—has a curious quality of occurring in a parenthesis that will be lost inside the machinery of some attempted biography or other replication.

In Berlin and Paris and New York and Milan, the gossip and news-giving go on by phone and fax every morning—an exchange of the real stories of everything. And at dinner, at lunch. In face-to-face conversation, the exchange becomes more clearly an expression of intimacy, trust, respect of a kind.

But, as public statements, the remarks, the voices, become scabrous. Naumann and Ellen and I *talk;* we use our actual opinions, our best information—the real story of my death, real stories about Venice, New York, Berlin. The best journalism of the last half century has been leftist; which means that human nature was shown as innocent, as decent at the beginning and end of each story. A phantasmagoria, a piety, that idea—an abdication of reality, an infinite condescension to ourselves. Similarly, novels were once fantastic—like spaceships that as a matter of course left this world.

Our boatman did not at first remember San Sebastiano, the parish church of Veronese, or recall where it was, but he accepted my description, spoken in a gasping baby's Italian. He half remembered then. For fifteen years, Veronese painted in that small church. He grew wise, so to speak—an aging mixture of cold and hot. We turned from the brilliant sunlight and the restless water of the Grand Canal into the shadow of a smaller canal leading to the Giudecca. I feel unwell restlessly, resentfully. Just before we turn into the wide Giudecca, I look up and see the people there on the *fondamenta* as taller than they are and foreshortened, like figures in a ceiling fresco. One group of young men, each of them oversized in a shapeless fashion—not exercised-looking, but strong, rough-haired, and loud, in tight clothes—were pushing and shouldering their way along, drinking as they strutted, and photographing themselves with a video camera.

Fini people, Fascists, the boatman said.

We pulled out into the Giudecca, and they shrank in the distance. I related to Naumann something I had been told: that at the local stadium now, during soccer matches, the cheaper side of the stadium was dangerous because of brawls. And rage. The current Italian Fascists are not quite *neo*-Fascists, as they claim; they are forced by Italian law to deny any connection to Mussolinian doctrines and deeds, but Mussolini's granddaughter is one of the leaders of their party. Not out in the *calli* but at the stadium, in that national privacy, they shout anti-Semitic slogans and wave anti-Semitic placards. Apparently, it is possible to attend a game safely only if you sit on the expensive side of the stadium—as in England. Violence is the will of the people.

From the center of the Giudecca, across the water, in a distant haze, refineries and industrial chimneys on the heavily built-up mainland are visible. The industrial plant is outdated and no longer represents much in the way of money. It represents votes and redundant and unhappy workers. The local megalopolis stretches to the head of the Adriatic and around as far as Trieste. In the other direction, it runs through Padua and on to Mantua. Trieste and the Veneto and Venice and these other districts all together make up an urban conglomeration like the one around San Francisco Bay and down the peninsula.

The day smells of salt and sun and, to me, of blood. The guardians of the churches and other places we visited demonstrated varying degrees of seduction and difficulty of temper toward foreigners. One, a usually very quiet man—Ellen and I see him frequently when we are in Venice—was in a state of explosive rage because someone had spilled Coca-Cola on a marble floor *nella chiesa* "in the church." But it was not a consecrated church; it was the chapel of San Giorgio degli Schiavoni—St. George of the Slavs. Violence is the will of the people, off and on, and Venice was always a racist city.

8 P.M.

DINNER at the Monaco, on the raft-terrace, sunset striping the sky with sulfur-polluted bands of yellows and stained pinks and grayish mauves. The two domes of the Salute were backlit. The Dogana gleamed. Boats crossing the Bacino were beginning to turn on their lights. Year by year, there is less variety among the boats. Venice, as it ages into being a museum of itself, grows simpler. But it is unlikely that it will ever have the quality of true simplicity. It is elaboration itself. How I wish for the causeway and the railway to be cut or dismantled, for Venice to be cut off and the lagoon restored to swamp, for the city's filled-in canals to be returned to water, for Venice to be unpedestrian, isolated, impractical, wholly itself and unlike the rest of the world.

THE HOMELAND

What are your principal products? How
can I memorize you? Stone fruits grown by heart.
Or grain—bread—or Guernsey cattle. I need ships to know you.

These three have been your woods—worked out
in the mother tongue: Ironwood bent to be ships. Flowering
home-carved cherry heartwood. Bark—birch—for a dead-bell drum.

Finally land and see the tower of her dreams: it's tall,
white, with a world tilting on the top part—
a spade balanced on the world. It's where she falls from.

—Elizabeth Macklin

At the large table on the raft-terrace sit Naumann and Ellen and Fritz Raddatz, a critic for *Die Zeit*, who has admired my new novel in his column. A Berliner by birth, he now lives in Hamburg, and is here in Venice so that we can meet. He is en route to give a speech and a seminar in Rome. My German translator, Angela Praesent, who lives in southern France, is here, and Volker Hage, of *Der Spiegel*, is here; he is a model figure of the New Germany. Francesca De Pol, a Venetian, who works for the Consorzio Venezia Nuova, is here.

I am the central figure of the dinner, but everywhere in the world—even in Paris—condescension flows from critics toward writers; the point of the critic is to demonstrate his mastery in the contemporary moment. He or she has an army of readers, phalanxes to command. But a writer is alone, is a sacrificed beast and madman (or madwoman) and fool. Or is someone dying or drunken. The condescension is sometimes delicately or heavily lightened by admiration. Or by the envy and rage implicit in these things. Or by sympathy. But a writer has no legions, no phalanxes, only a "name," a perfume, a reputation.

The tone of the evening, my being addressed as *cher maître* by Raddatz, was—as the light around us altered, as shadows and glare played idly, and jeeringly erased vast stretches of famous cityscape—that we were celebrating a private success, one that hadn't happened publicly yet, that might not happen. (Some books emerge as significant only over time and exist uneasily in the present moment as intellectual and political and economic facts. One can avoid this, of course; one can write differently.)

Raddatz is a man my age and has great energy: German energy, which is unlike American or Italian vigor—Böhm, as opposed to Bernstein or Giulini. I have never been energetic or active—strong, yes, at one time, but never adventurous or quick. Sitting in a chair on a raft-terrace is my sort of adventure.

Still, one might say that at the table, among the women and men there, including even the maître d', overseeing everything and present as well, blind surges of power disordered the moments; reputations and imputed events and events-to-come quivered and rippled foreignly like the surfaces of the moving and darkening water at our feet. Power and the mix of cultures and genders and private stories were tactfully shaped in my favor—perhaps out of pity, perhaps out of respect.

One hardly expects *truth* anymore in anything, and Venice is, in any case, a city in which truth has always been touched with a degree of fantasy, a potent and salable insobriety—so human! So it is a monument to fantasy-made-actual, insolently pictorial and self-hypnotically festive.

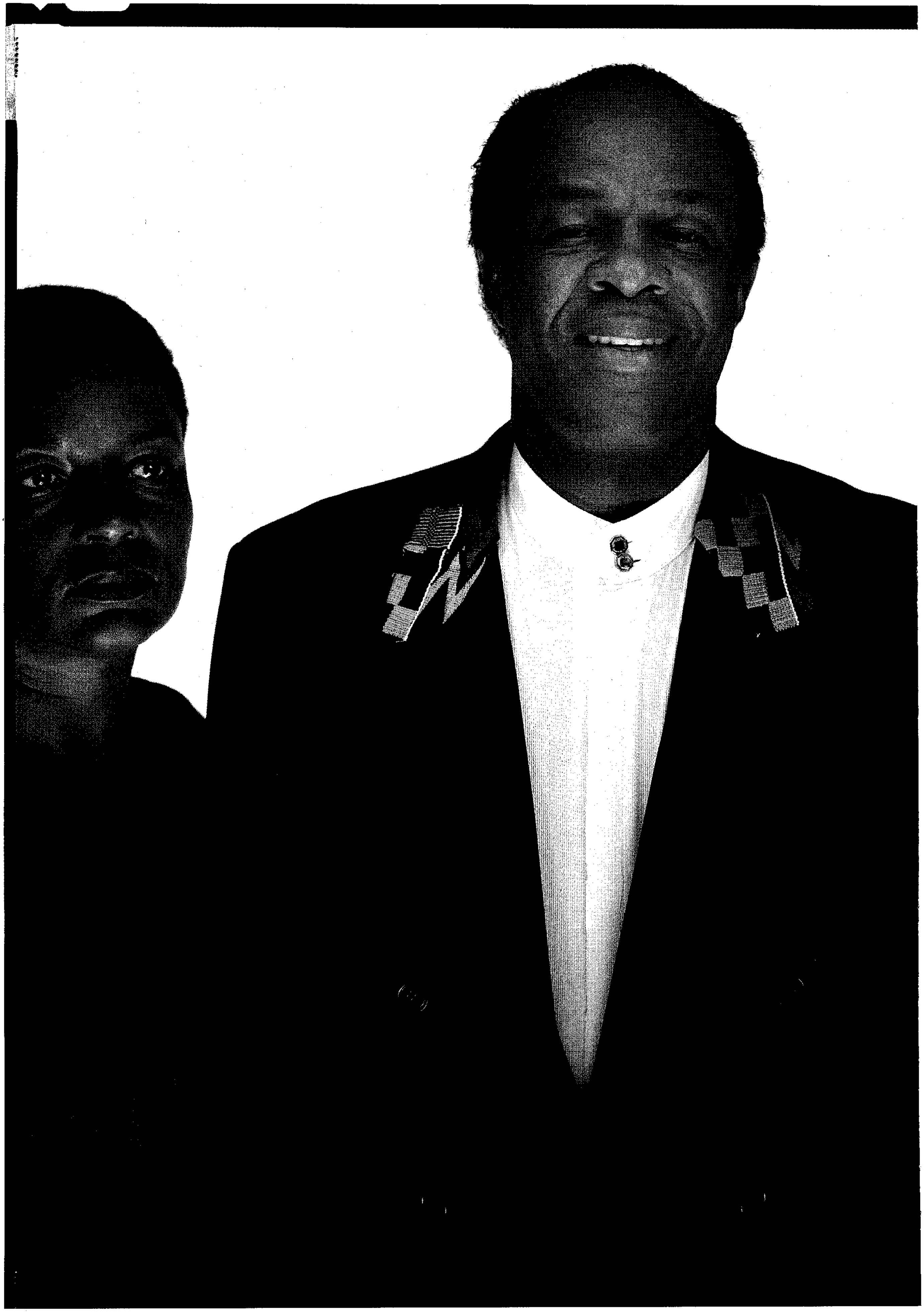
I will not attempt to do the voices or judge the talk or the moods on the raft-terrace.

It grew darker, and across the flickering water the lights bloomed on the façade of Palladio's Redentore. That Palladian façade has as an aesthetic quality an un-Venetian and as-if-final, brooding stillness. It was built to honor the end of a plague. It testifies also to the capitalism of the survivors; the façade is something of a tombstone for accident and evil, for ruin and death that will no longer occur. . . .

I can't remember ever wishing life and death had a perceptible, known, over-all meaning. When I was a child, I wished only for life, a little more of it, or much more of it. In the first torments of adolescence, I wished for a little less of it, for peace from it and its dangers. I think of breath as noisy and containing a kind of reason or meaning, as in the half prayer of *Let me breathe.* I think of the mind as rebellious and made of interruptions and demands for the ideal and private flights; it is dangerous to love minds, even one's own. I have accepted since childhood the transience of everything, including meaning—orphan that I was. The arrival and departure of significance was something I was used to, and this hasn't changed with illness. Death has a transient significance for me, one that changes. My sense of it changes, too—the imagery, the shock along the nerves, the fear (or terror) behind the breastbone. I tend to treat myself as if I were a nervous dog, a schnauzer, maybe. *It's all right,* I say to myself to calm him. Sometimes it seems to me that my blood, my bones, my nerves, my mind, my heart whisper to one another but not to me: I feel like the dissolving parent of the parts of me that there are. I would like to endow a small *chiesa* in Venice, to be called the Church of St. Death and the Ease of Leaving True Meaning Behind.

At some point, the waiters cranked out a brown-and-white striped awning, so that we were in a canvas-topped room beside the water. Some kinds of frivolity, like some kinds of selfish insistence, have an earnestness, a hidden skeleton of grace—though I do not really understand this.

By ten-thirty I had become exhausted, and, too tired for a *motoscafo,* I went with Ellen onto a *vaporetto.* We entered the cube of its lights. The *vaporetto* in a small surround of bright water in the middle of the dark held the casual fellowship of a public vehicle at night. It chug-chugged up the Canalazzo. I leaned on Ellen, who supported my weight as we went riding past the darkened or lit façades of the palaces of the Grand Canal. ♦



ANNALS OF POLITICS

THE SITUATIONIST

Three years after his imprisonment on a drug charge, Marion Barry, the former mayor of Washington, D.C., is a front-runner to win back his office. What does his resurrection say about the changing perceptions of race and class in the nation's capital?

BY DAVID REMNICK

ONE morning not long ago, Marion Barry saw on the front page of his newspaper the signpost to redemption. The signpost came in the form of poll numbers that gave him reason to believe that to be filmed by the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the act of smoking crack cocaine is not necessarily a disqualification for a fourth term as mayor of the District of Columbia. In fact, there are those in the capital who would say that at this point in the peculiar career of Marion Barry arrest and incarceration are assets, stigmata.

Barry had a long day ahead of him—the funeral of a close friend, then a complicated flight to a civil-rights reunion in Jackson, Mississippi—but for the moment he was absorbed in the numbers published in the Washington *Post*. The *Post's* story, played above the fold and across two columns, declared that in the race for the Democratic primary, on September 13th, Barry was running twelve points ahead of a city councilman and hardy perennial named John Ray and, more remarkably, twenty-two points ahead of the incumbent mayor, Sharon Pratt Kelly. Even with such a commanding lead, Barry was more skeptical than elated. He had seen other polls, with less encouraging numbers, and, besides, he did not trust the *Post*, especially its owners and the editorial board. They had endorsed him three times for mayor—the first endorsement, in an editorial in 1978, elevated Barry from the bottom of the polls to city hall—but they would not do it again. He was sure of that. The *Post* wanted no part of his redemption story. Indeed, Barry wondered if the *Post* might not be trumpeting this late-June poll precisely to arouse the "A.B.B.s"—the Anybody But Barry vote.

The *Post* poll was not merely a horse-race accounting; it also showed that Barry's negatives were dangerously high. More than a third of the respondents said that under no circumstances would they vote for him. The reasons were obvious, and have become part of the folklore of local politics in Washington. Barry's arrest on a drug charge, in January of 1990, near the end of his third term as mayor, and then his trial and his imprisonment for six months on a misdemeanor narcotics charge had all been international news. Around the world, people had seen on television how a police-and-F.B.I. sting operation brought low the mayor of the United States capital: they had seen the government's videotape of Barry in Room 727 of the Vista International Hotel trying to coax a former model named Rasheeda Moore into bed and then, at her urging, taking long stiff drags on a pipe stuffed with crack; they had seen him surrounded by agents, crying out, "Got me set up! Ain't that a bitch?" The agents searched the Mayor's pockets, finding, among other items, business cards, breath mints, and, ultimate proof of his municipal powers, a photograph of potholes.

Barry's downfall had not been sudden, or even a surprise. He began as an effective executive, creating programs for the old and the jobless, and leading a downtown-development program that had all the benefits and the gaucheries of business in the roaring eighties. But Barry apparently began snorting and

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

Marion and Cora Masters Barry, New York City, July 22, 1994.

smoking drugs at least four years before the arrest, and he had been drinking heavily—cognac, usually—for far longer. A married man, Barry chased other women with such ferocity that he would one day go on "Sally Jessy Raphaël" to describe his sex "addiction." Barry's second wife, Mary Treadwell, once said of her husband's infidelities, "I'm just going to blow his dick off. It will save us all a lot of trouble." For many months during Barry's decline, readers of the *Post* were treated to a series of reports of mayoral escapades: Barry falling asleep at dinner parties; Barry, wearing a tracksuit and a baseball cap emblazoned "Mayor," trying to talk his way into a young mother's house; Barry on boondoggles in the tropics cavorting with drug dealers and other unsavories. After a while, the *Post* assigned reporters to "cover the body," and they would follow him until three, four, five in the morning, squinting into the distance, wondering what the Mayor was doing with a raffish crowd on some yacht on the Potomac or with a woman known as Miss T in the Bahamas. A great deal did not get into the paper, but enough did.

Barry's fall was not merely a matter of personal habits. His administration was already tainted in more traditional ways. After the high hopes of his first election, city hall sank slowly into the muck of corruption: kickbacks, expense-account shenanigans, and other varieties of municipal rip-off. Ivanhoe Donaldson, an old friend of Barry's from their days together in the civil-rights movement, and perhaps his closest confidant, pleaded guilty in 1985 to stealing a hundred and ninety thousand dollars in city funds and went to prison. With time, too, Barry depended more and more on his considerable abilities as a demagogue to cover up his, and the city's, decline; he played the race card when it suited him. And, all the while, everything got worse. The schools deteriorated. Deficits grew. The murder rate soared. The middle class fled. The tax base shrank. But Barry endured, the strongest survivor in a meagre political pool.

Until the arrest at the Vista, Barry was defiant, declaring himself "invincible." The puckish local weekly, the *City Paper*, called him Mayor for Life. Just weeks before the bust, Barry brought a reporter from the Los Angeles *Times* to one of his hangouts and, between drinks and a lengthy trip to the bathroom, bragged, "I'm gonna be like that lion the Romans had. They can just keep throwin' stuff at me, you know? But I'll be kickin' their asses, every time! In the end, I be sittin' there, lickin' my paws!"

The Barry affair, when it reached the stages of arrest and trial, undermined the spirit of the city. Most of all, perhaps, it was a terrible blow to the African-American majority in a town that had once seen him as its answer to the successful black mayors in Atlanta and Los Angeles. After Barry was arrested, the *Post's* editorial cartoonist Herblock published a drawing of a black child in a decrepit apartment watching the videotape of the Mayor smoking crack. The boy's face was pure sadness, his body slack. The Mayor, who had led rallies for schoolchildren urging them to stay off drugs, who had campaigned hard for the support of the clergy, turned out to be a liar and an addict.

Even after Barry's conviction, the city dwelled uneasily in his shadow. He did not allow what is known in the current therapeutic language of newspapers as "the healing process" to proceed. Two months into his six-month jail term, an inmate told a reporter that in a crowded visiting room he had seen the former mayor abuse his visiting privileges with a woman. The inmate, a drug dealer named Floyd Robertson, said he had been sitting only eight feet from the Mayor, and the woman, in plain view of other people in the room, "leaned her head over [Barry's] lap, and then I saw her head go up and down." Robertson told another reporter, "There's no way I wouldn't have seen it. My wife's eyes were as big as saucers." Although prison officials quickly moved Barry to another prison, Barry, for his part, denied the charge, telling a local television station, "My character is such I wouldn't do it. My principles are [so] strong I wouldn't do it."

Now Barry is basing his comeback campaign for mayor on precisely his character and his principles—on his own declarations of sobriety and redemption. On street corners and on radio shows, he talks dutifully of the city's financial crisis, its struggle to lose the title Murder Capital of America. He offers a few proposals. He lightly attacks his opponents as inexperienced (Ray) or incompetent (Kelly). He recites a charitable version of his own twelve years in office. But the center of Barry's campaign is his character, his story of exile and return. In 1992, he won a seat on the D.C. City Council representing Ward 8, the poorest section of the city. Now he intends to take back the office that he was forced to abandon.

If the numbers continue to go his way, Barry will prove to be more resilient than Richard Nixon; he will pull off the most bizarre victory since James Michael Curley managed to return as mayor of Boston half a century ago after serving time in prison for mail fraud. But, unlike Nixon or Curley, Barry does not ask voters to look past his flaws. He would prefer, in a sense, that they focus on them. In Barry's telling, his downfall was the result of personal weakness and, more profoundly, relentless persecution by racist "power structures": the F.B.I., Congress, the District Attorney's office, the Washington *Post*. Using a campaign vocabulary that combines aspects of the Baptist Church, Afrocentrism, and twelve-step recovery programs, Barry means to run as a representative man, one who "has been there and back, just like so many folks." He has made his campaign an in-your-face Bible story in which the Deity is both Saviour and precinct captain. To deny Barry would somehow be unforgiving, un-Christian, an apostasy against truths holier than any solution to the District's budget crisis. As for those who choose not to vote for him, he says, "That's between you and your God."

One morning this summer, while Barry was shaking hands at the Benning Road metro station, his sound truck boomed out the chapter headings of his story: "*The shock of the world! The biggest shock since Muhammad Ali beat Sonny Liston! Everyone will see! We will put the prodigal son back in office!*"

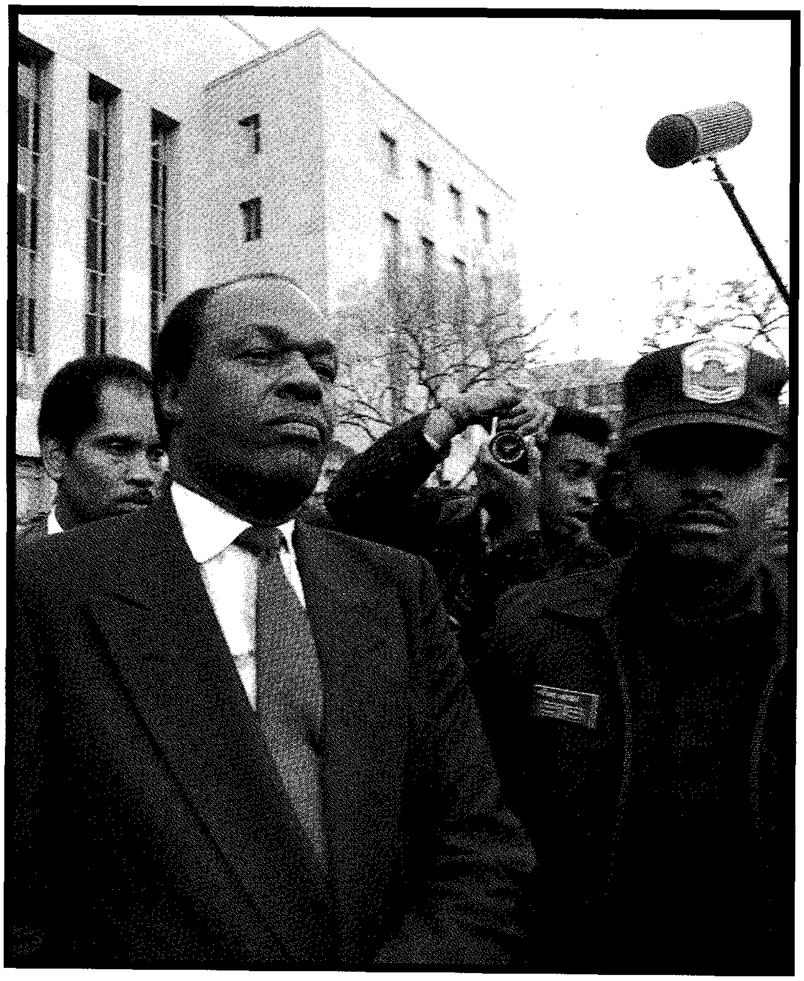
BARRY dressed for the funeral in a suit accented at the pockets and the lapels with the flaming colors of African kente cloth. Since he left prison, he has mostly given up the dark business suits he used to wear as mayor, and has filled his wardrobe with clothes made by a Ghanaian woman who runs a boutique on Society Hill, in Philadelphia. It's like the leaders in Africa, Barry tells friends: if you wear the suits of the European, you give up your own culture, your own self. The same is true of his choice of churches. Barry left a more traditional Baptist church for an Afrocentric one, the Union Temple Baptist Church, where the pastor, Willie Wilson, preaches in front of a gigantic mural of a black Christ and twelve black apostles, among them Nelson Mandela, Rosa Parks, Elijah Muhammad, Malcolm X, and Martin Luther King. In January, when Barry married for the fourth time, he and his bride, Cora Masters (a former chairman of the D.C. Boxing and Wrestling Commission), jumped over a broom at the end of an African-inflected ceremony. Barry has also taken an Arabic name—Anwar Amal, or Brightest Hope. In his City Council newsletter, a map of Ward 8 is superimposed on the southern tip of a map of Africa. As the campaign has progressed, however, Barry has toned down his African symbols. For an interview with editors and reporters at the *Post*, he wore a gray business suit and left his kufi hat at home.

The funeral was for Tom Skinner, a minister who had grown close to the Barry family. When Barry was considering the run for a fourth term as mayor, it was Skinner who told him to run as the standard-bearer of the poor: "God speaks through the people and the poor." The pews, upstairs and down, were filled when Barry arrived. He looked heavier than I remembered him, broader across the chest and the belly, but he had not changed much. As he paced slowly up the aisle, he clicked off a series of sharp nods of recognition to various friends. His warmest greeting was for Louis Farrakhan, who had stood by him during his trial.

The service was long and powerful—a mixture of tribute and gospel. Afterward, Marion and Cora stood on the church steps, talking quietly. The sun was white and hard, and the air was thick, promising rain. As Barry watched someone slam shut the door on the hearse, he winced and flicked sweat off his brow with his index finger. Soon the Barrys were surrounded, and were shaking hands in the shattering heat. It seemed that everyone who approached them came first to Cora. She has become her husband's lion at the gate, his press filter, his exhorter. Barry's previous wife, Effi, had been remote, a slender woman who always appeared uncomfortable as the political spouse and then aggrieved as the martyr wife. She, too, was at the funeral, but kept her distance. Cora is a far more formidable presence. "She'll keep Marion in line," friends say. "He doesn't dare cross her." To this day, Barry apologizes to Cora for the time, in 1987, when he had to force her to resign her post as boxing-and-wrestling chairman for double-billing more than twenty-six hundred dollars in expenses. Cora says the incident was "nothing," a mixup: "I'm just the worst mathematician in the world."

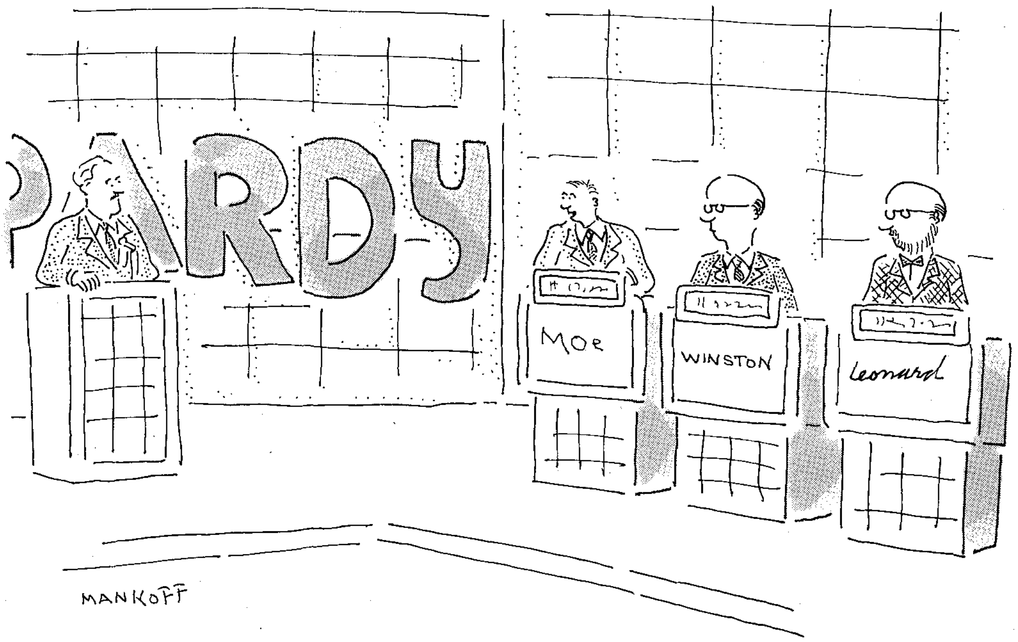
Early the next morning, I caught up with the Barrys in the dining room of a Holiday Inn in Jackson, Mississippi. There were more than two hundred people there, veterans of the 1964 Freedom Summer, when the Student Non-Violent Coördinating Committee dispatched demonstrators all over the state to overcome segregation. It was a summer marked by both triumph and the murder by Klansmen, in the town of Philadelphia, Mississippi, of three young activists—Michael Schwerner, James Chaney, and Andrew Goodman. Here and there was a well-known face from the movement: John Lewis, who is now a leading member of the House of Representatives from Georgia, and Julian Bond. People talked about their lives since 1964, their kids, their divorces. They patted their stomachs, made jokes about their bald spots. But the nostalgia was, most of all, political. The room was almost evenly divided, blacks and whites who had struggled together toward a common goal. It was a deflating reminder of how rare a thing that is in the racial politics of 1994.

Barry worked the room with a pol's silken skill, gliding from one cluster of people to the next. He recognized faces, knew names, recalled the right anecdote, the common acquaintance. Cora and Christopher, Barry's teen-age son from his marriage to Effi, trailed him around



Marion Barry leaving his February, 1990, arraignment. Unlike Richard Nixon or James Michael Curley, Barry does not ask voters to look past his flaws. He would prefer, in a sense, that they focus on them.

JEROME FRIAR/IMPACT VISUALS



"'No Brainers' for a thousand, Alex."

the room. Both seemed well accustomed to waiting, and were particularly indulgent at this homecoming. Barry was born in the Delta town of Itta Bena. His father, a sharecropper in the cotton fields, was forty-six and his mother eighteen at the time. Barry, who is fifty-eight, hardly remembers his father—"just a couple of images of him in the cotton field, riding the mules, maybe." When Barry was small, his mother struck out on her own, taking her children first to Arkansas, for the cotton-chopping season, then to Memphis, where she stayed on to work as a maid. For many years, Barry thought that his father had died, and that that was why the family had moved, but in fact his father died many years later. It turned out that his mother had left because her husband drank and sometimes beat her. "I guess she just got tired of it," Barry told me. Barry went to LeMoyne College, in Memphis, and supported a bus-desegregation protest there. In 1960, at S.N.C.C.'s founding meeting, in Raleigh, North Carolina, he became the group's first chairman. Most of Barry's work as an activist was in Tennessee and, beginning in 1965, as the civil-rights movement worked its way north, in Washington, but from 1962 until 1964 he was one of a small army that tried to break through the resistant wall of segregation in Mississippi; namely, in McComb, an hour and a half south of Jackson.

After breakfast, the S.N.C.C. demonstrators boarded buses bound for the places they had worked in thirty years ago. The Barrys got on the bus headed for McComb. The day was impossibly bright, and even more humid than it had been in Washington. We all sat back in our seats, stunned by the air-conditioning. When we arrived at the McComb city hall, a crowd of local politicians and residents were there to greet the S.N.C.C. survivors. Barry was nearly the last to climb off the bus, and Christopher filmed the scene. This time, there were no nooses in the windows to scare the demonstrators, no fear of beatings in the holding cells. Local politicians, black and white, crowded around the S.N.C.C. people as homecoming heroes. "Man, I admire these people," Cora said. "I didn't before, but I do now. When it was going on, I was more radical in my ideas. The whole idea of getting hit and not hitting back—I just couldn't do that, I couldn't understand that."

AFTER a meeting at the McComb city hall, the mayor of McComb suggested a visit to the Dinner Bell Restaurant, down the road, for a blowout lunch. A dozen to a table, we wheeled around an enormous lazy Susan that held platters heaped with fried chicken, fried green tomatoes, macaroni and cheese, greens, biscuits, ribs, sweet-potato pie, and red beans and rice. I sat next to Barry, and as he ate he seemed eager to explain himself. Everywhere he goes now, he tries to get the subject of his addictions and his current good health out into the air, not to put anyone at ease so much as to frame his story his way. Barry is only the latest American politician of many to attempt a comeback after humiliation; what makes him remarkable is not merely the elements of addiction and prison but the sheer speed of his return—the gall of it.

"Some people say it's too soon, from a recovery point of view, to take on the mayor's office," he began. "But what they don't know is that we recover by doing the things that make us happy. What dragged me down was not being mayor—it was insecurity, the need to be accepted by everyone, the pleasure syndrome. That's what brought me down. Alcohol and drugs—they make you feel good. They give you a sense of power you don't really have. So you have to do something that's satisfying. I love serving people. I love helping people empower themselves. Even some friends think it's too soon. Some genuinely think I'll go back. But it's been four years. To them, it seems like yesterday."

Barry told me about his "sponsor in recovery"—Darryl Colbert, a man who describes himself as "an ex-bum." When Barry was still mayor, he used to see Colbert hanging around East Capitol Street, drinking, strung out on drugs. Colbert told me that he had been drinking from the time he was seven until he was thirty-five. "I used everything known to man," he said. "I lost jobs, lost my marriage. I had three sons and I just wasn't there. I was down to a hundred and twenty-one pounds and one step from cirrhosis of the liver. I prayed to God to let me die. I cut my wrists open and the blood just dried. I healed." Colbert began treatment in 1987. Three years later, Barry, after he was arrested and went to a treatment center, attended an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting at a church in Southeast Washington. He saw Colbert there and could not believe that his old acquaintance had survived, much less made it into a recovery program. The two men started talking and going to A.A. meetings together.

As we ate, Barry said that, despite some "nasty" whispering in Washington, he had not had a relapse. I asked how often he went to A.A. meetings.

"I try to go once a week," he said. Colbert goes at least six times a week. "You can become addicted to A.A. meetings, too," Barry said, adding that he also calls "a therapist friend" when he feels the need. The most important thing, Cora said, was "the God force within."

After lunch, loaded down with the South's best sweet lard, we fairly waddled back to the bus and then slept all the way to Jackson.

Back at the lounge of the Holiday Inn, Cora and I talked awhile over drinks. It became clear that she and her husband feel betrayed, not only by the F.B.I. and the policemen who laid the trap but by the press, old supporters, old friends.

"Everyone's friendship with Marion was tested," Cora said. "People who had benefitted from him and people who had been involved in activities he was accused of deserted him. When you are somebody's friend, you may not approve of what they do, but you don't judge them. You minister to them, you pray with them, you stay with them. People are judgmental and hypocritical, and that puzzled and annoyed me. All of us have a life full of mistakes that no one knows anything about. We may not have been entrapped on video, but we've done some pretty not-so-hot things. Forgiveness is the hardest thing to do. But it's the most liberating thing in the world."

Barry had been making phone calls—a lingering addiction—and now he finally came to our table. But before he could join in the conversation a woman at the next table—drunk, it seemed—leaned over and touched Barry's arm, gently, not to interrupt, more to catch his eye.

"It's so terrible," she said, weepy now.

Barry held her hand and said, "Take care of yourself. Change will come."

"It's so awful. I thought we'd settled it," she said.

"We will," Barry said. "We will. And you take care."

Barry turned back to our table and took a sip of his drink.

"This orange juice is too orangey," he said.

The waitress was summoned, the drink was fixed, and Barry resumed just about where he had left off at lunch. "In prison, I had a chance to reflect," he said. "I read religious things, worked five, six hours a day. I worked the night shift at the power plant, reading meters, water temperatures. I also worked in the kitchen. In prison, working in the kitchen is considered the worst job by the inmates. But it's actually the best job. It's serving other people. So I saw it as an opportunity. Plus, I liked the hours—every other day, ten hours a shift. It gives you the chance to go to the gym, read, listen to tapes, go to the weight room. And I spent about ninety minutes every morning on the phone."

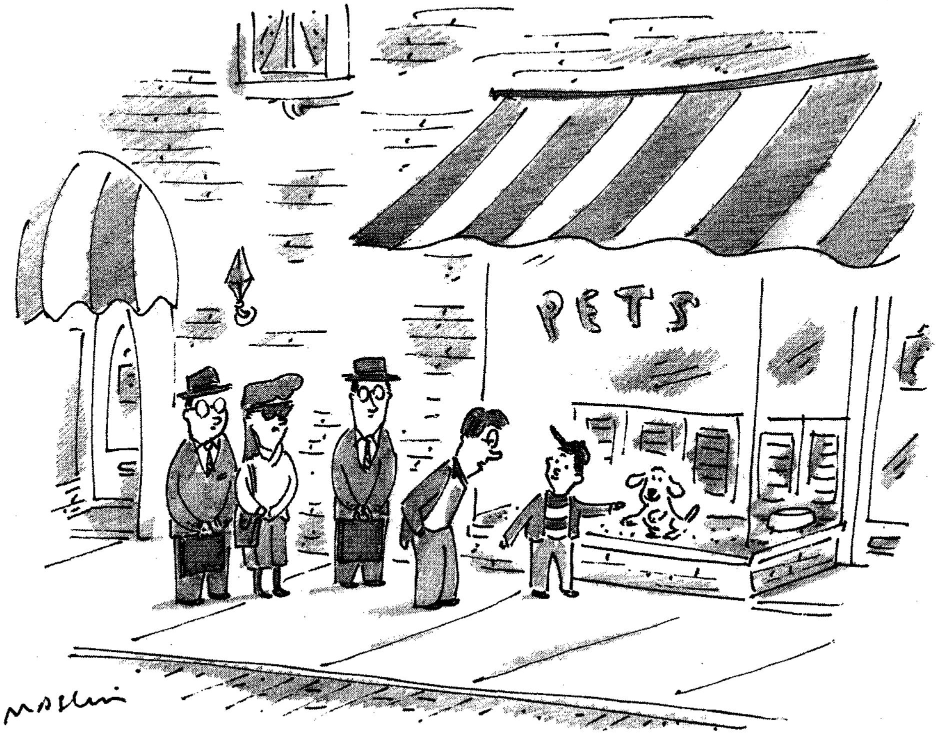
How did he get into drugs? When did it start?

"It's just drift," Barry said. "Control is an important factor. You begin to think you can do everything. It started with drinking. Alcohol was my drug of first choice. When you're into it, you lose your sense of perspective. You think you can control yourself. Very few people told me to stop. Cora told me. People that now say they did are not talking the truth. Most people are enablers. They make excuses for you. I'd call in to the staff and tell them I'm not coming in that morning, and they'd just adjust. We live in the kind of world where no one listens."

I remarked that Cora had said that prison was a blessing.

"Going to prison was one of the best things that ever happened to me," Barry said. "The government found a personal weakness. They'd tried everything else. I was under surveillance for years." Barry claims that government agents "went through my trash, they did tax audits, looking for everything they could find. So they found this weakness and they exploited it."

THAT night, after taking a drive in Barry's rented Lincoln along Route 49 in a failed mission to find a decent catfish place and a successful mission to buy fireworks, the Barrys went to a concert of the Freedom Singers, a group from the civil-rights days. As was usual with Barry, he was running a couple of hours late, and we got to the concert just in time for Barry to grab a seat on the aisle, sing along through the encores, and get up to join in the big



"If it's all right with your mother and her attorney, then it's all right with me and my attorney."

ovation. Then something strange happened. As we were getting ready to go—or, at least, getting ready to watch Barry work the room—dozens of college-age kids, nearly all of them black, took the stage and stared out at the audience. Their leader, a striking young woman in an electric-red dress, announced that the doors had been locked. We would stay in our seats until we heard out a list of "non-negotiable demands," she said.

"We're here to take the torch!" she shouted, thrilled by her own nerve. "The youth of today feel helpless. They are being taught lies. They are not being taught their history, their culture."

She was never completely clear about what the students wanted. One of their demands was that the state keep its hands off black colleges. She called for the establishment of sixties-style freedom schools. What was even less apparent was why she came on so angry to this, of all groups. Just the same, Cora and Marion Barry were roused by the spirit of it.

"C'mon, Marion. Get up there. Help them out," Cora said. "These are kids! They need us!"

Barry jumped into the aisle and rushed the stage. He hugged the woman, who looked startled, and took the microphone. "The least we can do is pass the hat right now," Barry said. "We ought to start out right now, and I'll start with a hundred dollars." Barry dropped in his bill, and around went the hats and the baskets. Where all the money would go—that, too, was a mystery.

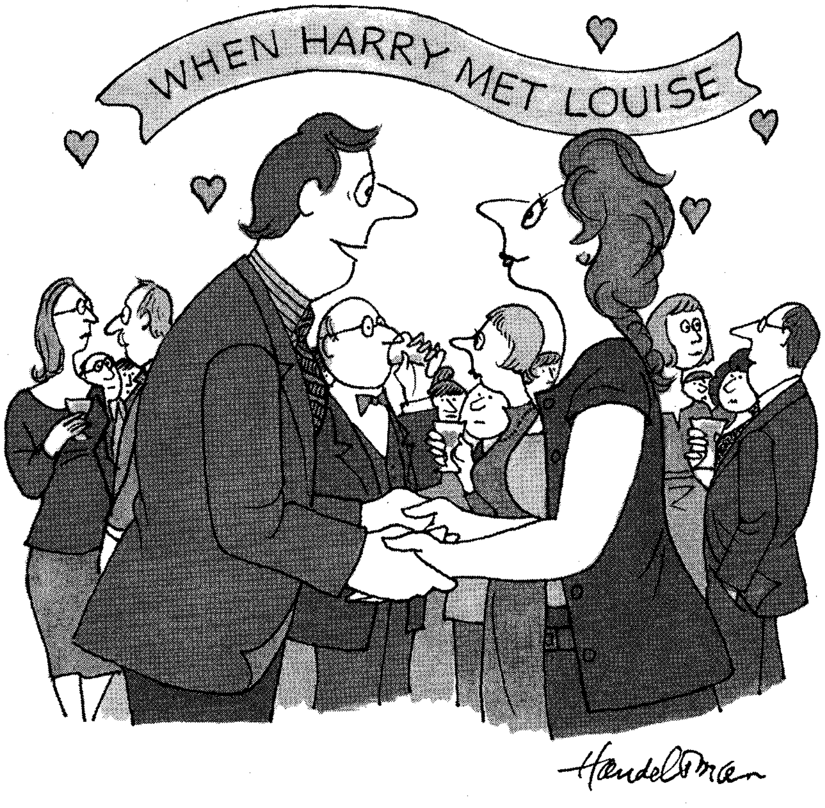
"So what if they go and splurge it all?" Barry said as we drove off. "They've got to learn. Take the initiative. Organize!"

Later, I called Taylor Branch, a veteran of the civil-rights movement and the author of "Parting the Waters: America in the King Years 1954-1963." When I asked him about Barry, Branch laughed and said he had been at the concert. "Marion's a political guy. He's not like the early Christian-martyr figures in the movement, like Diane Nash and John Lewis. He's no mystic, like Bob Moses was. Marion's a politician through and through. When he went up on that stage after the concert, he drew chuckles from the old movement people. Like 'Oh, there goes Marion. There he goes.' "

AFTER returning to Washington, I called Chuck McDew, an old friend of Barry's from S.N.C.C., and asked what it had been like to see Barry in Mississippi. "Well, he looked all right, which is good," McDew said. "Back in '90, when I saw what he was into, it made me so sad. Marion is a friend, a friend who screwed up. When a friend screws up, you don't try to stone the bastard. A lot of our people from S.N.C.C. became what I used to call the walking wounded. They took some heavy blows and—well, whatever gets you through the night.

"But I'm very hopeful. You know, I was with Ray Charles in Albany, Georgia. In the mid-sixties, S.N.C.C. had a project down there. Talking to Ray, I asked him, 'How can you justify having a habit and at the same time doing this?' Ray said, 'When you live in a world of darkness, sometimes you try to create your own light.' And that happens with a lot of people. Darkness is not just physical. Many black people—most black people in the struggle—lead lonely, solitary lives. Sometimes you try to create your own light, and that messes you up. That's something that most black people understand. They might use drugs or alcohol to create their own light, if only briefly. When they come to the realization that it doesn't work, most people in the black community won't totally condemn you for it. I think the white community doesn't understand that darkness quite as well, that there are people in despair trying to create a little light. If you're in New Rochelle, as opposed to central Harlem, or on Mulholland Drive, as opposed to South Central L.A., you just don't understand it. But if you've been there, in the circles of despair, you can understand it. So when Marion got caught up in his difficulties I thought, Well, another man trying to create his own light just got burned in the process."

McDew spoke as a friend. His sympathy was a friend's sympathy. But Barry's narrative, his bid for redemption in the form of election to the city's highest office, is a public matter, and it threatens to split the city of Washington along its most obvious and treacherous divides: race, class, and even, as a kind of subtext of both, skin tone. Unlike New York, with its intricacies of ethnicity and geography, Washington is almost freakishly stark in its divides. The city is two-thirds black. Nearly a third of the city is on some form of public as-



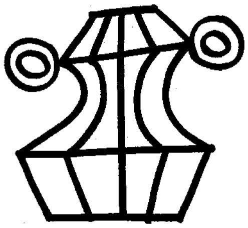
"How magnificent! I have no medical coverage, either."

sistance. There are virtually no poor whites. Southeast of the Anacostia River is almost completely black and lower-income or, less frequently, middle-income. The region is all but ignored by "white Washington"; cabdrivers often refuse to make the trip there from downtown. The rate of violent crime has dropped, but not enough to stop the fear, the publicity, and the middle-class flight.

While Sharon Pratt Kelly is a lighter-skinned black and she and John Ray both live in more privileged sections of town, Barry is dark, the son of a sharecropper. His new house is a modest one, just off Martin Luther King Avenue, in Congress Heights. Ray and Kelly appeal to whites and middle- and upper-income blacks; Barry appeals to the poor, the lower-middle class, the left out. Ray and Kelly are mocked (east of the river) as "bougies"; for some upper-class blacks (west of the river), Barry is a " 'Bama," an unpolished Southerner come to the big city. The polarities, naturally, fall apart even on the most cursory examination—Ray is from rural Georgia; Barry did graduate work in chemistry, and his son Christopher used to attend the posh St. Albans School, with the sons of senators, lobbyists, and developers—but to doubt that these categories, this language and folklore, exist is to live a wish. There are black Washingtonians who remember the days when upper-crust black folks used to do the "brown-paper-bag test" to determine who could come to a particular party; if the person in question was darker than an ordinary paper bag, there would be no invitation. "There's no question it's a factor that people whisper about," Cora Barry said. "It's a tragedy, but it's there."

No one has a more acute feeling for the divides of the city and their political possibilities than Marion Barry. When he ran for the school board, in 1971, he stopped using "motherfucker" as punctuation and "pigs" as a reference to the police; he put his dashikis aside and began wearing suits. When a reporter from the *Post* asked about the transformation, Barry explained, "I'm a situationist. I do what is necessary for the situation."

It has always been so. In 1978, Barry won his first term as mayor largely on the strength of the *Post* endorsement and votes from Ward 3, the main white ward. The permanent white population of Washington is nearly all Democratic and vaguely liberal, and Barry's background as a poor boy who became a civil-rights leader touched the white-liberal imagination in Washington. But almost immediately Barry did his sums and saw Ward 3 as a political base with no future. Even as he conducted business with white developers, befriended them, and vacationed with them on Nantucket, he cultivated the city's powerful black ministers and created thousands of city jobs that were filled by African-Americans. By 1982, he had shifted his base, and that year and in 1986 he won with overwhelming black support.



In the interval between his conviction and sentencing, Barry ran for an at-large council seat. He lost, and, sifting through the results precinct by precinct, he learned just how clearly his story reflected the city's polarities. In 1992, he narrowed his focus and won the Ward 8 council seat. It is in poor neighborhoods like Ward 8, where so many people depend on city jobs or public assistance, and where the sense of victimhood is acute, that Barry is now strong. People there identify with his trials and his mistakes; they are grateful for the way he ran city hall, spending on summer programs and municipal jobs with secondary regard for the city purse. Julius Hobson, Jr., a lobbyist and former member of the school board, told me, "Downtown development shifted tax money to the neediest part of the city. Marion hired everyone. Marion's a great believer in 'I'd rather have you inside pissing out than outside pissing in.' "

Mary E. Cox, a lawyer, who stood by Barry during his trial, said that she thought that Barry's support was rooted, most of all, in a sense of injury and identification. "Of course it's racial," she said. "They treated Jeffrey Dahmer better than they treated Marion Barry. The black male is depicted as an animal. Whether it's Mike Tyson or Michael Jackson or O. J. Simpson, every year we see a black male sacrificed. Marion Barry represents the ordinary black man, not the black middle-class man. The way he walks, the way he talks, his skin color—the average black man in the street relates to him. There is a natural connection between Mr. Barry and men who have had troubles. He is not like Andrew Young or Julian Bond in this. By birthright, he connects to the ordinary man. So when the system holds up his weaknesses they react. It's a class thing."

Jamin Raskin, a professor at American University's Washington College of Law, who volunteered for Barry's first mayoral campaign, said, "No theme in this country has a greater resonance than fall and resurrection. Politics in the black community is especially rooted in religion. When other avenues were blocked, the church became the vehicle for political activism. Barry has a resonant theme. Even Clinton would show up in black churches and talk about condemning the sin and not the sinner."

Raskin went on to say, "There's another factor. The District of Columbia has the highest rate of criminal incarceration on earth, the most per hundred thousand. D.C. is higher than any state—and most cities—in the nation, and the U.S. is the highest in the world. The National Center on Institutions and Alternatives found in 1992 that on any given day in the District of Columbia forty-two per cent of the black men aged eighteen to thirty-five were either in jail or prison or on probation or out on parole or awaiting trial or being sought on an arrest warrant. So the fact that Marion Barry has been in jail is not necessarily disqualifying for this community. Many people have had relatives or friends in jail."

Barry, the situationist, also seems to see "people in recovery" as a constituency. According to the D.C. Alcohol and Drug Abuse Services Administration, some eighty thousand District residents currently abuse drugs or alcohol. Barry has been showing up at Alcoholics Anonymous sessions, according to the *City Paper*, not only for his own recovery maintenance but sometimes in search of votes.

West of the Anacostia River—especially west of Rock Creek Park, in "white Washington"—Barry is anathema, a scoundrel. The *Post* poll gave Barry only one per cent of the white vote. In the White House and on Capitol Hill, Democrats fear that Barry will win and hand comics and conservatives a lance with which to slay the Party. The "Tonight Show" 's Jay Leno has already ventured that Barry might be running "not for mayor of the District of Columbia but for mayor of a district in Colombia." What jokes would victory bring? Subtly, congressional Democrats are doing what they can to support Kelly—or, at least, not embarrass her—not out of any love for Kelly but out of fear that her weakness will be to Barry's advantage.

Two white businessmen—Robert Linowes, a real-estate lawyer, and John Hechinger, a hardware magnate—told me that, while they could always do business with Barry and have had a more trying relationship with Kelly, they could not support him now, especially not when Washington is still run as a semi-colony, under the tight control of congressional committees. "The memory of what happened may cause problems with Congress and hurt the image of the city," Linowes said. "We get more than six hundred million dollars a year now from Congress, and there is no guarantee they'll be willing to continue that without major supervision. The trains are not running on time, it's true, but there was an enormous train wreck. In Barry's last term, there were real problems with city finances. And there was just general disarray, a distrust of the government. Kelly has not been doing well, but she is getting all the blame. A lot of the financial trouble, the debts, dropped into her lap."

Hechinger agreed. "There is a saying around here: When Adam and Eve left the Garden of Eden, the Lord gave them redemption, but he didn't let them back into the Garden," he said. "Marion has had his three terms. He's got himself on the City Council, and he ought to stay there."

On the Fourth of July, Barry decided to take his campaign to the white neighborhoods of Northwest Washington. "Open your minds, open your hearts, give me a chance," Barry kept telling the voters. Their reactions ranged from restrained applause to disgust. There was booing. Barry, with a smile, booed back. Rock Newman, the manager of the former heavyweight champion Riddick Bowe and a close friend of the Barrys, went along with the campaign that day on a parade through the Palisades section of Washington and was shocked at the reaction to him wearing a green Barry button. "One middle-aged, respectable, pillar-of-the-community-looking lady looked at me and said, 'Are you supporting him?' " Newman told me. "I said, 'Yes, one hundred per cent.' Well, she just looked at me, with all her humanity, and said, 'You poor son of a bitch.' "

Jim Nathanson represents Ward 3, the main "white ward," and he may have the best explanation of why his constituents refuse to read Barry's story the way it is read across the river. "The divide in D.C. is that an overwhelming majority of blacks feel the history of segregation and unequal treatment by the government in this city," Nathanson said. "This history carries with it a large burden, and most of my constituents have no immediate knowledge of that. My people are good-government, Common Cause supporters. They see Marion Barry and see a guy who broke the law and devastated the city in some way. They feel that he has no business running for mayor, and are even disgusted by his being on the Council. This ward will overwhelmingly come out to vote to make sure he doesn't win."

THE most popular local Washington institution is the Redskins. The most influential is the *Post.* More than the Board of Trade, more than any other local institution, the *Post*, to many black Washingtonians, is the most powerful of white institutions. Anita Bonds, who helped manage Barry's campaigns, then worked for John Ray, and is now a special assistant to Mayor Kelly, told me, "The *Post* is in charge. It is *the* vehicle in this town that generates public opinion."

Everyone in Washington is aware of how the *Post's* endorsements launched Barry into city hall in 1978 and Kelly in 1990. The Graham family, which controls the paper, and the editorial-page editor, Meg Greenfield, are likely to stick with Kelly this time—or perhaps opt for Ray, after passing him over so many times before. Barry is out of the question. Those in the *Post* hierarchy regret their last endorsement of Barry, in 1986; today, they look back and wonder what might have happened if they had endorsed, if only symbolically, Carol Schwartz, the white Republican whom Barry trounced so thoroughly.

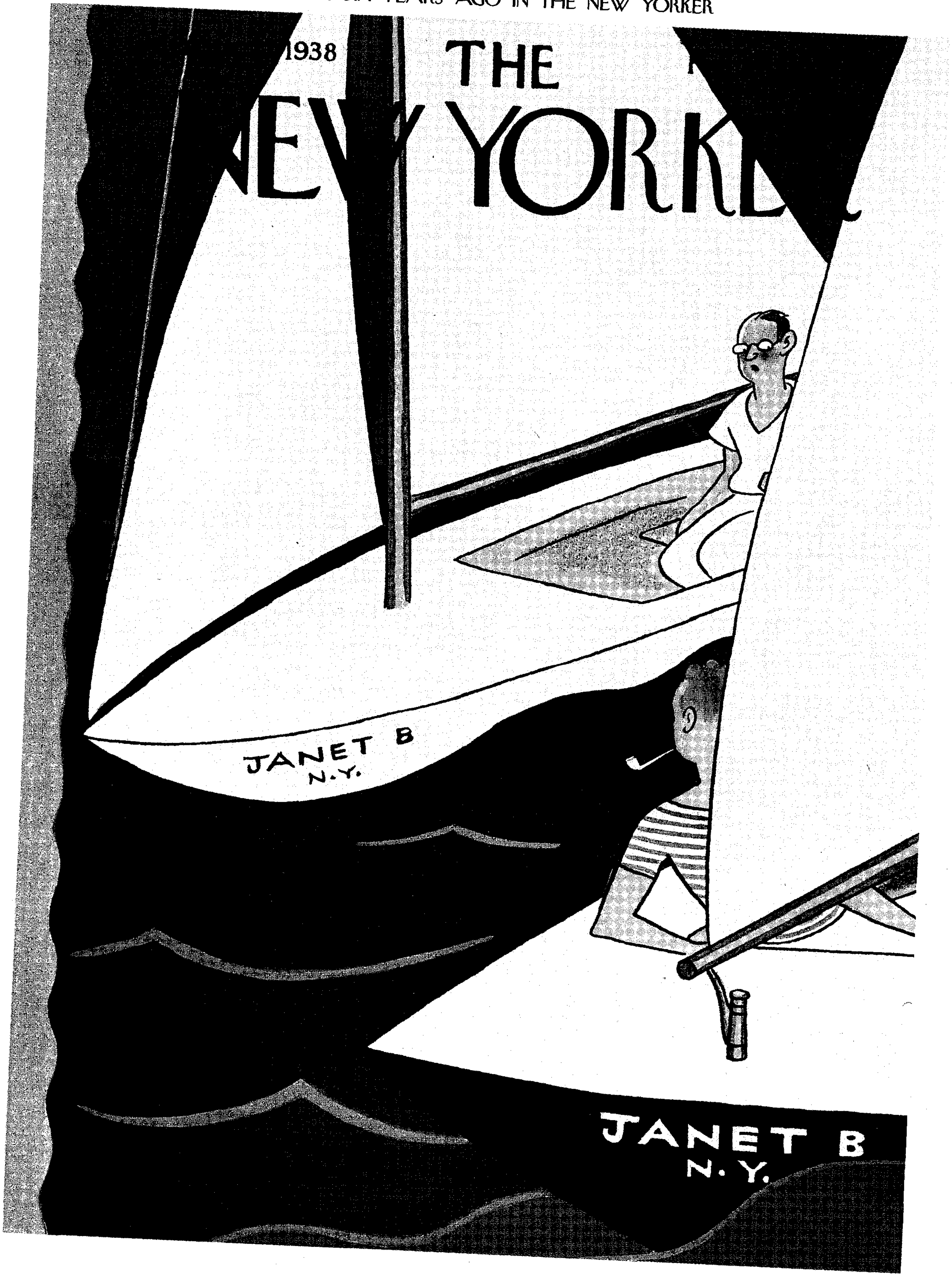
"There's no getting around it—you cannot have an election for mayor of D.C. in which the editorial page of the *Post* is not a factor," Milton Coleman, the assistant managing editor for metropolitan news, said. "Also, it's a part of the political landscape in this town that one of the ways to play racial politics is to go after this one big white institution—the Washington *Post*, the embodiment of 'them.' "

The paper's very top editors (with the exception of Coleman) are white, and, not unlike Ward 3 itself, they sometimes make odd decisions that reflect an insecurity about race in a town that is race-conscious in the extreme. In 1990, Farrakhan came to the *Post* to meet with editors and reporters over breakfast. Although he spent much of the on-the-record breakfast pushing aside charges that he was an anti-Semite, Farrakhan went on to say that powerful Jews in the media decided policy in the privacy of a Park Avenue apartment. He also described a vision he'd had, an encounter with Elijah Muhammad (dead since 1975) on a spacecraft that looked like a wheel; on the "wheel," Muhammad warned him of the various evil machinations of the federal government. Some of the *Post* people at the meeting left the room convinced that the man was a hater and a nut. Even so, the next morning's headline read, "FARRAKHAN SEEKS LARGER ROLE IN U.S. POLITICS."

In my time with Barry, he continually showed his displeasure with the *Post*. And yet his complaints seem a form of demagoguery: he knows they will play well in the areas where he is looking hardest for votes. Barry has had, for many years, a sophisticated sense of the paper and a comprehensive knowledge of its reporters. (Nearly everyone on the city beat, at one time or another, has covered him.) He has toyed with the paper's liberal guilt, alternately campaigning for its good graces and berating it for its sins, real or imagined. Now he more often uses the *Post* as a foil. At a meeting with editors and reporters not long ago, Barry charged straight into his redemption-and-forgiveness speech and then, when the questions turned to the city's fiscal crisis and his role in it, he lectured, bullied, and stunned the journalists into exhaustion.

Milton Coleman knows all too well that the coverage of Barry by the city's "white" paper can influence the outcome

FIFTY-SIX YEARS AGO IN THE NEW YORKER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and the emotions of all sides. "You get a guy like that, and if a whole people seems to dismiss him as nothing more than a cokehead, a womanizer, and the leader of a bloated bureaucracy—well, black folks get insulted by that," Coleman said. "They say, 'Why do you see Marion Barry only as that? Can't you see anything else? Then Marion Barry must be a metaphor for the way you see me.' "

A few days after the Mississippi trip, Barry scheduled a morning campaign appearance at a bus stop outside Marbury Plaza, a middle-class apartment complex in Southeast Washington. As Barry pulled up in his midnight-blue Chrysler New Yorker, the sound truck was blaring, "*Marion S. Barry: A political genius! Marion S. Barry: He's never lost touch with the people! People like you and people like me!*"

Barry wore a green African suit buttoned to the neck. Before he had even crossed the street, people were yelling his name: "Hey, Barry!" and "Yo, Marion, you got mine!"

Barry looked as though he had spent a lifetime of mornings being applauded, but he was no less delighted. He waved and shook hands and asked the little questions that lock in a voter: "How you doin', dear? You registered to vote?" And "How many units you got up there?" And "How are your grades in school, dear? All B's? How 'bout some A's? You got to visualize it. Can you envision A's?" He seemed to know, by face, at least one out of every half-dozen people, and that was usually from a meeting at one of the city's black churches. With one woman he talked awhile about his "brand-new plan" to push prayer in the public schools.

"I know the power of persistent prayer from a personal point of view," he said. "To pray out loud, it doesn't just affect the person praying. It affects all those around who hear it. Let the courts decide the constitutional question. A large number of young people and ministers have asked me to do this, to introduce a bill permitting voluntary, student-led prayer in school."

"*Marion S. Barry! Forgiven by God! Marion S. Barry! Raised by God to be the mayor of our nation's capital!*"

"You know, mayors ought to be ministers, and ministers ought to be mayors," Barry told me in between handshakes. "Ministers save souls. So do mayors."

Barry's own minister, Willie Wilson, of the Union Temple Baptist Church, had told me that in his view (and Barry's) the interplay of politics and religion was an ethnic matter. "For the African, life is religion, and religion is life," Wilson said. "There is no division of church and state."

Every so often, Barry sprinted after a voter who seemed to have snubbed him. He bounded onto a bus and passed out pamphlets and registration forms. He is hoping to register thousands of voters. The driver did not complain. As Barry climbed down from the bus, a young woman pulled at his sleeve.

"Have you confessed to God our Saviour?" she asked.

"Well, yes, I have," Barry said.

"That's good. That's good."

"Prayer, that's the thing."

"Well, God let me cross your path," the woman said.

"Pray on it," Barry said, a little ironic now. "Hallelujah!"

But he had misread her. She only became more earnest, nagging him. "Can you confess: 'I pray with my heart to Lord Jesus.' "

"Uh . . ."

When she finally left, Barry turned to me, smiling. He seemed relieved. "Sometimes you get these Bible-carrying evangelists and they don't want to hear what you say about anything other than Jesus Christ."

Later, I asked Barry if he had any models for himself as a man and as a politician. There was no hesitation. "Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., is the politician I admire most," he said. Powell was Harlem's shining light in Congress for over two decades. When Powell was under investigation for misconduct and, in 1967, was denied his seat in Congress, he charged the House with racism. "If they can do this to me after twenty-four years of excellence . . . then you know what they can do to you," he told his black supporters. Running for reëlection in Harlem in 1970, Powell lost to Charles Rangel in the Democratic primary by fewer than two hundred votes. Powell's political talents were vastly more extravagant than Barry's. What was important about Powell to Barry was the older man's story, his refusal to be judged by whites, his quest to return.

"Adam did a remarkable thing," Barry said. "He got a few steps from completing his journey. But they broke him at the end, when he went to Bimini. He didn't make it. When Adam was in Congress, I'd see him. I went up with Chuck Stone, one of his assistants. I used to know him. I was on the Hill the day the House voted to deny Adam his seat. Afterward, we went to his

SLEEPER

He falls asleep.
Helps himself to a scoop of sleep,
One hand up to the face, quite simply,
Like a fat man at the peanuts at a party;
Naturally. There to be taken.

The sleeper lies removed, smoothly replete:
Easy into it as a puppy's roll, one shoulder down,
Loose-headed, away over unseen contours.
Will wake with a swept mind.

The curtains swell in the night breeze just as
Thin peel rings turn softly, unwinding from the fruit.
Nights are the breaths in an idiot's anecdote,
Forgotten opening of doors between remembered rooms.

—Katherine Pierpoint

office. Adam was standing tall on the Capitol steps, but when I got to his office you could tell he was so distraught. Adam said, 'I played the game the way the white folks played it, I even outplayed them.' In his heart, he didn't understand. It was a 'Why me?' thing. Then he felt, 'I know the difference. I'm black.'

"I know better about being black and playing the game the same way. They don't count the score the same way. Every black person knows that. It's just history. You have to know it. Even a nice guy like Tom Bradley, or Dick Arrington, nothing but nice guys, and look at them. But you can't stop. You keep going."

Barry's quest for redemption at the level of public endorsement is no less puzzling to many whites than "Free O.J." and "Mike Tyson: 'I'll Be Back' " T-shirts. Riding with Barry in his car one day, I said it seemed that the T-shirts were a reflection of the great divide in Washington and other American cities. I told him how, when he was working the Benning Road metro station one morning, I'd met a carpenter named James Price. I'd asked Price about Barry and Tyson, whether there was some link between the two in his mind. Price said he thought there was. "What Barry went through was a learning experience," he said. "Even though he was convicted, look where he is now. I like his story. As for Tyson, we didn't see Mike Tyson rape that girl. But everyone makes mistakes. God forgives us for our sins. How can God forgive us for sins he's seen and we can't forgive for a sin we haven't seen?" I told Barry that the conversation was baffling to me and, what was more, was typical of dozens of others I'd had in Washington. Barry nodded his head, agreeing.

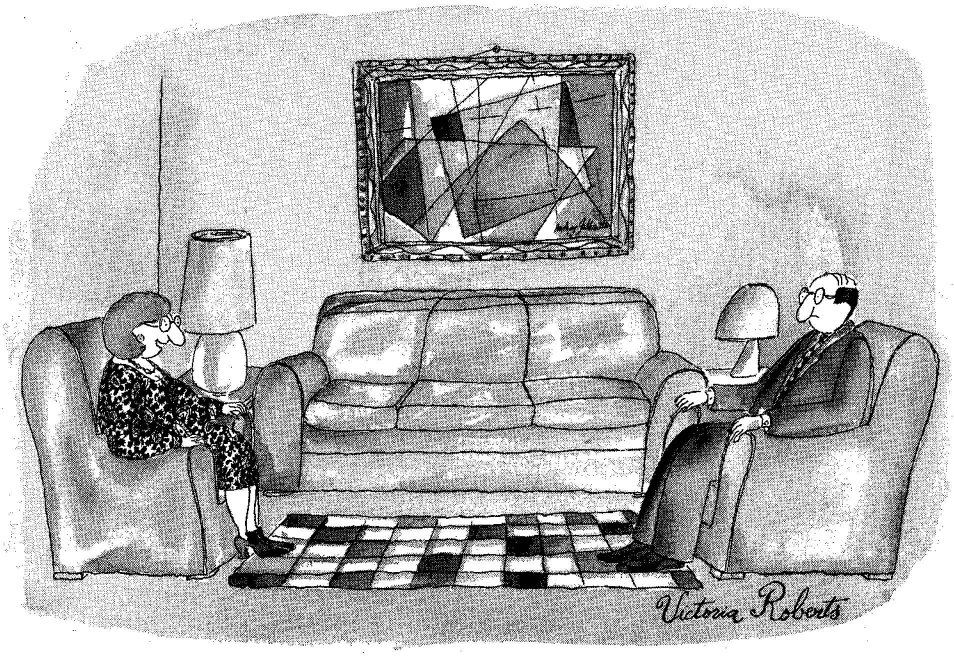
"It's a cultural difference, and religious, too," he said. "The African-American community, even guys on the streets, grew up in the church or around churches that represent something spiritual. I get the impression that the white community doesn't have the same intensity—the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians, it's not the same. The Baptist Church has more ritual. Redemptiveness is preached every Sunday. So it's cultural. They think, too, that the criminal-justice system is corrupt, that there is no fairness in it. Or they've even had a bad experience in it themselves. The numbers would suggest that there is some validity in saying that the system is not fair to African-Americans, Hispanics, the poor. Nearly fifty per cent of the prison population in America is African-American. Something's wrong. So when you see that every day you say, 'Well, we don't know if Mike Tyson is guilty or not, but something is wrong.' The cultural and historical differences don't mean the black community is less moral or lower in its standards. We're just as high, probably more so. There is a perception among some people that some African-Americans have a lower concept of ethics and standards. It's not true. Black people were just as outraged and disappointed and angry with me as whites. But they've had more personal experiences of grief in their lives, too."

In my conversations, a lot of people said more or less what Barry said. Among blacks, the chorus was near unanimous: Why can Ted Kennedy do what he has done and go on, while Marion Barry cannot? Why was Adam Clayton Powell brought down when the House of Representatives was filled with cads and cheats?

"There's no politician around who you can't get if you go after his weaknesses. Chuck Robb, J.F.K., Eisenhower. Maybe only Nixon could have got past that," Courtland Cox, one of Barry's oldest friends in Washington, said. "One has to understand that there was a vendetta to get Marion. People looked at that Vista tape and ignored it. People in the black community said, 'You sons of bitches were out to get him and used various practices to do it.' People felt that the government was out of control. And that's not just in Ward 8. The people said, 'You are the same group of people who are always fucking with us.' So to me it's not a comeback but a never-left."

There are very few black politicians in Washington who challenge the Barry narrative—his opponents included. In 1990, Sharon Pratt Kelly won the *Post's* endorsement, and then the election, largely because she was willing to run a "clean house" campaign directly attacking Barry. Since then, as Kelly has lost popularity and as Barry's narrative has taken its redemptive turn, she has steered well clear of direct criticism of her old rival. When I went to see Kelly in her new offices, at One Judiciary Square—an absurdly luxurious redoubt, whose final cost to the taxpayers will run close to three hundred million dollars—she swerved away from the Barry questions. She has next to no support east of the river, and if she is to get some it will not be from attacking Barry.

Kelly is not alone in her reluctance. Charlene Drew Jarvis, a councilwoman who represents Ward 4, an area with many middle-income and some upper-income blacks, was willing to say that



"I sent your dry cleaning to France."

this election is seen by many poorer blacks as Barry's quest to score a victory over white power structures. But when I asked her whether she would vote for Barry she laughed and said, "No comment, please!" Her constituents, she said, are divided. She didn't want to "alienate anyone."

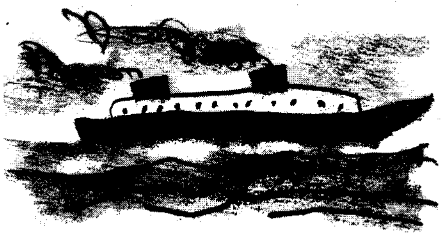
Perhaps Barry's most influential black critic in Washington is Cathy Hughes, the woman known locally as the African-American Katharine Graham. Hughes owns a string of radio stations with black-oriented programming, including WOL, in Washington. In the past, she has supported Barry, but no longer. "Marion is a master pol," she told me. "Even when he can't help, he'll create smoke and mirrors to make it seem like he is. It was a constant pep rally when he was mayor until he was cracked out. There's something about him that people connect to. He's a Farrakhan-type figure. He's able to say 'Fuck you!' to the white power structure. Black people mistakenly feel there is some value in saying 'In your face!' He is our local 'in your face' leader, and he's exploiting the most vulnerable people. But you can't dismiss him, any more than you can dismiss Farrakhan. It's not what they've done for the people—it's their ability to channel the frustration.

"I am anti-redemption-theme. This destroys our community. The people who have not messed up should be the examples, not those who mess up and come back. This man did not fix his problems. The feds did it for him. But, for the community, that's a plus. They like his boldness. Look at the whole drug culture. Drug kingpins are idols because they are so bold. They go to jail and throw it in the Man's face. This is the most painful thing in the world."

EVER since his trial, Barry and his supporters have claimed that the government spent as much as fifty million dollars to investigate and arrest him. (The government says that the real figure is many times less.) Barry himself is convinced that the United States Information Agency also spent "big money" and "a lot of energy" to distribute the videotape of his arrest at the Vista hotel to foreign broadcasters "for maximum airtime." His sense of conspiracy is not an aberration. Theories of conspiracy have always been a form of political rage, a means of explaining clearly the sources of one's own misery. More than ever, conspiracy theories are an integral part of the conversation in poorer black neighborhoods. There is the conspiracy to entrap black elected officials. The conspiracy to eavesdrop on black officials with spy satellites (once a favorite of Dick Gregory's). The conspiracy to target and destroy the black community with narcotics. The conspiracy of white (usually Jewish) doctors to create the AIDS virus at Fort Detrick, a research facility in Maryland, and infect blacks. The conspiracy among the white media élite to undermine, or even assassinate, Louis Farrakhan. The conspiracy, known as The Plan, in which white businesspeople and media élites have been plotting for the past twenty years to "take back" power from the blacks who have dominated local Washington government since the advent of home rule.

It is not hard to imagine the ground from which such fantastical thinking grows. How many black leaders have to be killed, how profound does the history of injustice have to be, before it throws the thinking of a community off balance? What Barry grasps intuitively—and what comes as a shock to most whites—is the political potential of conspiracy thinking. At various times in his career, Barry has made references to The Plan to rouse black audiences; these days, he refers to his personal downfall in conspiratorial terms.

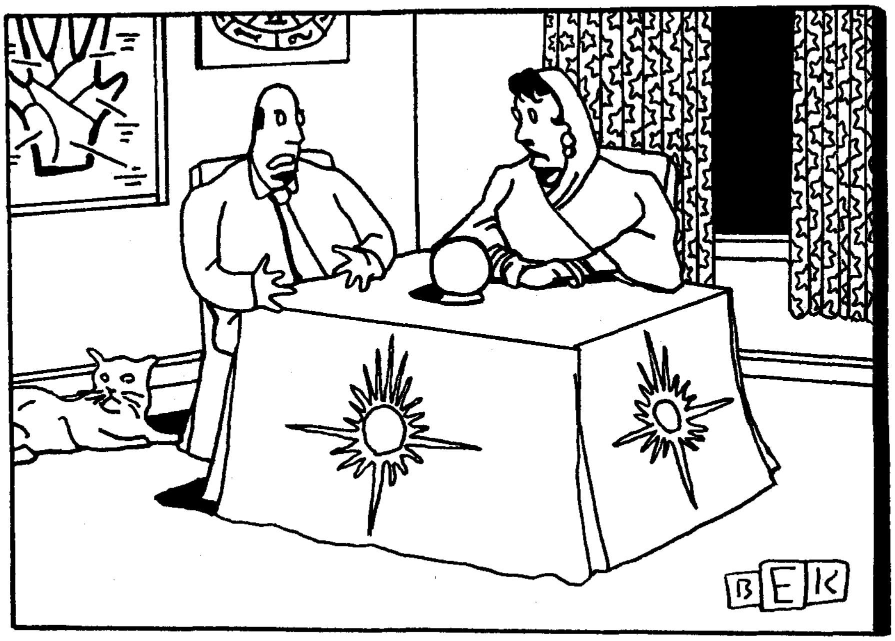
One night, I rode around Ward 8 with Lieutenant Lowell Duckett, the head of the Delta Unit, an anti-gang force. His job is perhaps the roughest in the city: going after the drug gangs—the Barry Farms Crew, the Lynch Mob, the Black Mafia, the Galveston Street Crew—that are the source of so much narcotics trade and general mayhem in Washington. Duckett grew up in the city and played football at a junior college in Kansas. His build roughly approximates an elevator compartment. When he talks, he barks. Duckett has been on the police force for twenty-six years, and remembers well a time when it was nearly all white. He has gone on the radio to criticize his superiors and, while he was at it, the President of the United States. I was with him and Barry one afternoon when they appeared together on a call-in radio show. Duckett treated the three-time mayor to the verbal equivalent of a clothesline tackle.



We drove by Barry Farms, a public-housing project, and Duckett said, "That's been a prime location for trouble in the past. That place used to be a plantation and became a place where freed slaves could live."

There are some middle-class houses in Duckett's district, but the middle class, in large part, has for years been fleeing the city for some of the most successful black suburban counties in the country: Prince George's County and parts of Montgomery County, in Maryland. The poor are stuck. When Barry developed the downtown area of the city, the businesses that moved in created permanent jobs for yuppies, not for underskilled blacks. The underclass in Washington and cities like it is made up mainly of refugees from the industrial revolution, according to such experts in local demographics as Bart Landry, an associate professor of sociology at the University of Maryland at College Park, and Joel Garreau, an editor at the *Post*. Blacks came from the South to Northern downtowns for unskilled jobs—loading, manual labor of all kinds—and now machines do the work. "There is a black middle-class miracle," Garreau told me. "But for the people left behind, the kids who have no place to study, who go to bed at night and wake up in the morning hearing gunfire, for the kids with no father in sight, no role model—for them, it's a nightmare."

Duckett knows those kids. They are the kids he has arrested and observed and lived among, and he understands their attraction to a leader like Marion Barry. "A lot of mothers in this town see Marion Barry as their son—he messed up, and then they kiss you and nurture you and send you back out," Duckett said as we drove by a series of abandoned lots. "Then, you take the black middle class. They're leaving anyway. And, man, what they're looking for they'll never find—white validation. They'll never get it.



"Tell her she's dead. I don't want to talk about the relationship."

"You got a class war going on in town," Duckett went on. "The Mayor—she's up with the bougies. Her daddy was a judge. Mayor Kelly brought the bougies to the town, so there is a lot of resentment about that. Everything that was helping brothers—rec centers, summer jobs—is going out the window. The taxpayers ought to be willing to spend the way they did for white people on 4-H Clubs, Boys Clubs. The government came up with things for them. If it don't happen, the race war is going to go down. The sleeping giant is just waking up.

"Barry's trial gains him credibility. It makes him a human being. I know what I'm talking about. Like most cops, I was addicted to alcohol. I almost lost my wife and kids, I was drinking on duty. I messed up, almost got indicted. Believe me, God will save your soul and A.A. will save your butt! My wife came back. I'm here. It's a success story. That's why I can look in Barry's eyes and know he's been redeemed. There's a redemptive quality in Marion Barry that's good for the city. If God is going to cure Marion Barry, then we might as well get on the bandwagon. He's seen it from the ground up and is making his way up."

Duckett pulled his cruiser up to a park at Atlantic Street and Livingston Road, where a go-go group, the Northeast Groovers, was playing. Duckett pointed out one gang member after another heading toward the band shell. He knew their affiliations by the bandannas they wore on their wrists, the style of their shorts, their T-shirts. They were children, most of them. Duckett said the concert would go just past dusk. "And then watch out," he said. "The guns are in the trunks of people's cars."

Duckett is a talkative man and has a way of careering into subjects without interruption. Occasionally, he would give an order to his men in the Delta Unit by walkie-talkie and then pick up the thread, saying, "And another thing . . . " The last couple of things he said shook me.

"And another thing. AIDS didn't come from no damn monkeys in Africa. It was developed at Fort Detrick, Maryland, to deal with different types and classes of people. You understand what I'm saying?"

Then "And another thing. Integration? Integration is a social experiment that failed. We're more separate now than we were in 1968. I'm a realist, and I know America is not ready for no integration."

• •

IT is not always easy to pinpoint the sources of a conspiracy theory. But what Duckett had to say about the failure of integration, while not part of polite political discourse, was nothing less than the evident truth. Thanks to the civil-rights movement, segregation has been outlawed in countless legal realms: education, public access, housing. But Duckett is right: integration is far from being a fact in the way people live. Washington is not merely typical—it is a mirror of American separatism.

As Harry S. Jaffe and Tom Sherwood point out in "Dream City: Race, Power, and the Decline of Washington, D.C.," their astute book on modern Washington, the city's plantation history is grotesque. For decades, the white élites in Congress and in local business kept tight control of money and politics. The tales of domination—all well known mainly among blacks—are legion. In the forties, Senator Theodore Bilbo, of Mississippi, a proud member of the Ku Klux Klan, was the chairman of the committee that ran the city. Bilbo, who had previously proposed an amendment to a work-relief bill calling for the deportation of twelve million blacks to Liberia, used his position as chairman to suggest that thousands of black Washingtonians be driven onto farms or shipped to Africa or, at the very least, sequestered in a stadium. The city's one unifying institution, the Redskins, had also been a symbol of white reticence. The Redskins were the last team in the National Football League to integrate. It was only when Stewart Udall, the Secretary of the Interior under President Kennedy, spoke up, in 1961, that the team owner, George Preston Marshall, hired a black running back, the magnificent Bobby Mitchell. The *Post's* sportswriter Shirley Povich cracked that the team colors should have been burgundy, gold, and Caucasian.

When Congress granted home rule to Washington, twenty years ago, there were dreams in the black community that the city would become Chocolate City, a showcase of black culture and political power. "But those days are so long ago, it just seems so sad what's happened since," Juan Williams, a black reporter at the *Post*, said.

Willie Wilson, Barry's spiritual leader, told me, "In Washington and everywhere else, the integrationist dream never occurred. Even the historical documents show that. America is as separate as it was thirty years ago. Many in the African-American community have concluded that the illusion of in-

FAIRY TALES
Bernard Schoenbaum

"It sounds a little too perfect. What's the downside?"

• •

tegration was the most detrimental force in the last thirty years. Thirty years ago, we had a sense of elders, of values that sustained us. The notion of integration was a total cultural-historical surrender. For example, prior to the fifties there were dozens of African-American hospitals; now there are seven. There were businesses, schools. We have walked away from that. Much of it was lost because, under the notion of integration, we walked away from what was ours. It was thought inherently inferior. Without integration, it's quite possible we would have been better off."

One afternoon, I was driving around the city with Barry, from one campaign stop to another, and I asked him about the question of integration. He had begun his political career when integration was among his highest goals, and now, it seemed, that had been lost.

"You see, whenever you try to integrate something, its culture, its history, very rarely does it achieve the purpose intended, which a lot of us fought for," Barry said. "Prior to 1954, we had many more African-American businesses than we have now. It's culture, too. When I was growing up, we understood who we were. We sang the Negro national anthem. We emphasized black history. We had the best teachers, because under segregation the system prevented the best and the brightest from doing other things. Now teaching is a lowly profession, unfortunately. Now we've lost our best and brightest who would have been teachers—lost them to I.B.M. and General Motors. Our school systems have become havens for non-success. Education in any culture is the way to transfer values and skills. That's why, even though some Jewish families send their kids to public schools, something else goes on that maintains the culture, your identity, as distinct and strong. That didn't happen in our community. Whenever you try to establish black schools, the larger society says you're being racist. In integration, you have two or three strong cultures together. Again, the Jewish people. Their model works well. That's why the Jewish people have disproportionate power, people would say, because of that strength. You got the Torah, the language, and the Ark.

"The African-American community was enslaved from 1619 or before, and every important thing an individual can have was taken from us: our history, our culture, our religion, even our names. Strip a person of all that, you strip him of everything. The African-American maintained some culture—the drums, dance—but, really, he was stripped. After 1863, four million people were freed without any education, because education had been illegal. We all supported the Brown v. Board of Education decision in 1954, but the infrastructure wasn't there. And it was our fault, quite frankly. So there was not the strength to integrate."

A little while later, Barry had some time to kill before one of his evening neighborhood campaign crawls, and he stopped at a beauty salon on Georgia Avenue.

"How long will a manicure take?" he asked.

"About twenty minutes."

"Can we do it in ten?"

Barry sat down and dipped his fingertips in moisturizer. A woman attended to his cuticles. As we talked, a young girl walked in the door. She was barefoot and dressed in a long white T-shirt, and was possessed of an almost comically voluptuous body. The girl walked back and forth across the salon and then stopped.

"You Barry?"

"Yes."

"No, you're not. You're not him." She was closer now, and it appeared that she was on drugs. Her speech was dreamy, her eyes vacant as echoing hallways.

"Yes, yes, I am," Barry said.

"No, c'mon. You're not the mayor. You're not Barry."

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

"You going to school?"

"Nah."

"Where are your parents?"

"My mother's in jail. My father's in jail. I live with my grandma. Sometimes."

"Sometimes?" Barry said. His mood had changed from delight to evident sadness. "Where do you get money?"

"People give it to me sometimes," the girl said, looking away.

"From guys, right? That's terrible. You gotta be careful."

The girl's voice took on a defensive, angry edge. "We're not gonna make you the mayor again," she said.

Barry asked the owner of the salon to keep checking on the girl, but he had no false hopes.

"Man, I see it all the time," he said.

"I saw it growing up, too. What a tragedy. The odds of someone like that making it—well, it's zero."

BARRY pulled the big Chrysler into a space along a commercial strip on Rhode Island Avenue Northeast. The plan was to shake some hands near the liquor store and the carryout places, and then move on to the houses and housing projects nearby. Before climbing out of the car, Barry peeled off his suit jacket. "Watch this," he said. "Superman! Presto!" He pulled on a T-shirt he'd bought earlier. "Support African-American Business" was the logo, under a fist with dollars packed into it. The situationist was ready for the situation.

Barry climbed out of the car. At first, seven or eight guys sitting on plastic milk cartons across the street didn't notice, but as Barry walked closer, smiling all the way, they began to shout, "Hey, Barry!" and "Mistuh Mayor Man!" The few teen-agers around were wearing huge hip-hop shorts and T-shirts advertising the innocence of O. J. Simpson. A big guy who identified himself as Big Hype grabbed Barry by the elbow and told him he ought to come around to the Kilimanjaro Club—his rap group was playing that night.

"Yo, Barry! Gimme two dollars!"

"Yo, Barry! You gonna win!"

Then the sound truck kicked in: "*Marion S. Barry, despised by a few, beloved by most! Marion S. Barry, a man of humble birth! His parents were sharecroppers making two hundred and fifty dollars a year in the Mississippi Delta! With God, all things are possible!*"

Barry started his tour of the neighborhoods nearby, hopping into a volunteer's Toyota and visiting every front-porch lounger he could find. Everywhere he went, people told him how disgusted they were with Kelly, how grateful they were for the civil-service explosion under Barry. A man in his twenties wearing a "Don't Ask Me 4 Shit" T-shirt said he had got a summer job under Barry. Even at Edgewood Terrace, a public-housing project, people spoke up for Barry.

"You think Sharon Pratt Kelly or John Ray would ever show up at a place like this?" one young woman said to me. "No way. They're terrified to come down here. Barry's ours."

ONE night, I went to the Greater New Hope Baptist Church, near Chinatown, for a Barry rally for potential volunteers. I arrived early, and met a young woman there named Dorothy Brooks. She lives across the river, and her belief that Marion Barry would make a better life for her and the city is near-absolute. Just as sure is her conviction that Barry was brought down by a government turned spy and temptress. "He was not himself," she said about his arrest. "It was the pressures of office, home. He was stressed out. It was his way of trying to unwind, by taking a chill pill."

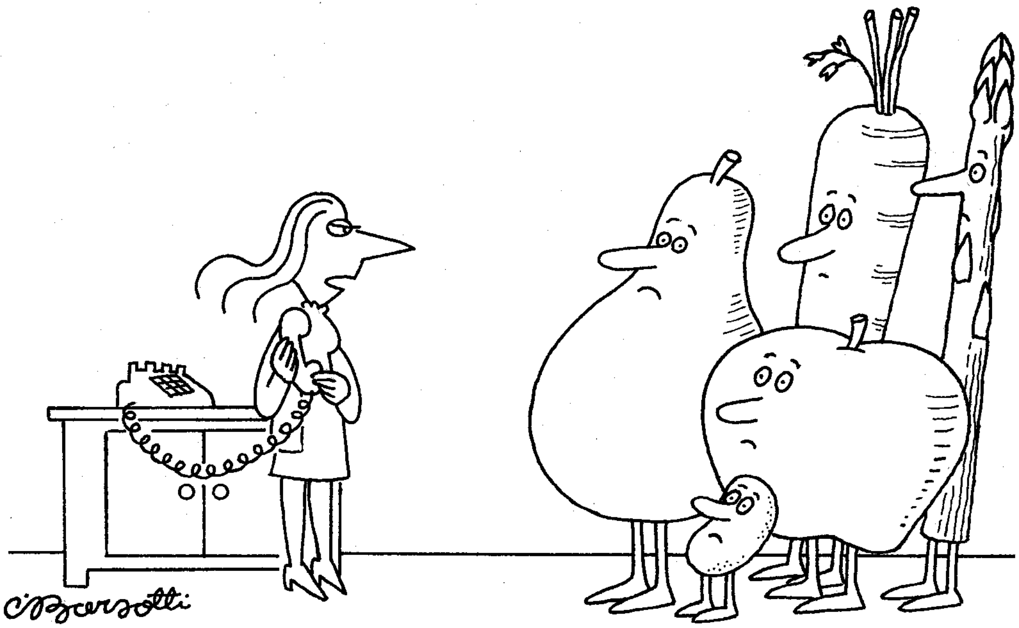
As we sat waiting for Barry to arrive, Dorothy Brooks catalogued her burdens, and they were both extreme and typical. She works as a day-care provider in a city program and earns sixty dollars a week. She is taking this mayoral race very seriously. There are the three major Democratic contenders: Barry, Ray, and Kelly. In the fall, Carol Schwartz will run on the Republican line, and William Lightfoot, a wealthy black lawyer, will run as an independent if his friend John Ray does not get the Democratic Party slot. Of them all, Dorothy Brooks said, only one candidate thinks what she thinks, cares about what she cares about.

"Marion Barry is not an Uncle Tom," she said. "He's not a yessir man. The people on the Hill cannot run him. . . . He's a God-fearing man who goes to church and wants to do for people, help people."

A few minutes later, Barry entered the room, and a chant went up: "Bar-ry! Bar-ry!" The candidate shook his fist, but shyly. "I want to thank God for this day, I want to thank him for allowing us to see this wonderful evening," he began. And then he talked about a thirteen-year-old who had been killed in a shootout in his neighborhood. He talked of the plague of violence, the need to build drug-treatment centers: "We know it's a medical problem, don't we? So we treat it medically." And then he brought up the Washington *Post* poll. He gave it a conspiratorial edge: "We don't know what that poll was all about. What that poll did was mobilize those who don't like Marion Barry.

"But with the God force in us," he said, "there is not a problem we cannot solve." And then Marion Barry hoisted a box over his head and chanted, "Money! Money! Money! Who's got money?"

Dorothy Brooks was overcome. She was ready to pin all her hopes on Marion Barry, ready to volunteer if she could find the time. "Everyone likes to see an underdog come back and be top dog," she said. "That's what he should be. Maybe because blacks have been attacked and knocked down since the beginning of time. Marion was toppled from his pedestal. It wasn't fair. He's due another chance. God says forgive. He is forgiven." ♦



"If you must know—pizza, pepperoni pizza, and I'm going to relish every damn bite."

THE CRITICS

BOOKS

EXCELLENT HUMBUG

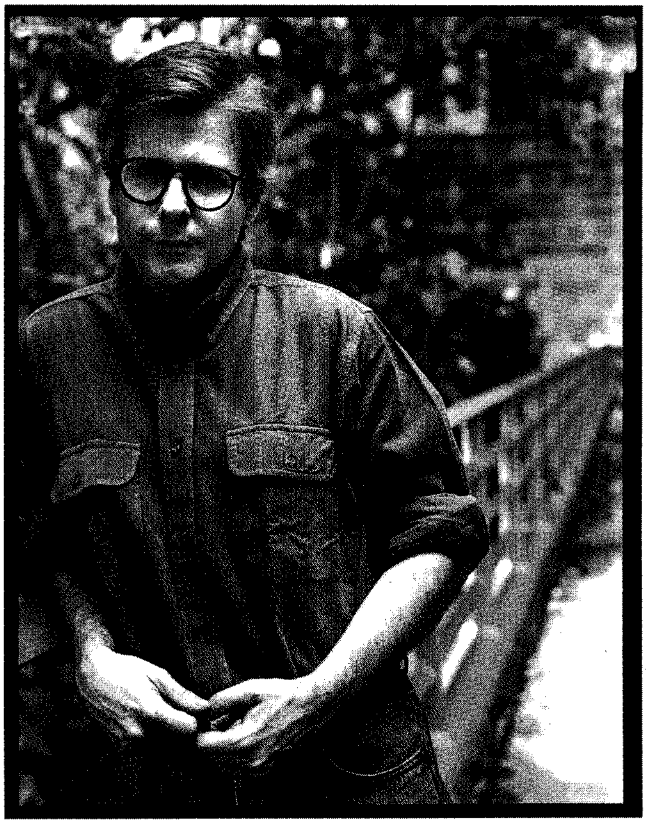
BY JOHN UPDIKE

Henry and Clara
by Thomas Mallon
(Ticknor & Fields; $22.95)

HISTORICAL fiction doesn't dominate the best-seller list the way it used to, but its appeal to high-minded novelists seems stronger than ever. Of this season's best-sellers, the two most distinguished novels, Caleb Carr's "The Alienist" and E. L. Doctorow's "The Waterworks," are both set in nineteenth-century New York City; artful, thoroughly modern Bobbie Ann Mason and Annie Dillard have in recent years produced novels that take place before the authors were born. Perhaps, much as the postmodern architect has all the evolved forms of the previous ages to play with, the present-day writer feels free to treat the past as a toy store, amply stocked with incidents, settings, and characters. There is a danger. Near the beginning of this century, in 1901, Henry James with eloquence and fervor set forth to Sarah Orne Jewett, whose historical novel "The Tory Lover" had just been published, the reasons that her attempt was ill-advised:

> The "historic" novel is . . . condemned even in cases of labour as delicate as yours, to a fatal *cheapness*, for the simple reason that the difficulty of the job is inordinate. . . . You may multiply the little facts that can be got from pictures and documents, relics and prints as much as you like—*the* real thing is almost impossible to do, and in its essence the whole effect is as nought: I mean the invention, the representation of the old CONSCIOUSNESS, the soul, the sense, the horizon, the vision of individuals in whose minds half the things that make ours, that make the modern world were non-existent. You have to *think* with your modern apparatus a man a woman—or rather fifty—whose own thinking was intensely otherwise conditioned, you have to simplify back by an amazing *tour de force*—and even then it's all humbug.

Nevertheless, contemporary authors keep trying, and one reason may be that what James so fondly called "the palpable present-*intimate* that throbs responsive" no longer throbs responsive for fiction writers. Twentieth-century experience, now that Joyce has captured its suffocating clutter and the *nouveaux romanciers* and the American minimalists its desolating inconsequence, repels the imagination that would take human experience as a significant subject; it is in the past, and especially the relatively handy nineteenth-century past, that the sensation of importance can be regained, along with derring-do, beginnings and endings, romantic passion, and costumes dyed in supernatural colors.



Thomas Mallon has uncovered, or invented, a vibrantly Victorian story of the other couple in the state box the night Lincoln died.

Thomas Mallon, in his third novel, "Henry and Clara," has done an amazing, somewhat sinister thing. He has found, tucked into the crevices of the glaringly lit assassination of Abraham Lincoln, two close witnesses and eventual victims of the event, and has enlarged them into movingly star-crossed figures. Present in the state box at Ford's Theatre with President and Mrs. Lincoln on the night of April 14, 1865, were Major Henry Rathbone and Clara Harris, who had been invited when the announced attendance of General and Mrs. Grant fell through.

The substitute couple can be found in full accounts of the fatal night. Carl Sandburg in his three-volume biography of Lincoln gives the facts:

> In the carriage into which the President and his wife stepped was a betrothed couple. Henry Reed Rathbone, assigned by Stanton to accompany the President, had brought along his fiancée, Miss Clara Harris. For them the future was bright this evening. He was twenty-eight years old, of a well-to-do clan of Rathbones at Albany, New York, a major of volunteers since November of '62, a trusted War Office attaché. His sweetheart was the daughter of Judge Ira Harris of Albany, since 1861 United States Senator from New York.

Gore Vidal, who rarely passes up a chance to sneer, in his novel "Lincoln" mentions "the daughter of Senator Harris of New York and her fiancé, Major Rathbone, the best company that Hay could find at such short notice." After Booth entered the box and fired a bullet into the back of Lincoln's skull, he grappled with Major Rathbone, slashing him with a knife, on his way to the edge of the box and his famous, leg-breaking leap onto the stage. Rathbone survived his wound, and he and Miss Harris pass out of history's glare and back into obscurity.

But Mr. Mallon, a former Vassar professor who is now the literary editor of *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, has pursued them into the shadows and uncovered, or invented, a compelling, vibrantly Victorian story. Henry and Clara were not an ordinary betrothed couple: they had been raised in the same household since Henry was eleven and Clara thirteen, when the widower Ira Harris married Pauline Rathbone, the widow of a former mayor of Albany. Their respective spouses had died within a few weeks of each other, and the wedding took place three years later. From such facts of record, and the chronology of births and deaths among the Rathbones and the Harrises, and Henry Rathbone's military record, and a splendid general saturation in the social and political history of the period from 1845 to 1883, Mr. Mallon has constructed a poignantly accursed romance, discouraged by both parents and then blighted by Henry and Clara's inadvertent presence at the great President's martyrdom. The dust jacket displays an old lithograph that shows them there, in the flag-festooned box—uniformed Henry gesticulating, bonneted Clara clutching her breast, Mary Lincoln baring her plump shoulders, the bearded President tilting back his head and weakly lifting one hand as the bullet enters, and a scowling John Wilkes Booth thrusting out the smoking gun. They are all the same size, these five who loom to posterity in such different proportions, and among the charms of this ingenious, deeply felt novel is the democratic restoration of the historically invisible couple to full human size and complexity.

Their affair, like their century, is rooted in Romanticism. Clara, a lovely dark-haired sister to Jane Eyre and Emma Bovary, is seen early on as fascinated by her impulsive young stepbrother's volatile and Byronesque moods; when they at last consummate their mutual attraction, she reaches up for him and recalls moments from her girlhood, "summer nights . . . when there would be a storm, and she would put her arms out the window and try to coax the lightning down." He is lightning to her, and if the author never succeeds in making Henry, with his surliness and scornfulness and fixation on his flashy mother, attractive to the reader, he does convincingly convey Clara's enthrallment, which carries her through considerable delay and family resistance to their engagement and, after the war, marriage.

Perhaps one should have attempted a historical novel of one's own to appreciate the deftness with which Mr. Mallon navigates the lengthy stretches of time in which these real events take place (Clara is ten when she first appears in the novel and thirty-one when she marries) and distills suspense and a sense of development from the excessively large population that annals of the past provide. American politics is especially troublesome for the historical novelist because elections keep changing the cast of characters; Presidents from Millard Fillmore to Chester Arthur serve as background figures to Henry and Clara's love and marriage, most of them twitched into life with a knowing touch or two. Lincoln, the most important of them—Clara is taken up as a pet of the Lincoln household—seems underanimated, as if the grandest character in American history had to be subdued lest he run away with the story. There is a nice mezzotint evenness, a steel-engraving stiltedness to the over-all picture. The period details are generously supplied, but they rarely,

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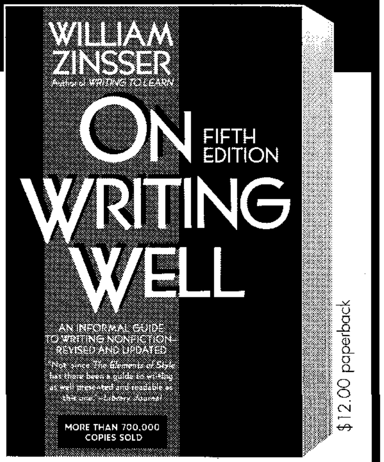

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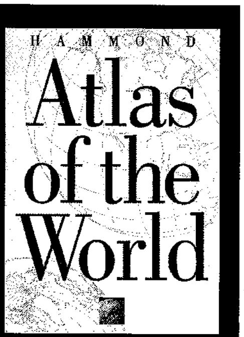

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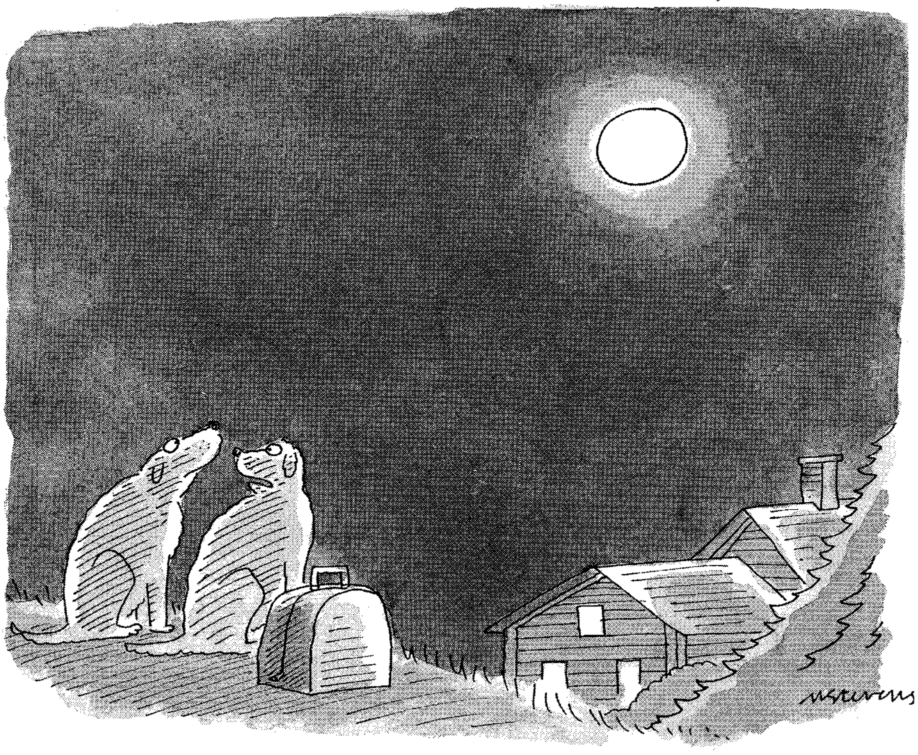
even in the thick of the heavily documented Civil War, detract from the central erotic and psychological drama of the loving couple. Of a sickly Rathbone cousin we are told, "Hot brandy and sweat walks had done no good": how much study of outmoded therapies went into that lightly tossed-in "sweat walks"? As the newlyweds embark on their long-deferred honeymoon, in 1867, Clara's sisters chatter:

> [Lina says] "I love to think of what she'll be wearing once she and Henry get to London. They say that bodices have dropped to the point where the women there are hardly wearing anything at all above the waist. Do you think Clara is too old to be *décolletée*?" Louise, fingering the paper rose at her neck, said she didn't know, and Lina, undiscouraged, asked, "Did you hear that Tom Thumb has managed to raise a mustache?"

It is not surprising that Mr. Mallon has all his paper roses and period trivia in place; he has demonstrated, in his sweeping survey of diaries, "A Book of One's Own" (1984), and his discursive study of plagiarism, "Stolen Words" (1989), and, indeed, in his second novel, "Aurora 7" (1991), a formidable pedantry. Stylistically, he is, like Nicholson Baker if not with the same antic effect, a precisionist, who—in "Aurora 7" especially—hones a multitude of details to a gleaming, smoothly oiled fit. Parties among the antebellum Albany well-to-do, the feverish society of wartime Washington, the sights and sounds and conveyances of the well-trafficked Grand Tours in the Gilded Age, the resources of pre-Freudian psychiatry—we feel confident that he has them right enough, however precariously assembled from multiplied "little facts . . . pictures and documents, relics and prints" or, as an author's note acknowledges, "contemporary newspaper accounts; military records; pension files; census reports; alumni records; State Department documents in the National Archives."

All this dry academic drudging enabled Mr. Mallon to come up with something missing from his two previous novels, which, for all their wit and compass, were rather bloodless. Not this one. A keystone of his researches must have been the single surviving letter from the historical Clara Harris, which is preserved in the New-York Historical Society. Dated April 25, 1865, it is figuratively soaked in blood:

> Henry has been suffering a great deal with his arm, but it is now doing very well,—the knife went from the elbow nearly to the shoulder, inside,—cutting an artery, nerves & veins. He bled so profusely as to make him very weak. My whole clothing as I sat in the box was saturated literally with blood, & my hands & face—You may imagine what a scene.



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At the novel’s stunningly rendered, foreshadowed but unforeseeable climax, she again feels blood on her face. Like characters in a Greek tragedy, Henry and Clara have blood as their element. Henry assures her after he deflowers her that “the blood was nothing to worry about”; at war, a dying young soldier attracts Henry’s gaze, red blood bubbling from the wound in his chest “like a strange flower from a latitude we have never seen”; when Henry himself is wounded, amid the slaughter in the crater at Petersburg, “his wound . . . bled amazingly little, the mud having acted as a natural poultice.” Even the couple’s amorous passion, as it is remembered by Clara after marriage and the night at Ford’s Theatre have quelled it, is a kind of fury, a savage tussle—“the shouts and scratchings, the games and sometimes terrible language.” Yet this violence was their happiness: “She was sure these things were ‘abnormal,’ had always been sure of that, but they had always been normal to her and Henry, and that was the only standard she had held them against, all through the days when they banished the world and made her—made the two of them together—happy.”

Such a vision of happiness and such an imaginative reconstruction of a relationship intimately marked by murder and incest—incest, self-love turned heterosexual, was the Romantics’ ultimate daydream—tap a bloody darkness that Mr. Mallon has previously sublimated into comic inklings of doom. Artie Dunne, the graduate-student hero of his first novel, “Arts and Sciences” (1988), is tormented by destructive impulses and “sweaty frights” while he pursues his meek course as an upwardly mobile Irish-American grind; Gregory Noonan, the eleven-year-old hero of “Aurora 7,” is empathetically caught up in the near-disaster of Scott Carpenter’s 1962 space mission and mirrors it with an impulsive, rather mystical flight of his own. Artie Dunne suffers from the “renewed conviction that something awful was going to happen to him.” In “Aurora 7,” a character closely resembling Mary McCarthy (who gave Mr. Mallon’s first novel a friendly boost) thinks, “Something terrible must be about to happen.” As “Aurora 7” airily weaves back and forth between past and future and catches dozens of characters in its shimmering web, the something terrible becomes the God of the Bible and of the Roman Catholic catechism, as He arbitrarily kills and saves human lives, and lurks at the limits of astronomy with His inscrutable act of Creation. In “Arts and Sciences,” the something terrible circles around an indecision, on the part of the incredibly wimpy protagonist (his weight is given as a hundred and ten pounds eleven ounces), between homosexuality and heterosexuality, not to mention that between belief and unbelief and between careerism and idealism.

How much more substantial and gripping it is to have, in “Henry and Clara,” these winsome autobiographical traces dismissed and the something terrible reified as an infamous historical event, whose anticipation and retrospective illumination keep us turning the pages with a pounding pulse, for there is “a secret”—in Mr. Mallon’s brilliant phrasing—“sewn into the violence of that night.” The voluminous muffling, the verbose affective indirection of Victorian life, takes the place of the Irish-American Puritanism, with its secrets and suppressions and unconscionable impulses, that Mr. Mallon elsewhere evokes. His successful creation of a female point of view, including a stubborn attraction to male ferocity, anchors and channels his fondness for centrifugal, layered, intellectually circumscribed plots. The book is still a little quote-heavy; we didn’t need, at the very end, *two* citations from Byron, epitaphizing characters who have been made vivid by their full-blooded actions.

For all his aptitude, Mr. Mallon has been slow to sidle up to fiction; there has been a curious retardation to his career. “Arts and Sciences,” set in 1973-74 and transparently based on impressions gathered at that time, when the author was a first-year graduate student at Harvard, was not published until 1988—so late that it bore the apologetic subtitle “A Seventies Seduction.” Three years later, “Aurora 7” told of a boy the author’s age in 1962. By continuing this pastward trend into his own prehistory—by daring “to simplify back by an amazing *tour de force*”—Mr. Mallon has found forms expressive of his modern disquiet and given his furtive, ominous themes grandeur. He has shown himself to be, at the age of forty-three, one of the most interesting American novelists at work. Sometimes the long way round is the only way home. ♦

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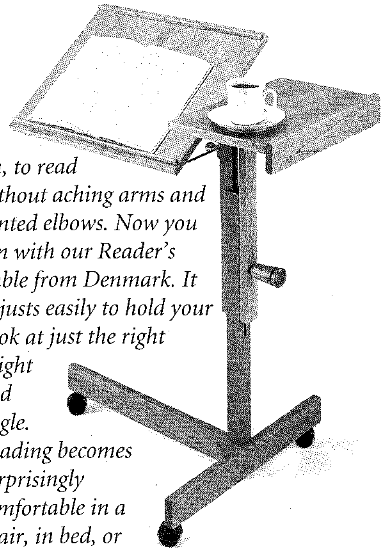

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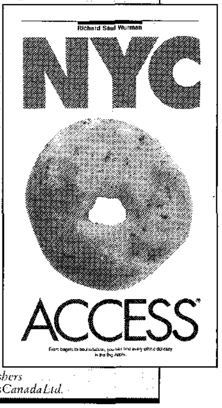

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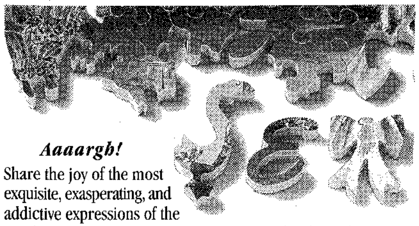

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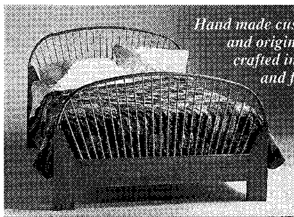

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

HELTER SKELTER

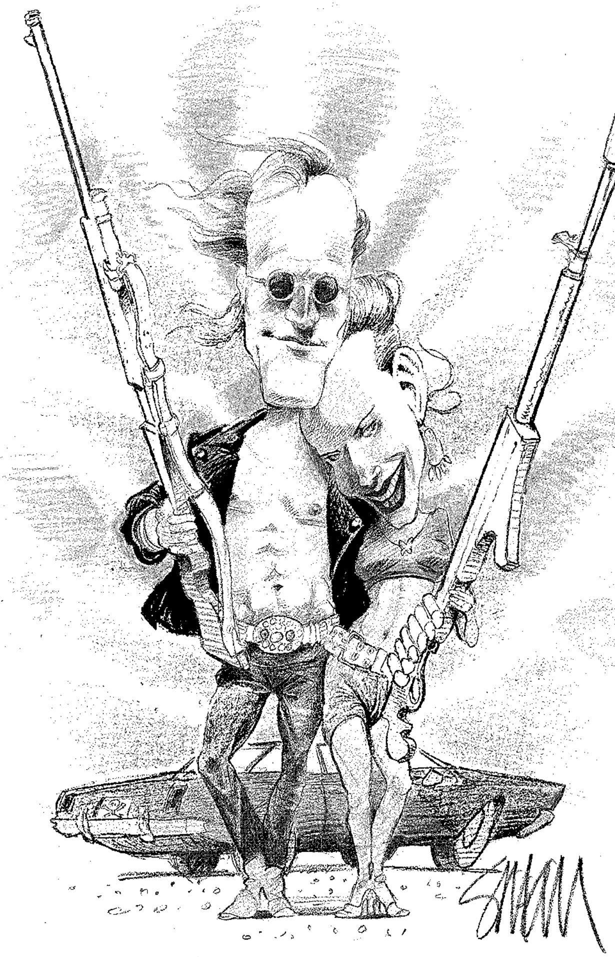
BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

OLIVER STONE'S flashy, hyperbolic "Natural Born Killers" sells itself as a shocking satiric vision of violence in America, but it's one of the least disturbing films about mass murder you'll ever see. The main characters, Mickey (Woody Harrelson) and Mallory (Juliette Lewis), are familiar types: young sociopaths in love, speeding through the heartland and leaving dozens of bodies strewn along the highway like so much roadkill. The outlaw-couple genre, whose artistic credibility was established by "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967), hasn't looked too vigorous lately. Pathetic specimens like "Kalifornia" and "True Romance" (both 1993) demonstrate pretty convincingly that filmmakers have just sucked this body dry: blood gushes on the screen, but the rich ambiguities of "Bonnie and Clyde" have been reduced to a trickle of pop-sociology truisms. Stone, with characteristic ferocity, sinks his teeth into the genre's collapsed veins and refuses to let go. For all the whirling savagery of his attack, though, he doesn't come away with much nourishment. Instead of telling this banal story straight, Stone uses fractured, blindingly fast editing to depict the warped consciousness of his killer couple. The hallucinatory cutting style primes us for revelations: the aggressive audacity of Stone's technique tells us right from the start that this movie is organized around *ideas* rather than mere narrative. The opening sequence, a massacre at a truck stop, is a real attention grabber, but the initial shock wears off quickly, because Stone's "ideas" turn out to be the same glib received notions that we've seen in countless other pictures about young killers on the road.

Mickey and Mallory, like most of their genre-mates, are lower-class losers with Southern accents. They're pure killers, the movie tells us, because they're pure Americans—the inevitable products of a sick culture. When Stone shows us all the stuff that he imagines is jumbled in their heads, what we get is a roundup of the usual suspects: childhood memories of abuse mixed in with grisly images from movies, television, and comic books. The flashbacks of beatings inflicted on Mickey and Mallory by their slobby, white-trash parents enforce the idea that their murder spree fulfills a legacy of violence; the pop-culture imagery drives home the thesis that their indifference to human life has somehow been nurtured by the pervasive barbarity of the shock-mongering mass media. They are, that is to say, monsters that have emerged from the primal American ooze of bad genes and bad taste. In a statement written for the press book of "Natural Born Killers" Stone offers this penetrating analysis of our national character: "We are a race which *inflicts*, we are people who *do* unto others—Vietnam, sports, lawsuits come immediately to mind." In his view, the viciousness of Mickey and Mallory is just part of a continuum that includes the World Series and small-claims court. (And also, of course, his own movies: whatever he does unto us we can chalk up to his poisoned American nature.)

What makes "Natural Born Killers" officially a satire—or, in Stone's words, a "Swiftian/Voltairean caricature of our worst nightmare"—is that the main characters become folk heroes thanks to tabloid television. The lionization of Mickey and Mallory is presumably meant to demonstrate our culture's inherent attraction to violence. This point of view allows Stone to condescend to his hero and his heroine as low-life creeps and then to elevate them, in the end, to the loftier status of creeps who act out that inbred "inflicting" impulse so that the rest of us creeps can enjoy it vicariously. We've heard that one before. But Stone is relentless. He keeps firing sights and sounds (dozens of soundtrack songs, a depressing number of them by Leonard Cohen) at the audience, hoping that no one will notice that he's shooting blanks.

The oddest thing about this movie is that, despite the gore and hysteria, it doesn't feel particularly impassioned; it's a frivolous barrage—as pointlessly headsplitting as a Professor Irwin Corey monologue, and not nearly as funny. The slice-and-dice editing purées everything to a thin, bland consistency: the concoction looks a little scary, but it goes down like baby food. Even the hyperkinetic visual style is soothingly familiar, from music videos, sneaker ads, and the laughably awful "trip" sequences of late-sixties movies—nothing to get hung about, really. "Natural Born Killers" isn't likely to make anyone think about violence or American culture in a new way; if anything, it confirms the educated audience's smug belief that the country is being ruined by bloodthirsty yahoos. When the picture is over, you realize that you've been watching it in a peculiar state of semi-attentiveness, registering the torrent of sense data without actually caring much about putting it all together. "Natural Born Killers" combines surface excitement and deep inconsequence in a manner that, finally, signals its true nature. The whole movie is an elaborate tease, a come-on. It's the ultimate media-culture creation: a trailer for itself.



Bad trip: Woody Harrelson and Juliette Lewis in "Natural Born Killers."

DAVID SMALL

"COLOR OF NIGHT," a comic murder mystery about psychotherapists and their patients, is the first movie that Richard Rush has directed since "The Stunt Man" (1980), and it gives the audience nearly as wild a ride. In the new film, a troubled shrink named Bill Capa (Bruce Willis) finds himself taking over the Monday-night therapy group of his old friend and colleague Bob Moore (Scott Bakula), who has been murdered, apparently by a member of the group. As Capa probes the tangled psyches of his inherited patients, he, of course, becomes a target for the killer; he also becomes the lover of an enigmatic and extremely young woman named Rose (Jane March), who seems to fulfill needs that he didn't even know he had. The screenplay, by Matthew Chapman and Billy Ray, supplies all the standard motifs of the erotic-thriller genre—noirish atmosphere, Byzantine plotting, and heavy breathing—and even throws in a bit of Hitchcockian psychological gimmickry: Capa, ever since he witnessed the suicide of a patient, has been unable to see the color red. Rush's direction decorates the script with what appears, in the cut version of the film which is now playing in theatres, to be rude, boldly drawn graffiti—an imaginative defacement of an unremarkable structure. The movie is packed with visual jokes: Christ symbolism; hilariously rampant phallic imagery; grotesque carved heads jutting incongruously from buildings and furniture; and sudden, action-painting splashes of red (which in this manic context seems not so much the color of blood as the color of herrings). And the therapy-group scenes have the goofy, relaxed rhythm of improvisational comedy, which is not a quality you expect to find in this sort of picture. (Erotic thrillers generally aim to impress us by looking sleek and tight, like toned, sweat-shiny bodies after vigorous workouts.)

The released version of "Color of Night" is terrifically enjoyable if you're willing to overlook a few yawning gaps in continuity and if you're not troubled by abrupt shifts of mood. Scene by scene, the picture is lively and sneakily intelligent, and it's full of sensationally agile comic acting. Ruben Blades, as a crude cop, gives a fresh, tricky spin to this stock character, and steals every scene he's in. In the group-therapy sequences, Lesley Ann Warren, as a nymphomaniac divorcée, and Brad Dourif, as an obsessive-compulsive lawyer, are brilliant, and Lance Henriksen and Kevin J. O'Connor, in less showy roles, are nearly as good: this is a beautifully balanced ensemble.

For all the strange pleasures that Rush and his cast provide, though, the movie is so unstable that it plays as a series of subversive parodic riffs on genre themes: it's the "Beat the Devil" of erotic thrillers. You can imagine Richard Rush making that sort of picture; but he didn't. The production company, Cinergi, took the movie and recut it, apparently on the principle that what we in the audience don't know won't hurt us. The director's cut of "Color of Night"—a six-minutes-longer version, which will be released on video—is no less entertaining than the bizarre spectacle that's currently baffling the nation's movie viewers, and, surprisingly, it works as a thriller, too. In Rush's cut, the film's inventive comedy is smoothly integrated into a psychological-thriller plot in which the characters' behavior actually makes some sense. (And in which the rather subtle performances of Willis and March are much more effective.) Everything that looks like bright, destructive graffiti in the production company's version seems transformed, in the director's cut, into a different sort of embellishment—something weird but mysteriously essential, like a gargoyle on a Gothic church. ♦

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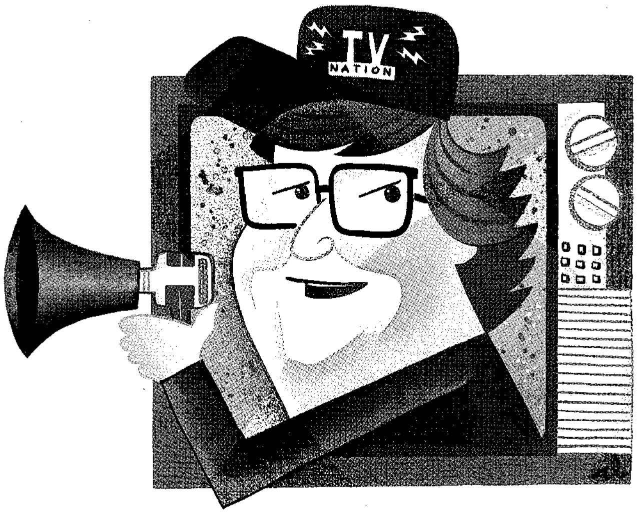
ON TELEVISION

RADICAL CHEEK

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

ACTIVIST directors such as Oliver Stone and Spike Lee are adept at spin-doctoring their iconoclasm. They coach our responses, alerting us to the outrage they intend to cause with their latest work, then explaining how that outrage is an outlet for positive change. Their motto might be "I'm pissing you off for your own good, America." They also enjoy appearing onscreen and creating cocky personas to which their politics play second fiddle. When it comes to bellying up to the camera, behaving like a troublemaker, and spinning the press, few stump harder than Michael Moore, the muckraking writer-producer-director-star of NBC's magazine series "TV Nation" (Tuesdays). Unlike most magazine shows, "TV Nation" isn't holed up in a newsroom studio, trying to look official. Moore is always out in the field, a mock version of a roving reporter. Playful but plodding, he's an imp with an ideological agenda. He annoys us because he cares.



Michael Moore: His show is a shotgun wedding of David Letterman put-on and Studs Terkel populism.

A big lug in a baseball cap and an Army-surplus wardrobe, Moore is best known as the "Me" in the award-winning documentary "Roger & Me," where he bird-dogged Roger Smith, the chairman of General Motors, over plant closings in Moore's hometown of Flint, Michigan. To Moore, the plant closings were Reaganomics in the raw, chasing cheap labor in Mexico and leaving America's industrial base to rot. The movie tracked the director's two-and-a-half-year effort to obtain an interview with Smith, which was stonewalled by a constant turnover of flacks, bureaucrats, and rent-a-cops. Their fierce blocking recalled the reception David Letterman received on camera when he tried to present a gift basket to the new owners of NBC, General Electric, only to be stopped in the lobby by security men made of stone. In "Roger & Me" (and in its short sequel, "Pets or Meat"), Moore presents himself as a low-rent Letterman, a gadfly Quixote tilting at corporate towers. The film was a critical and popular success, but there was controversy over Moore's methods of telescoping his material and over his snide tone. As Pauline Kael wrote in these pages, " 'Roger & Me' uses its leftism as a superior attitude. Members of the audience can laugh at ordinary working people and still feel that they're taking a politically correct position."

"TV Nation" is an even more blatant shotgun wedding of David Letterman put-on and Studs Terkel populism—not as farfetched a union as it might seem. *The Nation* observed in a front-page editorial endorsing Moore's show, "Once upon a time popular satire and left populism seemed to go hand in hand, from Twain's demolition of the Pilgrims through Chaplin's 'Modern Times.' Humor and agitation, after all, are just about the only ways to beat those with more money, more guns, more power."

ROBERT DEMICHIELL

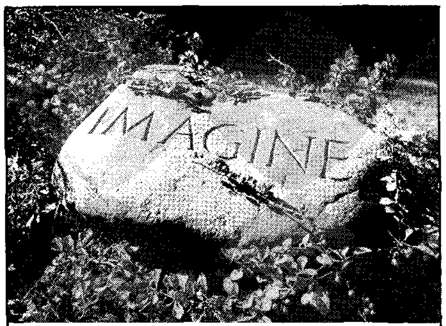
The correspondents for "TV Nation" include Merrill Markoe, a former "Late Night" writer-producer, and another "Late Night" alumnus, Randy Cohen, is listed as a writer and co-executive producer for the pilot episode. Early episodes of "TV Nation" opened with Moore posted beneath the NBC marquee at 30 Rockefeller Plaza (where Letterman taped "Late Night"), conducting interviews with passersby. When someone asks him what the show is about, Moore says it's for "guys like us."

Street cred is crucial to Moore's on-air persona. No tasselled loafers for this homeboy. One segment had Moore occupying the sidewalk in front of the corporate headquarters of I.B.M., Colgate-Palmolive, and Philip Morris, heckling the C.E.O.s through a bullhorn to come down from their skyboxes and format a disk, put toothpaste into a tube, or roll a cigarette. The winner of this C.E.O. Challenge would receive a gold putter and a putting green. Implicit was the notion that most top execs today are mere number crunchers and power lunchers, who have lost touch with the hands-on reality of what their companies produce. (Moore had to admit defeat when the chairman of Ford proved he could change the oil in a car.) Like "Roger & Me," "TV Nation" turns class conflict into a comic form of street theatre. Moore creates little fusses to draw a crowd of bystanders.

Some of the show's pranks smack of *Spy* magazine. To demonstrate how New York cabdrivers refuse to pick up black male passengers, "TV Nation" had the black actor Yaphet Kotto try to flag down a taxi. Behind him on the same block they planted a white man who had a long criminal record, including a murder indictment. And sure enough, we saw cabs swerve around Kotto to pick up the white felon. The bit was good for a few laughs, but it skirted the reasons even cabbies of color dodge certain fares. In the setup for the piece, a black man told Moore that even black drivers won't stop for black men, which suggests that something more than simple racism is at work—that black drivers fear fellow-blacks more than other customers. "TV Nation" often sacrifices its serious intentions for the sake of a wisecrack, which wouldn't be so bad if the wisecracks didn't sound canned. When Moore toured Mexico to see about relocating the show to take advantage of NAFTA, he asked a plant supervisor, "How would you say in Spanish, 'As soon as you get your arm out of that machine, you're fired'?" But in fact the factories Moore toured were clean, bright, and spacious. The rest of the Mexico jaunt was tricked out with corny travelogue shots of Moore pretending to be a bull, posing in a sombrero, and dancing to mariachi-band music—colorful filler.

When Letterman stretches a bit, the thinness is supposed to be part of the joke. He's saying, "Valuable network resources are being taken up with me and Paul pretending to fly kites." On "TV Nation," the irony is supposed to be postmodern lite yet carry political baggage. It's a wobbly balancing act. One elaborate stunt began with a huge red trailer with a hammer and sickle painted on the side being loaded with Communist kitsch—Little Red Books, a Lenin poster, a Mao T-shirt, and a Gorbachev doll. As Moore supervised the loading, he chatted with living relic Gus Hall, the chairman of the Communist Party in the United States, asking him, "Did J. Edgar Hoover ever say to you, 'I'm not in this dress because I'm spying on you, I'm wearing it because I love you'?" Making an analogy with the Who's farewell tour, Moore argued that Communism hadn't really got a proper sendoff. So "TV Nation" hired a Teamster to drive this rig across the country. The entire trip was a pointless exercise in provocation. They parked the van in front of the White House, where they received a traffic ticket. Farther south, they pulled up in front of an American Legion hall, hoping to get a rise out of the members. (They proved to be quite sociable.)

I thought baiting old vets must be Moore's personal low, but another segment of the same program featured him trying to broker peace in Bosnia by engaging in his own brand of shuttle diplomacy—running back and forth between Serb and Croat ambassadors, making corny jokes about his Yugo warranty, and using slices of pizza to illustrate how Yugoslavia was divvied up. As Moore played the Barney-the-dinosaur song ("I love you, you love me, we're a happy family") on a portable stereo to



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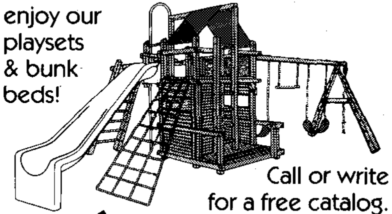

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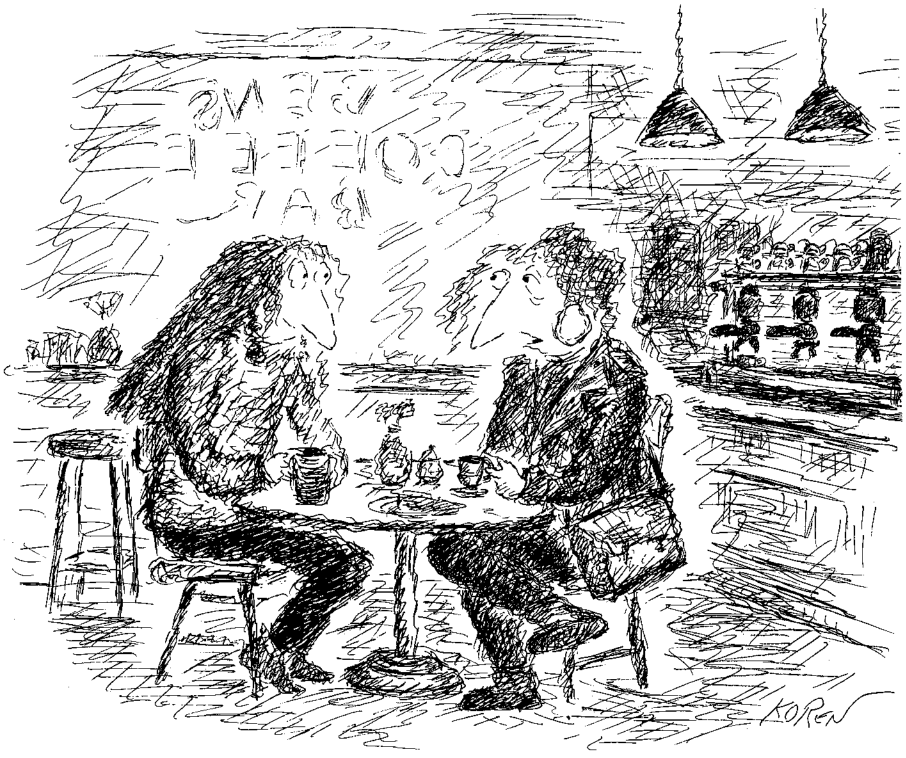
the Serb and Croat representatives, casualty statistics were superimposed on the screen: "The Serbs have killed over 200,000 people in Bosnia"; "20,000 Bosnian women have been raped during the war." Being an unreconstructed lefty, Moore had to find a way to blame Western democracies for this regional mess. While his Yugo was pulling out of the driveway, he mused in voice-over, "As I left the ambassadors behind, I hoped that somehow the Barney song would convince them to stop the killing before the real slaughter begins, compliments of NATO and the U.S. Air Force." Two hundred thousand dead Bosnians doesn't constitute "real slaughter"? This must be what the *Times* means when it finds Moore's antics "breezy, irreverent, blithely biased."

No question, television needs journalism with a point of view, a committed punch. The network magazine shows are interchangeable in their tabloid horrors and heart-tugging human-interest stories (Little Timmy gets a new liver). There's an absence of individuality behind the camera, a lack of quirk. It's true of PBS, too, where Frederick Wiseman, the country's most acclaimed documentary maker, has become the Invisible Man of cinéma vérité, immortalizing malaise from an empty director's chair. (His latest work "High School II," is a visual drone.) "TV Nation" does plug a gap. Rave reviews meaty demographics, and Moore's media blitzing on behalf of the show (he even persuaded the town of Fishkill, New York, to celebrate "TV Nation Day" on August 16th and join him in a parade) ought to earn it a renewa after its trial run. But I can't help thinking that the best thing that could happen to "TV Nation" would be the liberation of its loose format from Michae Moore's lumbering ego and crude judgment and the launching of a more varied attack on pomp, vice, hypocrisy corruption. Other correspondents on the show could pick up the slack. A report by Roy Sekoff on how New York City sewage shipped to waste dumps in West Texas has spoiled land values and ranchers' lives was a solid journalistic job, and Louis Theroux's investigation of suburban white supremacists exposed the soft sociological underbelly of hate culture, where swastikas hang in the hobby room. Moore's reports leave only an impression of Moore overplaying himself, like Tom Arnold trying to act normal. "TV Nation" doesn't need Michael Moore as much as Michael Moore needs the attention. ♦



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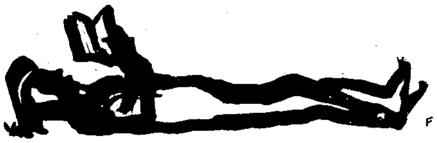


BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Eye in the Door
by Pat Barker
(Dutton; $20.95)

BARKER'S sixth novel, which opens in 1918, in a nervous wartime London, is about relationships between men under pressure. Dr. Rivers, a psychiatrist for shell-shocked soldiers and a genius of observation and sympathy, is on a parallel journey with the reader, who is forced to play analyst, detective, and voyeur as Barker supplies the tantalizing minimum amount of information necessary to keep the plot afloat. In the first chapter, two of Rivers' patients pick each other up in Hyde Park and spend the night together: Prior, a working-class lieutenant who suffers from terrifying blackouts, and Manning, an urbane officer and family man who is receiving anonymous notes insinuating that his homosexuality is a threat to the national security. Barker has borrowed from the historical record to re-create the intrigue and paranoia of life on the home front, and each scene is a small masterpiece of nuance, brought to life by her ear for dialogue among the British classes. The suspense, as these men struggle in their private psychological hells, is riveting; indeed, their torments—both Oedipal and political—are so intricate that the reader may wish that Barker had been a little less withholding at the finish.

The Lost Diaries of Frans Hals
by Michael Kernan
(St. Martin's; $23.95)

AN old packing crate that once belonged to a nineteenth-century art dealer is discovered by a successful Honda salesman in the barn of his new farm on Long Island; it contains, among other things, four dilapidated journals filled with antique Dutch script and casually labelled "Hals." Could they be genuine? Probably not, but Peter Van Overloop, a hapless Columbia grad student who's been dawdling over his dissertation on de Hooch, is hired to translate them, just in case. Unfortunately, Peter's blissful immersion in the details of seventeenth-century life in Haarlem is constantly interrupted by the vicissitudes of his own precarious existence. As he is first burned out and then turned out of a series of apartments, he becomes a comically vagabond scholar, toting his possibly invaluable volumes up and down the island of Manhattan. Kernan keeps shifting between his two heroes, so that a skating expedition on the frozen canals outside Amsterdam gives way to an impulsive summer purchase of silk pants on Canal Street. One of the delightful ironies here is that the diaries, whether forged or not, begin to seem increasingly authentic as the painter's life gathers weight and shape and color in the reader's mind, whereas Peter's madcap adventures become increasingly effervescent—the beguiling creation of a clever author's whimsy.

Knowledge of Angels
by Jill Paton Walsh
(Houghton Mifflin; $21.95)

SET on "an island somewhat like Mallorca, but not Mallorca, at a time somewhat like 1450, but not 1450," this book recalls that youthful stage in one's life when complex ideas were clothed in the language of fable. A mysterious swimmer is rescued by fishermen, and when he professes to be an atheist the local prefect assumes that he must burn. But the prince, Severo, finds the man's sharp mind a bracing tonic and becomes determined to save him. Severo's opportunity arrives in the form of a shepherd who has a flesh-eating wolf girl in tow and insists that she be baptized rather than destroyed. Hoping to show that faith is not necessarily innate but can be learned, Severo sets out to have the feral creature tamed and questioned, and charges his mentor, the monk Beneditx, with the task of converting the atheist through reason. Merging these two tales of transformation, Walsh's lapidary prose leads the enchanted and unsuspecting reader from escapism to self-scrutiny. This apparently simple and remote world of belief comes to embody all the complexities of skepticism; yet we are never allowed to forget that doubt, too, is a dogma. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

TENNIS PERSONALITIES

BY MARTIN AMIS

I HAVE a problem with—I am uncomfortable with—the word "personality" and its plural, as in "Modern tennis lacks personalities" and "Tennis needs a new star who is a genuine personality." But if, from now on, I can put "personality" between quotation marks, and use it as an exact synonym of a seven-letter duosyllable starting with "a" and ending with "e" (and also featuring, in order of appearance, an "ss," an "h," an "o," and an "l"), why, then, "personality" and I are going to get along just fine.

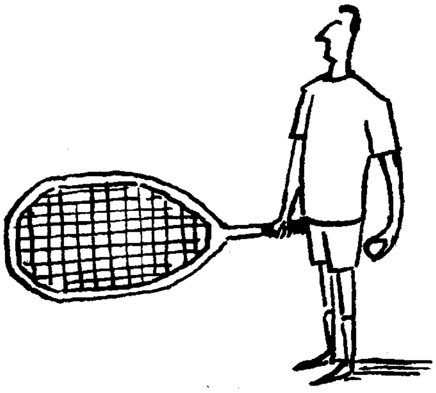
How come it is always the old "personalities" who lead complaints about the supposed scarcity of young "personalities"? Because it takes a "personality" to know a "personality"? No. Because it takes a "personality" to *like* a "personality."

Ilie Nastase was a serious "personality"—probably the most complete "personality" the game has ever boasted. In his memoir, "Days of Grace," Arthur Ashe, while acknowledging that Nastase was an "unforgettable personality," also recalls that Ilie called him "Negroni" to his face and, once, "nigger" behind his back. Ilie, of course, was known as a "clown" and a "showman"; i.e., as an embarrassing narcissist. Earlier this year, his tireless "antics" earned him a dismissal and a suspension as Romania's Davis Cup captain ("audible obscenities and constant abuse and intimidation"). Ilie is forty-seven. But true "personalities" merely scoff at the passage of time. They just become even bigger "personalities."

Jimmy Connors: another total "personality." Imagine the sepsis of helpless loathing he must have inspired in his opponents during his "great runs" at the U.S. Open. There's Jimmy (what a "personality"), orchestrating mass sex with the Grandstand Court. It's great for the mild-mannered Swede or Swiss up at the other end: he double-faults, and New York goes *wild*. Jimmy was such an out-and-out "personality" that he managed to get into a legal dispute with the president of his own fan club. Remember how he used to wedge his racket between his legs with the handle protuding and mime the act of masturbation when a call went against him? *That's* a "personality."

Twenty-odd years ago, I encountered Connors and Nastase at some P.R. nightmare in a Park Lane hotel. Someone asked these two bronzed and seersuckered "personalities" what they had been doing with themselves in London. "Screwing each other," Nastase said, and collapsed in Connors' arms. I was reminded of this incident when, last fall, I saw an account of a whistle-stop tour undertaken by John McEnroe and Andre Agassi. Questioned about their relationship, Agassi described it as "completely sexual." Does such raillery inevitably come about when self-love runs up against mutual admiration? Or is it part of a bonding ritual between "personalities" of the same peer group?

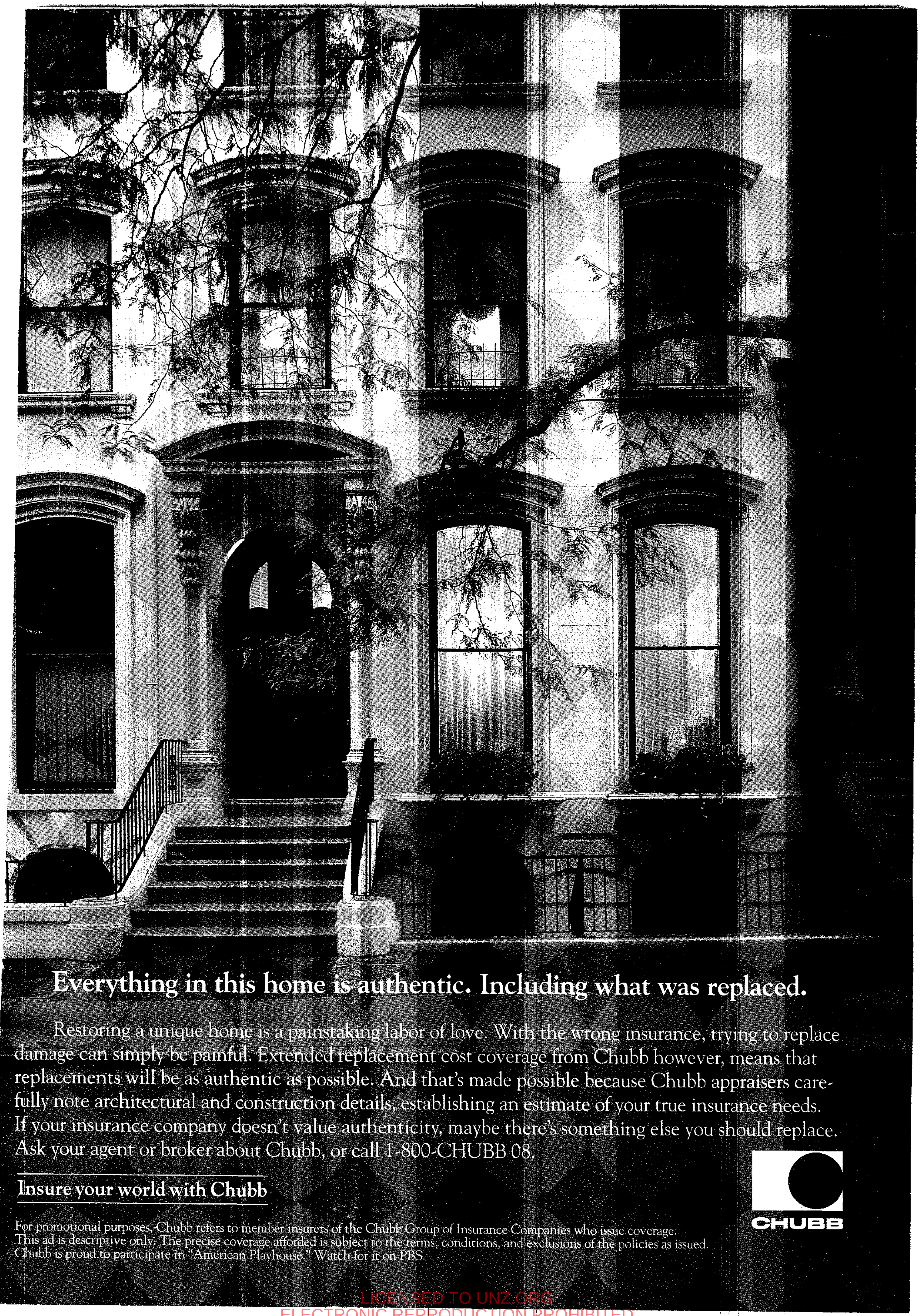
By turning my TV up dangerously loud, I once heard McEnroe mutter to a linesman (and this wasn't a Grand Slam event but one of those German greed fests where the first prize is something like a gold helicopter), "Get your fucking head out of your fucking [personality]." Arthur Ashe also reveals that McEnroe once called a middle-aged black linesman "boy." With McEnroe gone, it falls to Agassi to shoulder the flagstaff of the "personalities"—Agassi, the Vegas traffic light, the "Zen master" (B. Streisand) who used to smash forty rackets a year. And I don't think he has the stomach for it, funnily enough. Nastase, Connors, McEnroe, and Agassi are "personalities" of descending magnitude and stamina. McEnroe, at heart, was more tremulous than vicious; and Agassi shows telltale signs of generosity—even of sportsmanship.



There is a "demand" for "personalities," because that's the kind of age we're living in. Laver, Rosewall, Ashe: these were dynamic and exemplary figures; they didn't need "personality" because they had character. Interestingly, too, there have never been any "personalities" in the women's game. What does this tell us? That being a "personality" is men's work? Or that it's boys' work?

We do want our champions to be vivid. How about Pete Sampras, then—so often found wanting in the "personality" department? According to the computer, Sampras is almost twice as good as anyone else in the sport. What form would his "personality" take? Strutting, fist-clenching, loin-thrusting? All great tennis players are vivid, if great tennis is what you're interested in (rather than something more tawdrily generalized). The hare-eyed Medvedev, the snake-eyed Courier, the droll and fiery Ivanisevic, the innocent Bruguera, the Wagnerian (and Machiavellian) Becker, the fanatical Michael Chang. These players demonstrate that it is perfectly possible to have, or to contain, a personality—*without* being an asshole. ◆

BENOIT VAN INNIS



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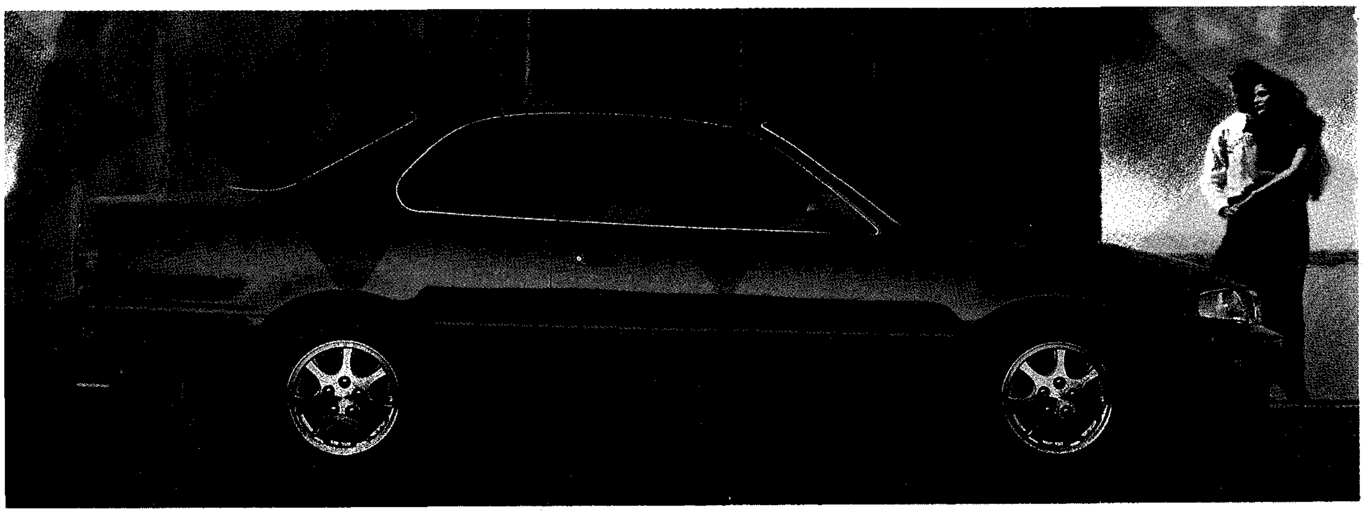

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